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✍ The *Publisher* regrets that the learned and interesting discourse of Professor Tucker on the "Progress of Philosophy," delivered before the Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society at its last meeting, could not appear in the present number without dividing it. It shall certainly appear in the April number *entire*.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY

And Present Condition of Tripoli, with some accounts of the other Barbary States.

No. V.

ON the arrival of Commodore Barron in the Mediterranean, he as senior captain, superseded Preble in the command of the American forces in that sea. The determined manner in which the war had been prosecuted by the latter officer, and the many acts of gallantry which had distinguished the period of his direction, caused his withdrawal to be universally regretted; and the more so, as Barron was at that time laboring under a disease of the liver, which disqualified him for exertions, and indeed soon after obliged him to retire from active duty. Preble returned to the United States, where he was received with every mark of respect by the government and by his fellow-citizens in general; leaving under Barron's command, six frigates, four brigs, two schooners, a sloop of war and eight gunboats, which mounted in all three hundred and twenty-six guns. The season was however too far advanced to admit of farther operations against Tripoli; ships were stationed off the harbor sufficient to maintain a blockade, the others passed the winter in cruising or lying at Malta and the Sicilian ports.

It has been stated that Mr. Cathcart was appointed to succeed Eaton as Consul of the United States at Tunis, with instructions to obtain a peace with Tripoli, even on condition of paying for it, should it be otherwise impossible; but he was soon after removed, his place as Consul being supplied by George Davis. The power to negotiate was given to Tobias Lear, a gentleman who had been private secretary to President Washington, and afterwards an agent of the American Government in Saint Domingo, and who was sent in 1803 to reside at Algiers, as Consul General for the Barbary States. Mr. Lear was instructed to join Commodore Barron, in order to treat for peace with Tripoli, which it was hoped "might be effected without any price or pecuniary compensation whatever; but should adverse circumstances, of which he could best judge, and which were not foreseen, render the campaign abortive, and a pecuniary sacrifice preferable to a protraction of the war," he was authorised, *in the last instance and in that only*, "to agree to the payment of twenty thousand dollars immediately, and of an annual tribute of eight or ten thousand more, for peace." "For the ransom of the prisoners, *if ransom should be unavoidable*, he might stipulate a sum not exceeding five hundred dollars for each man, including officers," the

Tripoline prisoners being however exchanged for an equal number of Americans; but "this rate of ransom was not to be yielded, without such a change in affairs, by accident to the squadron, or by other powers joining against the United States, as was very unlikely to happen;" and it was to be borne in mind, that this sum, "connected with terms otherwise favorable, was the voluntary offer of the Pasha* to Captain Preble in January, 1804." The Commodore was at liberty to avail himself of Hamet's co-operation, "if he should judge that it might prove useful; to engage which, as well as to render it the more effectual, he had discretionary authority to grant him pecuniary or other subsidies, not exceeding twenty thousand dollars; but the less reliance was placed upon his aid, as the force under the orders of the Commodore was deemed sufficient for any exercise of coercion, which the obstinacy of the Pasha might demand." The power to negotiate was confided to Mr. Lear in the first instance, as Commissioner of the United States for that purpose; in case of accident, it was to devolve upon the acting Commodore of the squadron.

These instructions bear the stamp of that extreme cautiousness and uncertainty with regard to the employment of decisive measures, which characterized the government of the United States at that period. A force is sent, deemed adequate for any exercise of coercion which may be required, without recourse to a Pretender from whose alliance, a considerable accession of moral influence might have been fairly expected; yet in anticipation of adverse events, or of circumstances not then foreseen, a civil agent is vested with authority to purchase a humiliating peace. It is doubtless proper in all cases, to provide for possible mishaps, particularly where the scene of action is far distant; but in this instance, it is difficult to conceive that any occurrences should render necessary a total abandonment by the United States, of principles, for the support of which so large an armament had been prepared; and there were the less grounds for such anticipations, as it was believed, though erroneously, that the Pasha had already offered terms much more favorable than those to which the agent was authorised in the end to agree. It must be observed however, that these instructions were issued on the 6th of June, 1804, at which period Preble's spirited attacks had not been made, and the proceedings of the American forces in the Mediterranean had, with one or two exceptions, been remarkable only for their inefficiency or their disastrous results.

Having received these orders, Mr. Lear quitted Al-

* A mistake; no such proposition was made by the Pasha; of this there are many proofs; it is sufficient however to quote Preble's own words in his despatch of September 18th, 1804, in which, speaking of the Pasha's offer of the 10th of August, to terminate the war on payment by the Americans of five hundred dollars for each prisoner, he says that "it was 350,000 dollars less than was demanded previous to the bombardment of the 3d of the same month."

giers, and joined Barron off Tripoli; they both soon after retired to Malta, which they considered the most convenient place, either for carrying on negotiations with Tripoli, or for directing the operations of the ships. On the 28th of December, 1804, a letter reached them from Don G. J. de Sousa, Spanish Consul at Tripoli, in which he stated, that at a late audience the Pasha had expressed his willingness to make peace with the Americans, provided they would come forward on proper grounds, but had added, "that their proposals had hitherto been extravagant and inadmissible, not only from the trifling amount of money offered, but also from their having sought to compel their acceptance by force of arms, a method by which they would never succeed." The Consul then suggested, that Mr. Lear should himself appear before the city with a flag of truce, and treat directly with the Pasha, "whom means would be found *sub rosa*, to dispose for a peace on terms appropriate and suitable for both parties." He concluded by tendering his own good offices in the affair, requesting however, that for the present, the utmost secrecy might be observed with regard to this communication.

Notwithstanding the last injunction, many circumstances conspired to induce a belief that the letter had been written under Yusuf's directions, in order to discover the temper and disposition of the Americans. In truth, the general character of the Spanish Consul was by no means respectable; he was known to be closely connected with the Pasha, and it had even been suspected, that to his influence or agency the war with the United States was chiefly to be attributed. In addition to this, no communications had been received from Yusuf since his last proposition to Preble, after the bombardment in August; nor indeed was any thing known respecting his strength, or the effects which had been produced by the attacks made during the preceding summer. It was therefore difficult to judge what "would be appropriate and suitable for both parties;" and the Spanish Consul's *sub rosa* means of disposing the Pasha to such terms, were very naturally mistrusted. For these reasons, and from an expectation that more direct offers would soon be made, it was determined that no answer should be given to the letter immediately.

Of Eaton, no news was received by the Commodore from the period of his departure for Egypt, until the return of the Argus from Alexandria, on the 10th of March, 1805. She brought despatches from him, containing information of the means pursued to communicate with Hamet, of their successful issue, of the Convention about to be made with the Prince, and of their projected expedition to Derne, in aid of which he intreated that supplies of money, provisions and ammunition might be sent to Bomba, and if possible, a detachment of one hundred marines. In the brig came also Mahumed Mezaluna, an old Moor, who had been Hamet's secretary, and who now appeared as his accredited agent to solicit assistance.

Barron had however, by this time become very doubtful as to the propriety of acting in concert with the exile, and he moreover feared, that he had already exceeded his own authority, in the instructions which he had given to Eaton on parting. The information conveyed by the despatches, particularly as regarded

the Convention, increased his uneasiness, as he was led to apprehend that Eaton had acted even beyond the limits of those instructions, and had entered into engagements "incompatible with the ideas and intentions of their government, or with the authority vested in himself." Indeed, independently of the evident disinclination of the government to act in concert with Hamet, and the smallness of the sum allowed for the purpose, absolute engagements to place him on the throne of Tripoli, might have produced the most serious consequences to the Americans. The enterprise, in order to be effective, would have been necessarily attended with a great expenditure of funds, for which indemnification could not have been reasonably expected, in whatever way or however pointedly it may have been stipulated: by its failure the insolence of the Barbary States would have been increased, and additional encouragement have been given to the exactions of their Sovereigns; and even if completely successful, the advantages to be derived by the United States were by no means evident. The ruler of every country, however unrestrained his authority may be, must in his policy take into consideration, the habits and the prejudices of his people; few have succeeded by acting without reference to both, and fewer still have lived to witness any important change wrought in either through their own efforts. The Tripolines were bigoted Mahometans, and piracy was among them an ancient and most honorable calling; the establishment of Hamet by the aid of Christians, and his engagement to remain at peace with them, without immediate compensation or the promise of tribute, would certainly render him unpopular with his own subjects, and excite against him the enmity of the other Barbary powers. To overcome such difficulties, the Prince would have neither the courage nor the means; and it could hardly be anticipated, that when once on the throne of Tripoli he would risk its possession, by pursuing a course at variance with the wishes of his people, and the requisitions of the adjoining Sovereigns, merely from gratitude to the Americans, or from respect for engagements made to them in the days of his adversity.

The probability of obtaining beneficial results through Hamet's co-operation, or indeed from any offensive measures against Tripoli, had always been doubted by Bainbridge; and his opinion certainly merited attention, for although imprisoned, yet he had sufficient intercourse with the foreign consuls and other residents of the town, to enable him to judge of the Pasha's strength and of the dispositions of the inhabitants with regard to the two brothers. By letters received from him, about the time of the arrival of the Argus, he repeated his conviction that the establishment of the exiled Prince in Tripoli, was not possible, from the weakness of his character the contempt in which he was held by the people, his want of resources and the force which Yusuf was capable of employing against him; and that if the liberation of the American prisoners were made to depend upon that measure, it would be better to leave them to their fate, than to squander lives and treasure in so futile an attempt. He acknowledged that he had been mistaken in the ideas he had entertained of the Pasha's strength, and of the effects to be produced on the place by naval operations only; that the damage occa-

sioned by Preble's attacks, had been slight as the houses were miserably built and almost destitute of furniture; and that although the blockade had occasioned embarrassments to the mercantile class and somewhat straitened Yusuf's means, yet he would be able to hold out a long time, and be disposed to suffer any extremity rather than surrender his prisoners without ransom.

The situation in which those prisoners might be placed by Hamet's marching against Tripoli, was also to be considered. Although the utmost precaution was adopted to conceal the object of Eaton's mission to Egypt, it was soon made known to Yusuf, by an Italian who was his agent at Malta. It gave him much alarm, but with his usual energy he prepared to meet the consequences, by sending such troops as he could spare to reinforce those under the Beys of his frontier provinces. He likewise despatched an agent to Alexandria, to intreat the Viceroy not to allow his brother to quit the country; but Eaton had been already joined by the Prince, and had so completely secured the favor of the Turkish authorities, that this attempt to defeat the plan proved fruitless. Yusuf had however, a strong security for his throne, at least so far as regarded any danger from the forces of the Americans; for he held in his power three hundred and seven of their fellow-citizens, whose lives he well knew would be considered infinitely more valuable than any advantages which could be derived from his expulsion. With this view, he declared that he should consider them as hostages for the conduct of their government, and that any attempts made in favor of his brother, might prove fatal to them. Information of his intentions was conveyed to Barron in January, by a letter from Bainbridge, which he concludes by saying: "The Pasha is very attentive to your transactions with his brother at Alexandria; a force is going against Derne. Give me leave to tell you, I have found your plan with the Pasha's brother very vast, and that *you sacrifice the lives of the prisoners here in case of success.*" Other notices of the same purport were received; and the determined violence of Yusuf's disposition was too well known, to leave a doubt that in the last extremity, he might be inclined thus to wreak his vengeance on the unfortunate captives. Until such extremity however, no fears were to be entertained with regard to them, as their existence was evidently most important to the Pasha.

Considerations of this nature made a deep impression upon Barron, and induced him to view the cause in which Eaton had embarked, in a most unfavorable light; honor and policy, however, forbade the immediate abandonment of Hamet. The *Argus* and *Hornet* were therefore laden with ammunition and stores for the supply of the expedition, and despatched to Bomba, where their opportune arrival and the assistance rendered by them at Derne have been already noticed. A letter was also carried by the *Argus* from Barron to Eaton, in which after applauding his courage and perseverance, he represents to him "that their Government in consenting to act in concert with Hamet, did not contemplate the measure as leading necessarily and absolutely to his establishment in Tripoli, but as a means which, provided there existed energy in the exiled Prince, and attachment to his person on the parts of his former subjects, might be employed to the common

furtherance and advantage of his claims and the American cause; that if he possessed these qualities, and had sufficient interest with the people, he might after getting possession of Derne and Bengazi, move on with firm steps, and conduct his followers to the gates of the capital, in aid of which, operations would be prosecuted with vigor by the squadron, as soon as the season would permit." He declared, however, that "he must withhold his sanction from any convention or engagement, tending to impress upon Hamet, the idea that the Americans had bound themselves to place him on the throne," such engagements being unauthorized and inexpedient, particularly taking into view, the situation in which Bainbridge and their other captive countrymen might be placed by this co-operation: that he should not suffer any convention with the Prince, to interfere with that "perfect and uncontrolled power of choice and action, in concluding a pacification with the Pasha, which it was important under such circumstances to preserve;" and "that honorable and advantageous terms being once offered, and accepted by the representative of government appointed to treat for peace, all support to Hamet must necessarily cease." The request for a detachment of marines could not be complied with, "as the services of all would be required on board their respective ships." The confused and indeed contradictory injunctions contained in this letter, mark the utmost indecision in the mind of the writer, and were calculated only to puzzle the person to whom they were directed. He is discouraged from prosecuting the enterprise in which he had engaged, while he is at the same time assured, that the utmost assistance will be afforded to its advancement by the squadron. A few days after the sailing of the *Argus* and *Hornet*, the *Nautilus* was also sent to Derne, with additional supplies and some cannon, which proved serviceable in the attacks on that place.

About the same time a small vessel being sent to Tripoli by the Commodore with clothing and other necessities for the prisoners, Mr. Lear wrote to the Spanish Consul thanking him politely for his communication and his offers, but assuring him at the same time, that as the Pasha had rejected several propositions for terminating the war, no others would be made on the part of the United States; and that the armed force, which was then considerable, would be employed with vigor against Tripoli as soon as the season would permit; in the mean while however, any proposition from the Pasha, tending to the establishment of peace on honorable terms, would receive due consideration. The vessel on its return, (April 21,) brought a second letter from the Spanish Consul conveying a direct proposition from Yusuf, to terminate the war and surrender the prisoners, on condition that the Americans should pay him two hundred thousand dollars and restore the Tripolines who had fallen into their hands, with all their property. The Consul added, that he considered this offer as only intended to form the basis of a negotiation, for which he again urged Mr. Lear to come to Tripoli, assuring him that he would be received with respect and remain in safety. This proposition was considered inadmissible; it was however important, as giving evidence of the Pasha's disposition, and the American negotiators, under the persuasion that it would soon be followed by others of a more acceptable nature, very prudently remained silent.

Other letters giving assurances of the Pasha's desire to make peace, were received at the same time, from persons, whose characters and situations gave the utmost weight to their opinions. Bainbridge and his unfortunate companions had borne their fate with so much manly fortitude, as to interest in their behalf, not only several of the most respectable foreign residents in Tripoli, but also the minister of foreign affairs Mahomet D'Ghies, who has been previously mentioned, as a worthy and intelligent person. This minister being himself engaged in extensive mercantile transactions, was naturally anxious for the termination of a war by which the commerce of the place was almost destroyed; but independently of this consideration, the accounts of Bainbridge and of all who have subsequently known him, warrant the belief that he was actuated by motives of real benevolence in his endeavors to procure peace, and in the steps taken by him to mitigate the severity which his dark-souled master was disposed to exercise towards the captive Americans. He had already made several attempts to communicate with Preble, in order to induce him to treat with the Pasha, on condition of paying ransom for the prisoners; but the difficulties of transmission and the precautions which he was obliged to adopt to prevent discovery, had caused them all to fail. The state of his health had become such, as to require his absence from Tripoli during the ensuing summer, and he was most anxious that peace might be made before that time, as he was well aware of the force of the Americans, and of the advantages which Hamet would have from their assistance; he may have also entertained fears that the desperate determination of Yusuf might lead him to the accomplishment of his fatal threats against the prisoners. He therefore resolved to make another effort, and knowing the views and inclinations of the Pasha with regard to peace, he conferred with Bainbridge on the subject, as also with Mr. Nissen the Danish Consul, a man of the highest respectability who had been uniformly the friend of the Americans. In consequence of arrangements between them, Mr. Nissen wrote to the Commodore on the 18th of March, in the name of Mahomet D'Ghies; recommending him to take measures for treating with the Pasha, and proposing to that effect, that he should send some one duly authorized and instructed to Tripoli, for whose perfect inviolability during his stay the strongest guaranties would be given; he considered this plan as much more likely to lead to a speedy and satisfactory conclusion, than a negotiation carried on by correspondence, or through a Tripoline agent on board the squadron. This letter was accompanied by others from Bainbridge urging an immediate acquiescence in the plan proposed, the result of which he believed would be as favorable to the Americans, as they could expect; he had no doubt that the ransom of the prisoners might be effected for a hundred and twenty thousand dollars, and that their liberation could never be obtained without paying for it, unless large land forces were employed; concluding by an assurance, that no Tripoline would ever consider a farthing, as paid for the Pasha's friendship, after what had been already experienced from the Americans.

These communications were not received until late in April; they were then accompanied by another of more recent date from Bainbridge, enclosing a copy of one which had been sent him by Mahomet D'Ghies; in

the latter, the minister states that the Pasha had just heard of his brother's being *with* the American squadron, (a report probably occasioned by the arrival of Hamet's agent at Malta) and had in consequence manifested the strongest resentment; saying that "as long as the war was a war of interest, it might easily be brought to a conclusion by some sacrifice on one side or the other; but that it was now directed against himself and for his dethronement, and he would act in a manner, by which the feelings of the United States, should be hurt in the most tender point which he had the means of reaching." The minister concluded by intreating, that the Commodore might be made fully aware of the difficulties attending any negotiation, while he was at all in relations with Hamet. The French Consul also confirmed the account of the Pasha's irritation, and of the danger in which the captives were placed. The letters were all forwarded by Captain Rodgers, who commanded the ships blockading the harbor of Tripoli; this officer being acquainted with their contents, wrote at the same time to Mr. Lear, (April 18) strongly dissuading him from meeting the advances of the Pasha, "until he had been rendered more sensible of the force of the Americans, and of their capacity to use it," and insisting that if an attack were made within six weeks, under proper regulations, peace might be concluded on terms perfectly honorable and advantageous to the United States.

On the 11th of May, the *Hornet* arrived from Derne, bringing accounts from Eaton of the capture of that place, and of all the occurrences since leaving Egypt, with a reply at length to Barron's letter of March 22d. He represented that the measures had been eminently successful; Hamet was in possession of the most valuable province of Tripoli, his enemies were retreating, and the supply of some funds with a few regular troops to give effect to operations requiring energy, would enable him without doubt soon to appear at the gates of the City. He had however been much discouraged by the Commodore's declaration, that all support to the Prince must cease, if the terms which the Pasha might offer, should be accepted; he was convinced that terms would be offered as soon as Yusuf entertained serious apprehensions for his safety, but he considered it incumbent on the United States, in case they were accepted, and it should be determined to withdraw all aid from Hamet, to place him in a situation at least as good as that from which he had been drawn, and out of the reach of his vindictive brother. He expressed his opinion that Derne should not be abandoned, nor peace made precipitately, as the navy might thus be crushed and the national honor receive a heavy blow.

The result of all these communications, was a determination on the parts of the Commander of the forces, and the Consul General, to abandon the co-operation with Hamet and to enter into a negotiation with Yusuf. Barron considered the moment the most favorable for concluding peace, on advantageous terms, as the capture of Derne must doubtless have produced a powerful effect on the Pasha's mind; and although discarding the idea of yielding any point of national honor or advantage, to obtain the liberation of the prisoners, he yet contended that "the lives of so many valuable and estimable Americans should not be sacrificed to abstract points of honor." Mr. Lear in reply, "conceived it his

duty, to open and bring to a happy issue, a negotiation for peace consistent with the tenor of their instructions, whenever the Commander of the American naval forces in the Mediterranean should judge the occasion proper and favorable;" he would therefore at once proceed to Tripoli for the purpose; he *could not however believe that any impression favorable to the United States had been made on Yusuf, by the measures in concert with his brother, unless the bravery and perseverance of the Americans at Derne, had given him a proof of what might be done against him without extraneous aid.*

Preparations were instantly made to carry both these resolutions into effect. The *Hornet* was sent back to Derne with despatches notifying Eaton of the projected negotiation, directing him at the same time explicitly to inform Hamet, that all supplies of arms and money were at an end, and he must trust entirely to his own resources and exertions; that as he was now "*in possession of the most valuable province of Tripoli,*" and at the post from which he was driven when he first solicited the assistance of the United States, all had been done for him which he had a right to expect; but that endeavors would be made to stipulate some conditions in his favor, provided they could be obtained "without any considerable sacrifice of national advantage." Eaton and his companions were not indeed directly ordered to retire from Hamet's service, but the expressions of the letter conveyed a hint that they were expected to do so which could not be mistaken; in addition to which, Captain Hull, who commanded the ships at Derne, was required to proceed with them immediately to Tripoli.

The necessary arrangements being also made for carrying Mr. Lear to Tripoli, he sailed in the *Essex* frigate for that place, off which he arrived on the 26th of May. He bore with him a letter from Barron to Rodgers, resigning to the latter the command of the American forces in the Mediterranean, a station which, as he said, "the languor of sickness, and consequent mental as well as bodily inactivity, prevented him from filling any longer, with approbation to himself, or with advantage to the service." Some remarks are here necessary.

Commodore Barron had arrived in the Mediterranean, affected with a disease which universally weakens the mental powers of those who are subject to it; in his case we have the evidence of his officers, that during the whole winter and spring, he had been "disqualified from transacting any business, his mind being so much impaired, that he scarcely recollected what transpired from one day to another; and on applications being made to him for instructions, he would lose the recollection of what passed in the course of conversation." It was also generally believed by the officers in the Mediterranean, "that Mr. Lear had a great ascendancy over the Commodore in all his measures relative to the squadron." For merely exercising such an ascendancy, Mr. Lear cannot certainly be blamed; nor can it be imputed as a fault to Barron, that in his situation it should have existed; he had been intrusted with an important command, which he wished to retain, particularly as he was much better acquainted with the views and wishes of his government, than the officer who would succeed him in case of his resignation could possibly have been. Under these circumstances it was natural, that being himself aware of his debilitated state, he should have looked for counsel and assistance to one in whom

their government had manifested such implicit confidence. Respecting the course to be pursued with Tripoli, Mr. Lear in all his despatches and recorded conversations, had advocated the propriety of strong measures, for which he considered the forces of the United States alone as perfectly adequate. To the plan of co-operation with Hamet, he had been from the first opposed, pronouncing it visionary and impracticable; he insisted that Yusuf might be compelled to accede to honorable terms without any extraneous assistance whatever, and "that more reliance might be placed on a peace with him if well beaten into it, than with his brother, if placed on the throne by the aid of the Americans." When the accounts arrived of Eaton's junction with Hamet, and their projected expedition from Egypt, he declared his conviction openly that it would prove fruitless, and "that they with their adherents, would be sacrificed before reaching Derne." For these opinions there were certainly strong grounds; but knowing as he did, that Yusuf had manifested the utmost uneasiness ever since he had been informed of his brother's intended expedition, how could Mr. Lear have supposed that no impression favorable to the United States had been made on him, by the capture of Derne and the defeat of his army? We have certainly a right here to suspect the existence of prejudice or of personal feeling, or of too great a disinclination to acknowledge the erroneousness of previous assertions. That "a deep impression had in reality been made on the Pasha by the heroic bravery of the few Americans at Derne, and by the idea that the United States had a large force and immense supplies at that place," he indeed afterwards admitted, and endeavored from thence to make an arrangement favorable to Hamet. From the terms of Rodgers's letter already quoted, it appears that he was by no means desirous to negotiate until the Pasha should have been humbled; and he declares in another letter, that he never had entertained any apprehensions for the lives of the prisoners. It is therefore possible, that had not Barron before his relinquishment, taken such decided steps with regard to the abandonment of Hamet's cause, and (at least apparently) induced Mr. Lear to enter upon the negotiation with Yusuf, those measures might have met with some opposition from Rodgers, which delicacy under the actual circumstances forbade.

The Spanish Consul boarded the *Essex* immediately on her arrival off Tripoli; Mr. Lear informed him that he had come at the Pasha's request to treat for peace, but that the terms which had been already proposed through him were inadmissible, and that unless they were put aside entirely, no progress could be made in the affair. The Consul returned to Tripoli, and came on board again on the 29th, bringing a commission from the Pasha to treat on the principal points of accommodation; Yusuf relinquished all demands of payment for peace, and offered to restore the prisoners for a hundred and thirty thousand dollars, the Tripolines in the hands of the Americans being given up gratis. Mr. Lear replied by other propositions, which were—that the prisoners should be restored on both sides, the Americans immediately, the Tripolines as soon as they could be brought from America and Sicily where they then were; that as the Americans exceeded the Tripolines in number by about two hundred, the

sum of sixty thousand dollars would be paid as ransom for the balance in favor of the Pasha; and that a treaty of peace should then be made on mutually honorable and beneficial terms. After some difficulties, Yusuf agreed to these propositions, except that he refused to give up his prisoners until the Tripolines were ready to be delivered to him in return for them.

This was probably only a pretence to gain time. Indeed, within the preceding year, the question between the United States and Tripoli had been materially changed. The Americans had appeared in such force in the Mediterranean, that they could no longer be regarded as supplicants for peace, and the great object was to obtain the liberation of their captive fellow-citizens; on the other hand, the Pasha had suffered so much from the blockade and the expenses of the war, that he was desirous to have it terminated on as good terms as he could obtain. Hamet's success at Derne had much increased his anxiety, and knowing that it was entirely due to the assistance of the Americans, he was determined not to give up the advantages he possessed by means of the prisoners, without securing in return the withdrawal of this important aid from his brother's cause; for this reason he wished to have the treaty of peace made before the execution of any other measures. As to the restoration of his own subjects who were in the hands of the Americans, he was entirely indifferent; often declaring when exchange was proposed, "that he would not give an orange apiece for them."

On the 1st of June, Bainbridge came on board, under guaranty of Mahomet D'Ghies and the Danish Consul. He assured Mr. Lear that Yusuf would not consent to surrender the prisoners, until a treaty of peace were made. As the objects of the Americans were to obtain the liberation of their countrymen and security for their commerce and navigation in future, it was not worth while to oppose this, and Bainbridge was directed to inform the Pasha, that if the terms proposed were accepted, a negotiation would be immediately entered into for a treaty, with any proper person duly authorized by him, but that no farther communication would be held with the Spanish Consul. Yusuf upon this accordingly commissioned Mr. Nissen to confer with Mr. Lear on the terms of the treaty; instructing him specially to have an article inserted, stipulating that the American forces should be withdrawn from Derne, and that efforts would be used to persuade Hamet to leave the Tripoline dominions. This stipulation was agreed to by Mr. Lear, who, however insisted that the Prince's family, who still remained in the Pasha's hands, should be restored to him. Yusuf objected and the negotiation was almost at a stand; at this crisis the Nautilus arrived from Malta, bringing notices of Eaton's farther successes at Derne, and also information of the arrival of additional forces from the United States. Rodgers here expressed his anxiety to try the effect of farther offensive operations against him; but Mr. Lear "would not suffer the business to be broken off and leave his countrymen longer in slavery," and therefore consented that *time should be allowed for the delivery of Hamet's family*. The difficulties between him and the Pasha were then removed and the preliminaries were assented to by both parties. Mr. Lear landed directly after, and on the 4th of June 1805, corresponding with the 6th of the first

month of Rabbia of the year of the Hegira 1220, a *Treaty of Peace and Amity between the United States of America and the Pasha, Bey and subjects of Tripoline Barbary*, was signed at Tripoli.

By this treaty, firm and inviolable peace and sincere friendship was to exist between the two nations; the prisoners were to be returned on each side, sixty thousand dollars being paid by the Americans for the difference in number against them; the forces of the United States, in hostility against the Pasha at Derne or elsewhere in his dominions, were to be withdrawn, and no supplies to be given by the Americans during the continuance of the peace, to any of his subjects who may be in rebellion against him; the Americans were to use all means in their power to persuade Hamet to retire from the Tripoline territory, but they were to use no force or improper means to that effect, and in case he should thus retire, the Pasha was to deliver up to him his wife and children. The stipulations respecting commerce and navigation, the rights of citizens and of consuls of either party in the territories of the other, the assistance to be given to stranded vessels, the protection to be afforded to vessels pursued by an enemy, &c. were placed on the most equal footing; and it was moreover declared, that in case a war should hereafter break out between the two parties, the prisoners taken on either side should not be made slaves, but should be returned at a stated ransom. This provision was at least harmless, and it held out inducements to humane conduct.

The American prisoners were sent on board the squadron, immediately after the signing of the treaty, and the Constitution frigate was sent to Malta and Syracuse for the money to be paid as ransom and the Tripolines. The American flag was again hoisted in the town, a Consul was installed, and the inhabitants testified their pleasure on the termination of a war by which they had so severely suffered.

This pacification has proved most advantageous for the Americans; no tribute has been since paid by them to Tripoli, nor has any infraction of the treaty been made either by the government, or the subjects of that regency, without full indemnification having been promptly obtained for it. The Pasha has indeed always appeared ready to do or to submit to any thing, rather than have another war with the United States. There is however every reason to suppose that the peace might have been made on terms more honorable to the Americans; and it is difficult to conceive what proper motives could have induced their commissioner, to offer a sum of money as ransom for the prisoners, with so strong a force at his disposal, and with the finest province of the Tripoline dominions actually in the hands of his countrymen. The proposition must certainly have surprised Yusuf, who had up to that moment received from him nothing but expressions of a fixed determination to seek peace only at the cannon's mouth.

Although it was expected that the information conveyed by the Hornet would have induced Eaton and the other Americans to evacuate Derne, still it was thought proper to despatch the frigate Constellation to that place, with accounts of the peace which had been concluded; it carried also one of Yusuf's officers, who was empowered to proclaim a general amnesty,

and her captain was instructed to receive Hamet and his immediate followers on board, should they choose to accompany him.

The communications previously received by the *Hornet* had prepared Eaton for these results; and he had instantly made known to Hamet the critical state in which his affairs were placed; the poor Prince very naturally exclaimed, that "to abandon him then, was to co-operate not with him, but with his brother"—and seeing that it would be impossible for him to prosecute the war, after the withdrawal of the American forces, he prepared to leave Derne with them whenever they should go. Eaton, however, could not bear "to strike the flag of his country in presence of an enemy, who had not merited the triumph, and to see the unbounded confidence placed by the inhabitants in the American character, sink into contempt and eternal hatred;" he had, therefore, resolved not to give up the advantages already obtained at Derne, and carefully concealing his apprehensions, continued to pursue the measures best calculated to advance the success of the enterprise. In this determination he seems to have been seconded by Captain Hull, and the other officers of the ships on the station, who had been induced by the declarations of Commodore Barron and Mr. Lear, to expect that an opportunity would have been afforded them in the approaching season to chastise the insolence of the Pasha, and fully establish the reputation of the Americans in the Mediterranean.

The *Constellation* arrived off Derne on the 11th of June, and it being at once supposed that she brought supplies and troops in aid of Hamet, the hopes of his partizans were excited to the highest pitch, while the Tripolines were so much dismayed, that they broke up their camp in haste, and retreated to the distance of fifteen miles from the town. When Eaton had examined the despatches brought by her, he saw at once that it would be a nice and difficult task to embark the Christians with Hamet and his followers in safety, as the inhabitants would place but little confidence in the Pasha's amnesty, and might be disposed to sacrifice their lives in revenge for this apparent desertion. He therefore took measures to conceal the real state of affairs; he ordered the troops to be inspected, distributed ammunition and rations, and sent off spies as if in anticipation of an attack. At night, patrols were placed to cut off all communication between the battery near the sea, which was occupied by the Christians and the town; the *Constellation's* boats came to the wharf, and the Christians, to their great astonishment, were all embarked and rowed off to the frigate, except the Americans. A message was then sent to Hamet, requesting an interview; he understood what was meant and instantly came with his retinue; they entered the boats, which had by that time returned, the Americans followed, and last of all went Eaton, just in time to escape the soldiery and inhabitants, who learning what was going on, rushed in distraction to the beach. Finding themselves deserted by those who had led them to take up arms against their tyrannical master, their rage burst forth in execrations against Hamet and his infidel friends. In the morning, the Tripoline agent landed and proclaimed amnesty to those who would return to their allegiance; but the place was already nearly deserted; the Arabs had

plundered it of all that could be carried away and retreated to the mountains, accompanied by many of the inhabitants; those who remained rejected the terms of pardon offered them, and prepared to defend themselves to the last from the tops of their houses. What was their fate we have been unable to learn. At noon, on the 13th of June, Eaton writes, "In a few minutes, we shall lose sight of this deserted city, which has experienced as strange a reverse in as short a time, as ever recorded in the disasters of war." The *Constellation* arrived in a few days at Syracuse, where the men who had served with Eaton at Derne were paid off. The whole expenses of the expedition amounted to about forty thousand dollars.

A few words will suffice to trace the subsequent history of Hamet. It has been stated that provision was made in the treaty of June 4th, for the restoration of his family; but when he demanded them, his brother refused to comply or to give him any assistance whatever. He had been aided by Eaton, and by the orders of the Commodore of the squadron, he received two hundred dollars per month for the support of himself, and fifteen or twenty dependants in Syracuse. Two thousand four hundred dollars were afterwards appropriated by Congress, for his "immediate and temporary relief." The American Consul at Tripoli was also instructed to require the delivery of his family; he did so, but in reply a paper was exhibited, which proved to be a secret article signed in due form by Mr. Lear, on the day after the conclusion of the treaty, by which it was stipulated, that Yusuf should not be required to give up his brother's wife and children, until the expiration of four years, during which, Hamet was to evince his peaceful disposition, and his determination not to disturb the tranquillity of the Tripoline dominions. Of this article, no copy, and indeed no notice whatever, had been transmitted by Mr. Lear to his Government; whether from miscarriage or from other causes is not ascertained. The Consul was however ordered to urge the delivery of the family by the Pasha, and to endeavor to obtain some arrangements for their support and that of Hamet. This was at length effected through the aid of Mahomet D'Ghies; and on the 25th of October, 1807, his wife and children arrived at Syracuse in an American sloop of war, with the exception of one of the daughters, who had married the Bey Mahomet, Yusuf's eldest son; an offer was also made by the Pasha, to settle a handsome allowance on his brother, provided he would establish his residence in Morocco. This Hamet positively refused, demanding at least the restoration of his former governments of Derne and Bengazi; after some difficulties Yusuf consented to his demand, and he went to Derne in 1809, where he passed the remainder of his life in quiet, as Bey of the two Eastern Provinces. Eaton immediately resigned his situation as navy agent, and returned to the United States, where he was universally received with interest and attention; but never recovered his equanimity; he had been as he conceived, disappointed in the opportunity of distinguishing himself, and moreover unjustly robbed of his share in the credit of reducing the Pasha to terms. His natural irritability was increased, and he was on many occasions tempted to assert his claims, in a manner which savored of boastfulness. His own peaceful coun-

try offered no field for the display of his peculiar talents; he had no taste for the quiet occupations of the farm, or for the petty intrigues and wordy war of politics; he tried both and failed. He became involved in pecuniary embarrassments, his spirits deserted him, and he sought for consolation in the bowl. Those who knew him only at this period, represent him as an intemperate disagreeable vain-glorious man, and the few friends who followed him to the grave in June 1811, had reason to regret that he had not died earlier.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Anecdotes of Patrick Henry.

From the Manuscripts of the late David Meade Randolph.

THE birth of party spirit has been variously conjectured: the result of the Richmond Convention for the adoption of the Federal Constitution, was one of its imputed parents. In the evening of the day of the final vote, General Meade and Mr. Cabell assembled the *discontents* in the old Senate Chamber; and after a partial organization of the party, a deputation was sent to Patrick Henry inviting him to take the chair. The venerated patriot accepted. Understanding that it was their purpose to concert a plan of resistance to the operations of the Federal Government, he addressed the meeting with his accustomed animation upon important occasions; observing, "he had done his duty strenuously, in opposing the Constitution, in the *proper place*,—and with all the powers he possessed. The question had been fully discussed and settled, and, that as true and faithful republicans, they had all better go home! They should cherish it, and give it fair play—support it too, in order that the federal administration might be left to the untrammelled and free exercise of its functions:" reproving, moreover, the half suppressed factious spirit which he perceived had well nigh broken out. The impressive arguments of Mr. Henry produced the gratifying effect he had hoped for.

THE purity of Henry's republicanism was such, as when dining with his brother Col. John Syme, at the Rocky Mills, during a May session of the Circuit Court held by Judge Iredell in Richmond, the company, composed of very respectable characters of both parties—'THE PEOPLE' as the first toast, upon removing the cloth, was pronounced very audibly by the host. Mr. Henry pushing his old black wig aside, as was his custom when much excited;—and, with *elbows akimbo!* exclaimed, "What—brother, not drink GENERAL WASHINGTON? as we used to do!—for shame brother, for shame;"—and filled up his glass with a bumper of Thomson's Madeira, announcing the name of WASHINGTON.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

YOUNG ROSALIE LEE.

I LOVE to forget Ambition
And Hope, in the mingled thought
Of valley and wood and meadow,
Where whilome my spirit caught
Affection's holiest breathings;
Where, under the skies, with me
Young Rosalie roved—aye drinking
From Joy's bright Castaly.

I think of the valley and river,
The old wood bright with blossoms;
Of the pure and chastened gladness
Upspringing in our bosoms;
I think of the lonely turtle
So tongued with melancholy;
And the hue of the drooping moonlight,
And the starlight pure and holy!

Of the beat of a heart most tender;
The sigh of a shell-tinct lip,
As soft as the land tones, wandering
Far leagues, over ocean deep;
Of a step, as light in its falling,
On the breast of the beaded lea,
As the fall of the fairy moonlight,
On the leaf of yon tulip tree.

I think of these and the murmur
Of bird and katadyd,
Whose home is the grave yard cypress,
Whose goblet the honey-reed;
And then I weep! for Rosalie
Has gone to her early rest;
And the green-lipped reed and the daisy,
Suck sweets from her maiden breast.

Winchester, Va.

L. L.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

STRAY LEAVES.

SEE'ST thou yon withered tree,
Which stretches towards the sea,
Its long and ghastly arms—
Does it not say to thee,
How speedily shall flee,
Thy now so envied charms.

That forehead high
In the dust shall lie,
And that soft dark eye
Shall be shrivelled and dry;
And those pearly teeth,
Shall be trodden beneath,
The foot of the idle passer-by.

* * * * *

Change the subject, change the measure,
Sing not of death—let life and pleasure
Be the theme of Poet's lay;
Our earth contains full many a treasure—
Let us seek them while we may.

Fill the glass with yellow juice,
Of Rhine's old banks, the rich produce;
Or let the ruby claret flow,
Or Portugal's dark streams unloose—
They all bring joy and banish woe.

Let not woman enter here,
Woman brings but pain and care,
Woman smiles but to deceive,
In woman's tears let none believe.

Love is folly—fill the glass,
In mirth and glee, the hours we'll pass.
The smiling vine alone is true,
The grape's pure tears none ever rue.

For the Southern Literary Messenger

BERENICE—A TALE.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

MISERY is manifold. The wretchedness of earth is multiform. Overreaching the wide horizon like the rainbow, its hues are as various as the hues of that arch, as distinct too, yet as intimately blended. Overreaching the wide horizon like the rainbow! How is it that from Beauty I have derived a type of unloveliness?—from the covenant of Peace a simile of sorrow? But thus is it. And as, in ethics, Evil is a consequence of Good, so, in fact, out of Joy is sorrow born. Either the memory of past bliss is the anguish of to-day, or the agonies which *are*, have their origin in the ecstasies which *might have been*. I have a tale to tell in its own essence rife with horror—I would suppress it were it not a record more of feelings than of facts.

My baptismal name is Egæus—that of my family I will not mention. Yet there are no towers in the land more time-honored than my gloomy, grey, hereditary halls. Our line has been called a race of visionaries: and in many striking particulars—in the character of the family mansion—in the frescos of the chief saloon—in the tapestries of the dormitories—in the chiseling of some buttresses in the armory—but more especially in the gallery of antique paintings—in the fashion of the library chamber—and, lastly, in the very peculiar nature of the library's contents, there is more than sufficient evidence to warrant the belief.

The recollections of my earliest years are connected with that chamber, and with its volumes—of which latter I will say no more. Here died my mother. Herein was I born. But it is mere idleness to say that I had not lived before—that the soul has no previous existence. You deny it. Let us not argue the matter. Convinced myself I seek not to convince. There is, however, a remembrance of aerial forms—of spiritual and meaning eyes—of sounds musical yet sad—a remembrance which will not be excluded: a memory like a shadow, vague, variable, indefinite, unsteady—and like a shadow too, in the impossibility of my getting rid of it, while the sunlight of my reason shall exist.

In that chamber was I born. Thus awaking, as it were, from the long night of what seemed, but was not, nonentity at once into the very regions of fairy land—into a palace of imagination—into the wild dominions of monastic thought and erudition—it is not singular that I gazed around me with a startled and ardent eye—that I loitered away my boyhood in books, and dissipated my youth in reverie—but it is singular that as years rolled away, and the noon of manhood found me still in the mansion of my fathers—it is wonderful what stagnation there fell upon the springs of my life—wonderful how total an inversion took place in the character of my common thoughts. The realities of the world affected me as visions, and as visions only, while the wild ideas of the land of dreams became, in turn,—not the material of my every-day existence—but in very deed that existence utterly and solely in itself.

* * * * *

Berenice and I were cousins, and we grew up together in my paternal halls—Yet differently we grew. I ill of health and buried in gloom—she agile, graceful, and overflowing with energy. Hers the ramble on the hill

side—mine the studies of the cloister. I living within my own heart, and addicted body and soul to the most intense and painful meditation—she roaming carelessly through life with no thought of the shadows in her path, or the silent flight of the raven-winged hours. Berenice!—I call upon her name—Berenice!—and from the grey ruins of memory a thousand tumultuous recollections are startled at the sound! Ah! vividly is her image before me now, as in the early days of her light-heartedness and joy! Oh! gorgeous yet fantastic beauty! Oh! Sylph amid the shrubberies of Arnheim!—Oh! Naiad among her fountains!—and then—then all is mystery and terror, and a tale which should not be told. Disease—a fatal disease—fell like the Simoom upon her frame, and, even while I gazed upon her, the spirit of change swept over her, pervading her mind, her habits, and her character, and, in a manner the most subtle and terrible, disturbing even the very identity of her person! Alas! the destroyer came and went, and the victim—where was she? I knew her not—or knew her no longer as Berenice.

Among the numerous train of maladies, superinduced by that fatal and primary one which effected a revolution of so horrible a kind in the moral and physical being of my cousin, may be mentioned as the most distressing and obstinate in its nature, a species of epilepsy not unfrequently terminating in *trance* itself—trance very nearly resembling positive dissolution, and from which her manner of recovery was, in most instances, startlingly abrupt. In the meantime my own disease—for I have been told that I should call it by no other appellation—my own disease, then, grew rapidly upon me, and, aggravated in its symptoms by the immoderate use of opium, assumed finally a monomaniac character of a novel and extraordinary form—hourly and momentarily gaining vigor—and at length obtaining over me the most singular and incomprehensible ascendancy. This monomania—if I must so term it—consisted in a morbid irritability of the nerves immediately affecting those properties of the mind, in metaphysical science termed the *attentive*. It is more than probable that I am not understood—but I fear that it is indeed in no manner possible to convey to the mind of the merely general reader, an adequate idea of that nervous *intensity of interest* with which, in my case, the powers of meditation (not to speak technically) busied, and, as it were, buried themselves in the contemplation of even the most common objects of the universe.

To muse for long unwearied hours with my attention rivetted to some frivolous device upon the margin, or in the typography of a book—to become absorbed for the better part of a summer's day in a quaint shadow falling aslant upon the tapestry, or upon the floor—to lose myself for an entire night in watching the steady flame of a lamp, or the embers of a fire—to dream away whole days over the perfume of a flower—to repeat monotonously some common word, until the sound, by dint of frequent repetition, ceased to convey any idea whatever to the mind—to lose all sense of motion or physical existence in a state of absolute bodily quiescence long and obstinately persevered in—Such were a few of the most common and least pernicious vagaries induced by a condition of the mental faculties, not, indeed, altogether unparalleled, but certainly bidding defiance to any thing like analysis or explanation.

Yet let me not be misapprehended. The undue, intense, and morbid attention thus excited by objects in their own nature frivolous, must not be confounded in character with that ruminating propensity common to all mankind, and more especially indulged in by persons of ardent imagination. By no means. It was not even, as might be at first supposed, an extreme condition, or exaggeration of such propensity, but primarily and essentially distinct and different. In the one instance the dreamer, or enthusiast, being interested by an object usually *not* frivolous, imperceptibly loses sight of this object in a wilderness of deductions and suggestions issuing therefrom, until, at the conclusion of a day-dream *often replete with luxury*, he finds the *incitamentum* or first cause of his musings utterly vanished and forgotten. In my case the primary object was *invariably frivolous*, although assuming, through the medium of my distempered vision, a refracted and unreal importance. Few deductions—if any—were made; and those few pertinaciously returning in, so to speak, upon the original object as a centre. The meditations were *never* pleasurable; and, at the termination of the reverie, the first cause, so far from being out of sight, had attained that supernaturally exaggerated interest which was the prevailing feature of the disease. In a word, the powers of mind more particularly exercised were, with me, as I have said before, the *attentive*, and are, with the day-dreamer, the *speculative*.

My books, at this epoch, if they did not actually serve to irritate the disorder, partook, it will be perceived, largely, in their imaginative, and inconsequential nature, of the characteristic qualities of the disorder itself. I well remember, among others, the treatise of the noble Italian Cælius Secundus Curio "*de amplitudine beati regni Dei*"—St. Austin's great work the "*City of God*"—and Tertullian "*de Carne Christi*," in which the unintelligible sentence "*Mortuus est Dei filius; credibile est quia ineptum est: et sepultus resurrexit; certum est quia impossibile est*" occupied my undivided time, for many weeks of laborious and fruitless investigation.

Thus it will appear that, shaken from its balance only by trivial things, my reason bore resemblance to that ocean-crag spoken of by Ptolemy Hephestion, which steadily resisting the attacks of human violence, and the fiercer fury of the waters and the winds, trembled only to the touch of the flower called Asphodel. And although, to a careless thinker, it might appear a matter beyond doubt, that the fearful alteration produced by her unhappy malady, in the *moral* condition of Berenice, would afford me many objects for the exercise of that intense and morbid meditation whose nature I have been at some trouble in explaining, yet such was not by any means the case. In the lucid intervals of my infirmity, her calamity indeed gave me pain, and, taking deeply to heart that total wreck of her fair and gentle life, I did not fail to ponder frequently and bitterly upon the wonder-working means by which so strange a revolution had been so suddenly brought to pass. But these reflections partook not of the idiosyncrasy of my disease, and were such as would have occurred, under similar circumstances, to the ordinary mass of mankind. True to its own character, my disorder revelled in the less important but more startling changes wrought in the *physical* frame of Berenice, and

in the singular and most appalling distortion of her personal identity.

During the brightest days of her unparalleled beauty, most surely I had never loved her. In the strange anomaly of my existence, feelings, with me, *had never been* of the heart, and my passions *always were* of the mind. Through the grey of the early morning—among the trellissed shadows of the forest at noon-day—and in the silence of my library at night, she had flitted by my eyes, and I had seen her—not as the living and breathing Berenice, but as the Berenice of a dream—not as a being of the earth—earthly—but as the abstraction of such a being—not as a thing to admire, but to analyze—not as an object of love, but as the theme of the most abstruse although desultory speculation. And *now*—now I shuddered in her presence, and grew pale at her approach; yet, bitterly lamenting her fallen and desolate condition, I knew that she had loved me long, and, in an evil moment, I spoke to her of marriage.

And at length the period of our nuptials was approaching, when, upon an afternoon in the winter of the year, one of those unseasonably warm, calm, and misty days which are the nurse of the beautiful Halcyon,* I sat, and sat, as I thought alone, in the inner apartment of the library. But uplifting my eyes Berenice stood before me.

Was it my own excited imagination—or the misty influence of the atmosphere—or the uncertain twilight of the chamber—or the grey draperies which fell around her figure—that caused it to loom up in so unnatural a degree? I could not tell. Perhaps she had grown taller since her malady. She spoke, however, no word, and I—not for worlds could I have uttered a syllable. An icy chill ran through my frame; a sense of insufferable anxiety oppressed me; a consuming curiosity pervaded my soul; and, sinking back upon the chair, I remained for some time breathless, and motionless, and with my eyes rivetted upon her person. Alas! its emaciation was excessive, and not one vestige of the former being lurked in any single line of the contour. My burning glances at length fell upon her face.

The forehead was high, and very pale, and singularly placid; and the once golden hair fell partially over it, and overshadowed the hollow temples with ringlets now black as the raven's ring, and jarring discordantly, in their fantastic character, with the reigning melancholy of the countenance. The eyes were lifeless, and lustreless, and I shrunk involuntarily from their glassy stare to the contemplation of the thin and shrunken lips. They parted: and, in a smile of peculiar meaning, the teeth of the changed Berenice disclosed themselves slowly to my view. Would to God that I had never beheld them, or that, having done so, I had died!

* * * * *

The shutting of a door disturbed me, and, looking up, I found my cousin had departed from the chamber. But from the disordered chamber of my brain, had not, alas! departed, and would not be driven away, the white and ghastly *spectrum* of the teeth. Not a speck upon their surface—not a shade on their enamel—not a line in their configuration—not an indenture in their

* For as Jove, during the winter season, gives twice seven days of warmth, men have called this clement and temperate time the nurse of the beautiful Halcyon.—*Simonides*.

edges—but what that brief period of her smile had sufficed to brand in upon my memory. I saw them *now* even more unequivocally than I beheld them *then*. The teeth!—the teeth!—they were here, and there, and every where, and visibly, and palpably before me, long, narrow, and excessively white, with the pale lips writhing about them, as in the very moment of their first terrible development. Then came the full fury of my *monomania*, and I struggled in vain against its strange and irresistible influence. In the multiplied objects of the external world I had no thoughts but for the teeth. All other matters and all different interests became absorbed in their single contemplation. They—they alone were present to the mental eye, and they, in their sole individuality, became the essence of my mental life. I held them in every light—I turned them in every attitude. I surveyed their characteristics—I dwelt upon their peculiarities—I pondered upon their conformation—I mused upon the alteration in their nature—and shuddered as I assigned to them in imagination a sensitive and sentient power, and even when unassisted by the lips, a capability of moral expression. Of Mad'selle Sallé it has been said, "*que tous ses pas étoient des sentiments*," and of Berenice I more seriously believed *que tous ses dents étoient des idées*.

And the evening closed in upon me thus—and then the darkness came, and tarried, and went—and the day again dawned—and the mists of a second night were now gathering around—and still I sat motionless in that solitary room, and still I sat buried in meditation, and still the *phantasma* of the teeth maintained its terrible ascendancy as, with the most vivid and hideous distinctness, it floated about amid the changing lights and shadows of the chamber. At length there broke forcibly in upon my dreams a wild cry as of horror and dismay; and thereunto, after a pause, succeeded the sound of troubled voices intermingled with many low moanings of sorrow, or of pain. I arose hurriedly from my seat, and, throwing open one of the doors of the library, there stood out in the antechamber a servant maiden, all in tears, and she told me that Berenice was—no more. Seized with an epileptic fit she had fallen dead in the early morning, and now, at the closing in of the night, the grave was ready for its tenant, and all the preparations for the burial were completed.

With a heart full of grief, yet reluctantly, and oppressed with awe, I made my way to the bed-chamber of the departed. The room was large, and very dark, and at every step within its gloomy precincts I encountered the paraphernalia of the grave. The coffin, so a menial told me, lay surrounded by the curtains of yonder bed, and in that coffin, he whisperingly assured me, was all that remained of Berenice. Who was it asked me would I not look upon the corpse? I had seen the lips of no one move, yet the question had been demanded, and the echo of the syllables still lingered in the room. It was impossible to refuse; and with a sense of suffocation I dragged myself to the side of the bed. Gently I uplifted the sable draperies of the curtains.

As I let them fall they descended upon my shoulders, and shutting me thus out from the living, enclosed me in the strictest communion with the deceased.

The very atmosphere was redolent of death. The peculiar smell of the coffin sickened me; and I fancied

a deleterious odor was already exhaling from the body. I would have given worlds to escape—to fly from the pernicious influence of mortality—to breathe once again the pure air of the eternal heavens. But I had no longer the power to move—my knees tottered beneath me—and I remained rooted to the spot, and gazing upon the frightful length of the rigid body as it lay outstretched in the dark coffin without a lid.

God of heaven!—is it possible? Is it my brain that reels—or was it indeed the finger of the enshrouded dead that stirred in the white cerement that bound it? Frozen with unutterable awe I slowly raised my eyes to the countenance of the corpse. There had been a band around the jaws, but, I know not how, it was broken asunder. The livid lips were wreathed into a species of smile, and, through the enveloping gloom, once again there glared upon me in too palpable reality, the white and glistening, and ghastly teeth of Berenice. I sprang convulsively from the bed, and, uttering no word, rushed forth a maniac from that apartment of triple horror, and mystery, and death.

* * * * *

I found myself again sitting in the library, and again sitting there alone. It seemed that I had newly awakened from a confused and exciting dream. I knew that it was now midnight, and I was well aware that since the setting of the sun Berenice had been interred. But of that dreary period which had intervened I had no positive, at least no definite comprehension. Yet its memory was rife with horror—horror more horrible from being vague, and terror more terrible from ambiguity. It was a fearful page in the record of my existence, written all over with dim, and hideous, and unintelligible recollections. I strived to decypher them, but in vain—while ever and anon, like the spirit of a departed sound, the shrill and piercing shriek of a female voice seemed to be ringing in my ears. I had done a deed—what was it? And the echoes of the chamber answered me "what was it?"

On the table beside me burned a lamp, and near it lay a little box of ebony. It was a box of no remarkable character, and I had seen it frequently before, it being the property of the family physician; but how came it *there* upon my table, and why did I shudder in regarding it? These were things in no manner to be accounted for, and my eyes at length dropped to the open pages of a book, and to a sentence underscored therein. The words were the singular, but simple words of the poet Ebn Zaiat. "*Dicebant mihi sodales si sepulchrum amicae visit arem curas meas aliquantulum fore levatas.*"* Why then, as I perused them, did the hairs of my head erect themselves on end, and the blood of my body congeal within my veins?

There came a light tap at the library door, and, pale as the tenant of a tomb, a menial entered upon tiptoe. His looks were wild with terror, and he spoke to me in a voice tremulous, husky, and very low. What said he?—some broken sentences I heard. He told of a wild cry heard in the silence of the night—of the gathering together of the household—of a search in the direction of the sound—and then his tones grew thrillingly distinct as he whispered me of a violated grave—

* My companions told me I might find some little alleviation of my misery, in visiting the grave of my beloved.

of a disfigured body discovered upon its margin—a body enshrouded, yet still breathing, still palpitating, still alive!

He pointed to my garments—they were muddy and clotted with gore. I spoke not, and he took me gently by the hand—but it was indented with the impress of human nails. He directed my attention to some object against the wall—I looked at it for some minutes—it was a spade. With a shriek I bounded to the table, and grasped the ebony box that lay upon it. But I could not force it open, and in my tremor it slipped from out my hands, and fell heavily, and burst into pieces, and from it, with a rattling sound, there rolled out some instruments of dental surgery, intermingled with many white and glistening substances that were scattered to and fro about the floor.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

EXTRACT

From Reminiscences of a Western Traveller.

"I presume," said I, "that having so long resided in Kentucky, you must have had some acquaintance with Indian warfare."

"I had no occasion," he replied, "to come to Kentucky to learn that. I may say, that I have had something to do with it all my life, and it had to do with me before I was born."

The speaker was a tall, handsome man, uncommonly stout, with an appearance of great strength, perfect health, and a quiet good humor, which disposed him to be communicative, merely by way of obliging. Though by no means garrulous, I had discovered that he was ready to tell whatever another might be desirous of hearing. He spoke with that strong accent, and deliberate tone, which characterize the Scotch Irish race, and which always, to my ear, conveys a promise that what is said will be said distinctly and clearly.

Here then was the very man I wanted. I had left the peaceful scenes of the Atlantic coast, expecting, not indeed to "roam through anters vast and deserts wild," in my western tour, (for my maps and gazetteer had taught me better,) but to find some traces of the scenes, which but a few years before, had made it dangerous for a white man to set his foot where we now rode along securely. My eye had eagerly scanned every object which afforded promise of food to my young and eager imagination; but as yet I had found none. The soft beauty and exuberant fertility of the country, need only the touch of civilization to take from it every appearance of wildness, and I could hardly bring myself to believe that it had been so lately the haunt of the prowling savage. My enthusiasm was consequently much damped; but it was not extinguished, and these last words of my companion blew it into a flame. A well directed question soon drew him out.

"I was born," said he, "among the mountains of Virginia. I never saw my father. He was killed at the battle of Point Pleasant, just before

I came into the world. That is the reason why I said that Indian fighting had to do with me before I was born. But that was not all; many years before that, the Indians made a break on our settlement, and carried off my oldest brother, and kept him."

"Did you never see him again?"

"I suppose I have, but I did not know it at the time." As he said this, a gloom came over his countenance, which checked my inquisitiveness, and he rode on, perhaps a mile, in moody silence. At length his brow cleared, and he again spoke, but in a somewhat saddened tone.

"It is something strange; I am not superstitious, and yet it seems to me, as if at times, when people are in great distress of mind, they are apt to say things that turn out almost like a prophecy. It was a great grief to my mother, the loss of her child, and the longer she lived the more she mourned after him. He was quite small when they took him; and they carried him away over the lakes, so far, that they never heard where he was, until he was almost grown up, a perfect wild man. My mother was a religious woman; and the thought of his being brought up among savages, where the word of God could never reach him, went to her heart. She said, it was always borne upon her mind that he was not dead, and that he would grow up among those vile wretches, to be the death of his own father, and perhaps to die at last by the hand of one of his own brothers. When they raised a party to follow the Indians, she *would* go with them, and all the way, she said, she looked and looked, in hopes to see where they had dashed out her poor child's brains against a tree. It was the only comfort she hoped for, and that was denied her.

"As I told you, they never heard of him till he was near or quite a man; and that was just before Dunmore's war. There was no chance to do any thing towards getting him home at that time, for it was dangerous to go near the Ohio. Indeed, all they knew was, that there was a white man of about his age among the Indians, who answered to his name. It was not until after the peace that we knew certainly all about him.

"Well! he was at the battle of the Point, fighting among the Shawanees; and there my father was killed. When my mother heard that he had been there, you may be sure her own words came back to her. No body knew who killed my father. But why not he as well as another? Flesh and blood could not have made her believe that it was not he.

"Just after that I was born, and then again my mother took it into her head that I had come into the world to revenge my father's death. There was no great comfort in that thought, you may be sure; so as soon as the war was over, they tried all they could to get my brother back. He was

told that my father was dead, and had left a good estate; and that he was the heir at law; (for you know that my father died under the old law,) but it all would not do. He was a complete Indian, and had an Indian wife and children that he would not leave. But he had kind feelings for us all, and sent us word to take the estate; for he wanted nothing but his rifle.

"Well! my mother died; and I and a brother a little older than me, sold out and went to Kentucky. Where we settled was a dangerous frontier near the Ohio, and the Indians once or twice every year, would come over and strike at us. Then we would raise a party, and follow them away almost to the lakes; and after we got strong enough, we commonly kept a smart company ranging about on that side of the river. Sometimes we volunteered; sometimes we were drafted; sometimes one went; sometimes another. One year my brother went, and had a fight with the Indians. Afterwards we heard that our wild brother was in that fight, and was badly wounded. The next year I went out, and we had a fight, and my poor brother was there again, and *he was killed.*"

He ceased speaking, and again sunk into a gloomy silence, which none of us were disposed to interrupt. At length he said, in a softened voice, "Thank God! I was spared one thing. I never think of it, that it does not make the cold chills run over me. It was the night before the battle. We had been following hard upon the trail all day, and just before night we came up with them. But we did not let them see us, and lay back till they had camped for the night. We knew we could find them in the dark by their fires. Sure enough we soon saw the light, and crawled towards it. The word was to attack at day light. In the meantime every man was to keep his eye skinned, and his gun in his hand, and not to fire on any account till the word was given. But in this sort of business every man fights, more or less, on his own hook; and if a fellow only kills an Indian, they never blame him. There they were, all dead asleep, around their fire; and we standing looking at them, almost near enough to hear them snore. You may be sure *we* did not breathe loud. Well! while I was standing off on one flank, watching them with all my eyes, up gets one, and stands right between me and the light. Up came my rifle to my face. It was against orders, but I never had shot at an Indian, and how could I stand it? My hand was on the trigger, when the figure turned, and I saw the breasts of a woman. You may be sure I did not shoot. It was my brother's daughter, as I afterwards learned."

This story required no comment. It admitted of none. The ideas it suggested was such as reason could neither condemn nor justify. We could only muse on it in silence. At length, the other stranger, who, like myself, had listened attentive-

ly, said, "I too was once within an ace of shooting a woman."

I started at this, and turned to reconsider the speaker. I had already scrutinized him pretty closely, and had formed a judgment concerning him, which these words quite unsettled. The idea that he had been familiar with scenes, where every man must make his hand guard his head, had never entered my mind. He was indeed formidably armed, carrying a brace of pistols in his belt, and another in his holsters. The handle of a dirk peeped through the ruffle of his shirt, and a rifle on his shoulder completed his armament. I had been of course struck with an equipment so warlike, but attributed it to excess of caution. The mildness and elegance of his manners had fixed him in my mind, as one bred up in the scenes of peaceful and polished life, where, in youth, he had heard so much of the perils of the country he was now traversing, as to suppose it unsafe to visit it without this load of weapons. I certainly had never seen a man of more courteous and gentlemanlike demeanor; and though his countenance gave no token of one "acquainted with cold fear," I had nevertheless, emphatically marked him as a man of peace. He was the oldest man in company, but deferential to all, accommodating, obliging, and, on all occasions, modestly postponing himself, even to such a boy as I was. He seemed now to have spoken from a wish to divert the painful thoughts of our companion, and, in answer to an inquiring look from me, went on with his story.

"It was nearly thirty years ago," said he, "I was travelling from Virginia through the wilderness of Kentucky, then much infested by Indians. I had one companion, an active, spirited young man, and we were both well mounted and well armed. Vigilance alone was necessary to our safety, and as we had both served a regular apprenticeship to Indian warfare, we were not deficient in that. We soon overtook a company of moving families, who had united for safety. The convenience of the axes of the men, in making fires, and of the women in cooking, determined us to join them. We camped together every night; and as we derived great advantage from the association, we tried to requite it by our activity and diligence as scouts and flankers. We commonly rode some distance ahead, so as to give them time to prepare in case of attack; depending on our own diligence and skill to guard against surprise.

"Riding thus one day, a mile or two in advance, we were suddenly startled by an outcry from behind, which was not to be mistaken. We immediately drew up, and presently saw our party hurrying towards us, in great confusion and alarm, whipping up their teams, and only stopping long enough to say that they were pursued. The rear was therefore now our post, and, waiting till they

had all passed, we dismounted,—hid our horses, took trees, and awaited the enemy. I did not wait long, until I saw the head and shoulders of a figure above the undergrowth, rushing at full speed towards me. My rifle was at my cheek, and a steady aim at the advancing figure made me sure of my mark, when an opening in the brush-wood showed me the dress of a female. She was the wife of one of the wretches who had just passed us, completely spent and sinking with fatigue. Had there been Indians she must have perished. As it was, her appearance showed the alarm to be false; so I took her up behind me, and we went quietly on, in pursuit of her dastard husband, to whose *protection* I restored her."

In speaking these last words, the face of the speaker underwent, for a moment, a change, which told more than his story. The tone of scornful irony too, which accompanied the word *protection*, gave a new face to his character. As I marked the slight flush of his pale and somewhat withered cheek, the flash of his light blue eye, the curl of his lip, and a peculiar clashing of his eye-teeth as he spoke; I thought I had rarely seen a man, with whom it might not be as safe to trifle.

The day was now far spent; and as the sun descended, we had the satisfaction to observe that he sank behind a grove, that marked the course of a small branch of the Wabash, on the bank of which stood the house where we expected to find food and rest.

None but a western traveller can understand the entire satisfaction with which the daintiest child of luxury learns to look forward to the rude bed and homely fare, which await him, at the end of a hard day's ride, in the infant settlements. There is commonly a cabin of rough unhewn logs, containing one large room, where all the culinary operations of the family are performed, at the huge chimney around which the guests are ranged. The fastidious, who never wait to be hungry, may turn up their noses at the thought of being, for an hour before hand, regaled with the steam of their future meal. But to the weary and sharp set, there is something highly refreshing to the spirits and stimulating to the appetite. The dutch oven, well filled with biscuit, is no sooner discharged of them, than their place is occupied by sundry slices of bacon, which are immediately followed by eggs, broken into the hissing lard. In the mean time, a pot of strong coffee is boiling on a corner of the hearth; the table is covered with a coarse clean cloth; the butter and cream and honey are on it; and supper is ready.

"Then horn for horn they stretch and strive."

It makes me hungry now to think of it; and I am tempted to take back my word and eat something, having just told my wife I wanted no supper. But it will not do. I have not rode fifty miles to

day, and my table is so trim and my room so snug that I have no appetite.

But it is only in the first stage of a settlement, that these things are found. By and by, mine host, having opened a larger farm, builds him a house, of frame-work or brick, the masonry and carpentry of which show the rude handy-work of himself and his sons. He now employs several hands, and the leavings of their dinner will do for the supper of any chance travellers in the evening. A round deep earthen dish, in which a bit of fat pork or lean salt beef, crowns a small mound of cold greens or turnips, with loaf bread baked a month ago, and a tin can of skimmed milk now form the travellers supper. It is vain to expostulate. Our host has no fear of competition. He has now located the whole point of wood land crossed by the road, and no one can come nearer to him, on either hand, than ten miles. Besides, he is now the "squire" of the neighborhood, with "eyes severe," and "fair round belly with *fat bacon* lined;" and why should not the daily food of a man of his consequence be good enough for a hungry traveller?

It was to a house of this latter description that we now came. No one came out to receive us. Why should they? We took off our own baggage, and found our way into the house as we might.

On entering, I was struck with the appearance of the party, as their figures glimmered through the mingled lights of a dull window and a dim fire. Each individual, though seated, (and no man moved or bad us welcome) wore his hat, of shadowy dimensions; a sort of family resemblance, both in cut and color, ran through the dresses of all; and a like resemblance in complexion and cast of countenance marked all but one. This one, as we afterwards found, was the master of the mansion, a man of massive frame, and fat withal, but whose full cheeks, instead of the ruddy glow of health, were overcast with an ashy, dusky, money-loving hue. In the appearance of all the rest there was something ascetic and mortified. But landlord and guest wore all one common expression of ostentatious humility and ill-disguised self-complacency, which so often characterizes those new sects, that think they have just made some important discoveries in religion. Mine host was, as it proved, the Gaius of such a church, and his guests were preachers of the same denomination. I have forgotten the name; but they were not Quakers. I have been since reminded of them, on reading the description of the company Julian Peveril found at Bridgnorth's.

When we entered, our landlord was talking in a dull, plodding strain, and in a sort of solemn protecting tone, to his respectfully attentive guests. Our appearance made no interruption in his discourse; and he went on, addressing himself mainly to a raw looking youth, whose wrists and

ankles seemed to have grown out of his sleeves and pantaloons since they were made. Where the light, which this young man was now thought worthy to diffuse, had broken in upon his own mind, I did not learn, but I presently discovered that he came from "a little east of sunrise," and had a curiosity as lively as my own, concerning the legends of the country.

"I guess brother P——," said he, "you have been so long in these parts, that it must have been right scary times when you first came here."

"Well! I cannot say," replied the other, "that there has been much danger in this country, since I came here. But if there was, it was nothing new to me. I was used to all that in Old Kentucky, thirty years ago."

"I should like," said the youth, "to hear something of your early adventures. I marvel that we should find any satisfaction in turning from the contemplation of God's peace, to listen to tales of blood and slaughter. But so it is. The old Adam will have a hankering after the things of this world."

"Well!" replied our host, "I have nothing very particular to tell. The scalping of three Indians, is all I have to brag of. And as to danger; except having the bark knocked off of my tree into my eyes, by a bullet, I do not know that I was ever in any mighty danger, but once."

"And when was that?"

"Well! It was when we were moving out along the wilderness road. You see it was mighty ticklish times; so a dozen families of us started together, and we had regular guards, and scouts, and flankers, just like an army. The second day after we left Cumberland river, a couple of young fellows joined us, one by the name of Jones, and I do not remember the other's name. I suppose they had been living somewhere in Old Virginia, where they had plenty of slaves to wait on them; and it went hard with them to make their own fires, and cook their own victuals; so they were glad enough to fall in with us, and have us and our women to work and cook for them. But a man was a cash article there; and they both had fine horses and good guns; and, to hear them talk, (especially that fellow Jones,) you would have thought, two or three Indians before breakfast, would not have been a mouthful to them. We did not think much of them, but we told them, if they would take their turn in scouting and guarding, they were welcome to join us."

At this moment, our landlady, who was busy in a sort of shed, which adjoined the room we sat in, and served as a kitchen, entered, and stopping for a moment, heard what was passing. She was a good-looking woman, of about forty-five, with a meek subdued and broken hearted cast of countenance. I saw her look at her husband, and as she listened, her face assumed an expression of timid

expostulation, mixed with that sort of wonderment, with which we regard a thing utterly unaccountable, but which use has rendered familiar.

Her lord and master caught the look, and bending his shaggy brow, said, "I guess the men will want their supper, by the time they get it."

She understood the hint, and stole away rebuked; uttering unconsciously, in a loud sigh, the long hoarded breath which she had held all the time she listened. Her manner was not intended to attract notice; but there was something in it, which disposed me to receive her husband's tale with some grains of allowance. He went on thus:

"The day we expected to get to the crab-orchard, it was their turn to bring up the rear. By good rights, they ought to have been a quarter of a mile or so behind us; and I suppose they were; when, all of a sudden, we heard the crack of a rifle, and here they come, right through us, and away they went. I looked round for my woman and I could not see her. The poor creature was a little behind, and thought there was no danger, because we all depended on them two fire eaters in the rear, to take care of stragglers. But when they ran off, you see, there was nobody between her and the Indians; and the first thing I saw, was her, running for dear life, and they after her. I set my triggers, and fixed myself to stop one of them; and just then, her foot caught in a grape vine, and down she came. I let drive at the foremost, and dropped him; but the other one ran right on. My gun was empty; and I had no chance but to put in, and try the butt of it. But I was not quite fast enough. He was upon her, and had his hand in her hair; and it was a mercy of God, he did not tomahawk her at once. He had plenty of time for that;—but he was too keen after the scalp; and, just as he was getting hold of his knife, I fetched him a clip that settled him. Just then, I heard a crack or two, and a ball whistled mighty near me; but, by this time, some of our party had rallied, and took trees; and that brought the Indians to a stand. So I put my wife behind a tree, and got one more crack at them; and then they broke and run. That was the only time I ever thought myself in any *real* danger, and that was all along of that Jones and the other fellow. But they made tracks for the settlement."

"Have you never seen Jones since?" said the mild voice of the courteous gentleman I have mentioned.

"No; I never have; and it's well for him; though, bless the Lord! I hope I could find in my heart *now* to forgive him. But if I had ever come across him, before I met with you, brother B——," (addressing a grave senior of the party who received the compliment with impenetrable gravity;)

"I guess it would not have been so well for him."

"Do you think you would know him again, if you were to see him?" said my companion.

"It's a long time ago," said he, "but I think I should. He was a mighty fierce little fellow, and had a monstrous blustering way of talking."

"Was he any thing like me?" said the stranger, in a low but hissing tone.

The man started, and so did we all, and gazed on the querist. In my life, I never saw such a change in any human face. The pale cheek was flushed, the calm eye glowed with intolerable fierceness, and every feature worked with loathing. But he commanded his voice, though the curl of his lip disclosed the full length of one eye tooth, and he again said, "look at me. Am not I the man?"

"I do not know that you are," replied the other doggedly, and trying in vain to lift his eye to that which glared upon him. "I do not know that you are?" muttered he.

"Where is he? where is he," screamed a female voice; "let me see him. I'll know him, bless his heart! I'll know him any where in the world."

Saying this, our landlady rushed into the circle, and stood among us, while we all rose to our feet. She looked eagerly around. Her eye rested a moment on the stranger's face; and in the next instant her arms were about his neck, and her head on his bosom, where she shed a torrent of tears.

I need not add, that the subject of the Landlord's tale, was the very incident which my companion had related on the road. He soon made his escape, cowed and chop-fallen; and the poor woman bustled about, to give us the best the house afforded, occasionally wiping her eyes, or stopping for a moment to gaze mutely and sadly on the generous stranger, who had protected her when deserted by him who lay in her bosom.

The grave brethren looked, as became them, quite scandalized, at this strange scene. It was therefore promptly explained to them; but the explanation dissipated nothing of the gloom of their countenances. Their manner to the poor woman was still cold and displeased, and they seemed to forget her husband's fault, in their horror at having seen her throw herself into the arms of a stranger. For my part, I thought the case of the good Samaritan in point, and could not help believing, that he who had decided that, would pronounce that her grateful affection had been bestowed where it was due.

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We are permitted by RICHARD RANDOLPH, Esq. to publish the following extract, from a Journal kept by his father, the late *David Meade Randolph*, when a Student at *William & Mary College* in 1779 under the patronage of PROFESSOR ANDREWS. It is a curious anecdote and will be read with interest.

Washington's Birth Night.

On the 22d February, 1779, the students of William & Mary College, and most of the respectable inhabi-

tants of Williamsburg, prepared a subscription paper for celebrating Washington's birth night; and the pleasure of presenting it, was confided to *certain students* immediately under the patronage of Professor Andrews.

Governor Henry was first waited on, and offered the paper: he refused his signature! "He could not think of any kind of rejoicing at a time when our country was engaged in war, with such gloomy prospects." Dudley Digges, and Bolling Starke, members of the Council, were both waited on by the same persons, and received less courteous denials, and similar excuses.

The ball, nevertheless, was given at the Raleigh. Colonel Innis, more prominent than any other member of the association, directed its proceedings. It was thought proper to enliven the occasion by discharges of cannon. There were two pieces at the shop of Mr. Moody that had lately been mounted. There was a Captain commanding a company of soldiers, under the orders of Governor Henry; but the cannon were under no other care or authority at the time, than that of Mr. Moody the mechanic. Colonel Innis, with a party seconded by Colonel Finnie, brought the two pieces before the door of the Raleigh. On the way from the shop to the Raleigh, not two hundred yards, Colonel Innis saw Captain Digges passing up the street. Whilst the party concerned were collecting powder, and preparing for firing, Lieutenant Vaughan appeared before the Raleigh with a platoon, demanding possession of the cannon. He was carried in; took some punch; and said that he was ordered by Captain Digges to take away the pieces, by force, if they were not surrendered peaceably. This was refused. Vaughan repeated his orders: He was prevailed upon to return to his quarters, and report to Capt. Digges. Captain Digges waited on the Governor, and reported the state of things; and soliciting instructions how to proceed. The Governor referred Captain Digges to his own judgment. Captain Digges went immediately to the *Arena*, where, in the pride of his power, with sixty men, he drew up in form; and demanded the cannon at the point of his bayonets! Innis stepped up to Captain Digges, and shaking his cane at him, swore that he would *cane him*, if he did not depart instantly with his men! This enraging Digges,—he said that if the pieces were not surrendered, he *would fire upon the party*. Innis repeating his threat,—ordered Finnie to charge the cannon with *brick bats*: the mob in the street, and the gentlemen of the ball, re-echoing the order. The pieces were soon charged with brick bats: Innis all the while firmly standing by the Captain at the head of his men, *daring him to fire*! After some delay, the Captain retreated with his men; and the evening closed with great joy.

Next day, Innis was arraigned before the Hustings Court, for Riot! confronted by the valiant Captain Digges. During the proceedings, when Innis replied to the charge, Digges in the body of the Court, and Innis in the Bar—among other particulars characteristic of the Colonel's temper and genius, he swore "it made no odds whether Captain Digges wore a red coat, or a black coat, he would *cane him*!" The case was attended with no farther particulars. Innis facing the Court, and repeating his threats; till at length he was dismissed, and triumphantly walked out of Court, attended by most of his friends, who had shared the honors of the preceding night.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

From the Diary of a Revolutionary Officer.

MR. WHITE,—I embrace the opportunity afforded, by the transmission of my subscription for the "*Messenger*," to furnish you with a small contribution to the pages of that excellent periodical. Neither leisure nor ability, at present, allows me to present any original composition; but I feel confident that nothing I have to offer, could be more interesting and acceptable to your readers, than the following extract from the "*Manuscript Diary of a Revolutionary Officer*," which has recently been placed in my hands. It is expected that the whole will be transcribed in a *fac simile* as to style, and so on, and presented to the Historical Society at an early period.

The writer was, I believe, a lieutenant in the Southern army. He was a native and resident of Powhatan county, Virginia, where his descendants still reside. He was a captain at the taking of Charleston, South Carolina, and composed the Diary referred to, while confined by the British as a prisoner of war. The Diary commences with a statement of the events which led to the surrender of the American army, and exhibits at length the official correspondence of General Lincoln and Sir Henry Clinton on the occasion.

We may admire the devotion and bravery of our forefathers, recount in terms of poetical exaggeration their heroic achievements, and dwell with fond recollection on their memories, but we can never form an accurate idea of their feelings, any correct conception of their sufferings, or properly estimate our debt of gratitude, until we can enter more fully into the *minutiæ* of those events which general history relates. So long therefore, as it is praiseworthy (and long may it be so,) to set before our eyes the examples and characters of revolutionary patriots, will it be interesting to examine such records as the following.

Yours, truly.

*** **

Union Seminary, Pr. Ed. Va. 1835.

SURRENDER OF CHARLESTON.

[The correspondence and articles of capitulation are omitted.]

MAY 12th, 1780. One company of British and one company of Hessian grenadiers marched in and took possession of the town work. At one o'clock our garrison were paraded, and at two were marched out with their drums beating, but we were not allowed to beat a British march. * * * after which two regiments of British grenadiers and light infantry marched in town. The commissary of prisoners, Major Stewart of the sixty-third regiment, came and got a list of the officers' and soldiers' names. He then asked for our second line. We told him that every soldier of our garrison fit for duty, he then saw paraded in that line. He said "that it was impossible for such a small

VOL. I.—44

army to defend the town and themselves, from ten thousand British troops: you certainly have more than these." Our answer was, we have not.—Thus an army of not more than *three thousand troops*, composed of regular soldiers, militia, sailors and marines, defended our post thirty-one days, closely besieged by *ten thousand* British soldiers. The want of provisions and proper rest, at last obliged us to fall into the hands of our enemies. Our soldiers were marched into the barrack's yard, where was a British guard waiting to receive them. The men were permitted to go out, as many as would ask leave. The officers had leave to go to their old quarters that evening; accordingly I went to my bomb proof, and pulled off my clothes. This was the first night for the space of fifty-five days past, I pulled off my clothes to go in bed. I went to bed, but could not rest for reflecting on my present condition of life.*

13th. We removed to a house in town, and are allowed to walk the streets. We are much in want of provisions; almost in a starving condition.

15th. We are yet continued in our quarters without one morsel of provision allowed us since we capitulated. This afternoon we were in some measure relieved from hunger, by means of a poor sheep a Hessian was driving by our quarters, that ran round the house and went in our cellar, and was immediately concealed by some of our waiters. The Hessian hunted some time for his poor sheep but could not find it, and we soon made some good hot soup [from the poor sheep].

16th. I was invited to breakfast with Mr. Elliot in town.

17th. [Parole to Haddrel's Point.] "I do hereby acknowledge myself to be a prisoner of war upon my parole to his Excellency Sir Henry Clinton, and that I am hereby engaged, until I shall be exchanged or otherwise released therefrom, to remain at the barracks at Haddrel's Point, or within six miles thereof, without crossing any river, creek, or arm of the sea. And that in the mean time, I shall not do, or cause any thing to be done prejudicial to the success of his Majesty's arms, or have intercourse with his enemies; and that upon a summons from His Excellency, or other person having authority, I shall surrender myself to them, at such time and place as I shall hereafter be required. Witness my hand."

18th. We have continued here four days without receiving any supply of provision, except what we caught from the water.

JUNE 22d. A flag arrived from North Carolina, for permission to send supplies to their troops in captivity, which was granted.

* As we do not value our forefathers of the revolution for their literature and refinement, I transcribe the Diary as I find it, making only those corrections as to punctuation, which are necessary to perspicuity.

CELEBRATION OF JULY 4, 1780.

[With all their discouragements, these unfortunate men were not too much depressed to celebrate this day. I do not recollect to have seen any notice of its celebration at a period earlier than this. It is interesting to see how it was regarded by those who suffered in the cause it commemorates.]

JULY 4th. This day was appointed for a general meeting of the officers at Haddrel's Point, to celebrate the Independency of the Thirteen United States of America. The following **TOASTS** were drank on the occasion:

1st. The Free and Sovereign Independent States of America.

2d. The Honorable the Continental Congress.

3d. His Most Christian Majesty the King of France.

4th. His Most Catholic Majesty the King of Spain.

5th. May impartial justice guide the other powers of Europe.

6th. Stability and firmness to the Alliance between France and America.

7th. Gen. Washington and the American Army.

8th. The American Navy.

9th. The American Ministry at Foreign Courts.

10th. *May the States of America be always found a sure refuge and an asylum against despotism and oppression.*

11th. May the sword never be drawn but in the cause of justice.

12th. The immortal memory of those patriots and warriors who have fallen in the present war, in defence of the rights of mankind.

13th. Our brethren in captivity, suffering in the glorious cause of liberty.

From each toast there followed a discharge of *thirteen pistols* and three cheers. That night the barracks were illuminated.

July 5th. The enemy was much exasperated from our yesterday's transactions. Capt. Roberts of the sixty-third regiment, who commanded at Fort Arbuthnot, wrote to General Patterson, who commanded in Charleston, informing him "the rebel officers on Haddrel's Point could not be satisfied with celebrating *their supposed day* of independency by illuminating the barracks, but must fire small arms," which he thought too great "an indulgence for rebel prisoners," and that we had been guilty of a breach of our paroles.

6th. General Patterson wrote to General Moultrie and enclosed Captain Roberts' letter, ordering a return of the names of the officers who were at the head of the affair on the 4th instant. Likewise ordering every pistol in our possession to be sent to Fort Arbuthnot. [After considerable difficulty, it appears the pistols were given up, but no names accompanied them. The prisoners were threatened with close confinement for such behaviour in future. How differently are we situated!]

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Copy of a Manuscript written but not published at the period of the Missouri Question, 1821.

JONATHAN BULL AND MARY BULL.

Jonathan Bull and Mary Bull who were descendants of Old John Bull, the head of the family, had inherited contiguous estates in large tracts of land. As they grew up and became well acquainted, a partiality was mutually felt, and advances on several occasions made towards a matrimonial connection. This was particularly recommended by the advantage of putting their two estates under a common superintendence. Old Bull however as guardian of both, and having been allowed certain valuable privileges within the estates, with which he was not long content, had always found the means of breaking off the match, which he regarded as a fatal obstacle to his secret design of getting the whole property into his own hands.

At a moment favorable as he thought for the attempt, he brought suit against both, but with a view of carrying it on in a way that would make the process bear on the parties in such different modes, times and degrees, as might create a jealousy and discord between them. Jonathan and Mary had too much sagacity to be duped. They understood well Old Bull's character and situation. They knew that he was deeply versed in all the subtleties of the law, that he was of a stubborn and persevering temper, and that he had moreover a very long purse. They were sensible therefore that the more he endeavored to divide their interests, and their defence of the suit, the more they ought to make a common cause, and proceed in a concert of measures. As this could best be done by giving effect to the feelings long entertained for each other, an intermarriage was determined on and solemnized, with a deed of settlement as usual in such opulent matches, duly executed; and no event certainly of the sort was ever celebrated by a greater fervor or variety of rejoicings among the respective tenants of the parties. They had a great horror of falling into the hands of Old Bull; and regarded the marriage of their proprietors under whom they held their freeholds, as the surest mode of warding off the danger. They were not disappointed. United purses, and good advocates compelled Old Bull, after a hard struggle, to withdraw the suit, and relinquish forever, not only the new pretensions he had set up, but the old privileges he had been allowed.

The marriage of Jonathan and Mary was not a barren one. On the contrary every year or two added a new member to the family; and on such occasions the practice was to set off a portion of land sufficient for a good farm to be put under the authority of the child on its attaining the age of manhood; and these lands were settled very rapidly by tenants going as the case might be from the

estates, sometimes of Jonathan, sometimes of Mary, and sometimes partly from one and partly from the other.

It happened that at the expiration of the nonage of the 10th or 11th fruit of the marriage, some difficulties were started concerning the rules and conditions, of declaring the young party of age, and of giving him as a member of the family, the management of his patrimony. Jonathan became possessed with a notion that an arrangement ought to be made that would prevent the new farm from being settled and cultivated, as in all the latter instances, indiscriminately by persons removing from his and Mary's estate, and confine this privilege to those going from his own; and in the perverse humor which had seized him, he listened moreover to suggestions that Mary had some undue advantage from the selections of the head stewards which happened to have been made much oftener out of her tenants than his.

Now the prejudice suddenly taken up by Jonathan against the equal right of Mary's tenants to remove with their property to new farms, was connected with a peculiarity in Mary's person not as yet noticed. Strange as it may appear, the circumstance is not the less true, that Mary when a child, had unfortunately received from a certain African dye, a stain on her left arm which had made it perfectly black, and withal somewhat weaker than the other arm. The misfortune arose from her being prevailed on to let a ship from Africa, loaded with the article, enter a river running through her estate, and dispose of a part of the noxious cargo. The fact was well known to Jonathan at the time of their marriage; and if felt as an objection, it was in a manner reduced to nothing by the comely form and pleasing features of Mary in every other respect; by her good sense and amiable manners; and in part perhaps by the large and valuable estate she brought with her.

In the unlucky fit however which was upon him, he looked at the black arm, and forgot all the rest. To such a pitch of feeling was he wrought up, that he broke out into the grossest taunts on Mary for her misfortune; not omitting at the same time to remind her of his long forbearance, to exert his superior voice in the appointment of the head steward. He had now, he said, got his eyes fully opened, he saw every thing in a new light, and was resolved to act accordingly. As to the head steward, he would let her see that the appointment was virtually in his power; and she might take her leave of all chance of ever having another of her tenants advance to that station. And as to the black arm, she should, if the color could not be taken out, either tear off the skin from the flesh, or cut off the limb: For it was his fixed determination, that one or the other should be done, or he would sue out a di-

vorice, and there should be an end of all connection between them and their estates. I have, he said, examined well the marriage settlement, and flaws have been pointed out to me, that never occurred before, by which I shall be able to set the whole aside. White as I am all over, I can no longer consort with one marked with such a deformity as the blot on your person.

Mary was so stunned with the language she heard that it was sometime before she could speak at all; and as the surprise abated, she was almost choked with the anger and indignation swelling in her bosom. Generous and placable as her temper was, she had a proud sensibility to what she thought an unjust and degrading treatment, which did not permit her to suppress the violence of her first emotions. Her language accordingly for a moment was such as these emotions prompted. But her good sense, and her regard for Jonathan, whose qualities as a good husband she had long experienced, soon gained an ascendancy, and changed her tone to that of sober reasoning and affectionate expostulation. Well, my dear husband, you see what a passion you had put me into. But it is over now, and I will endeavor to express my thoughts with the calmness and good feelings which become the relation of wife and husband.

As to the case of providing for our child just coming of age, I shall say but little. We both have such a tender regard for him and such a desire to see him on a level with his brethren as to the chance of making his fortune in the world, that I am sure the difficulties which have occurred will in some way or other be got over.

But I cannot pass so lightly over the reproaches you cast on the color of my left arm; and on the more frequent appointment of my tenants than of yours, to the head stewardship of our joint estates.

Now as to the first point; you seem to have forgotten, my worthy partner, that this infirmity was fully known to you before our marriage, and is proved to be so by the deed of settlement itself. At that time you made no objection whatever to our union; and indeed how could you urge such an objection, when you were conscious that you yourself was not entirely free from a like stain on your person. The fatal African dye, as you well know, had found its way into your abode as well as mine; and at the time of our marriage, had spots and specks scattered over your body as black as the skin on my arm. And although you have by certain abrasions and other applications, taken them in some measure out, there are visible remains which ought to soften at least your language when reflecting on my situation. You ought surely, when you have so slowly and imperfectly relieved yourself from the mortifying stain, although the task was comparatively so easy, to have some forbearance and sympathy with me who have a task so much more difficult

to perform. Instead of that you abuse me as if I had brought the misfortune on myself, and could remove it at will; or as if you had pointed out a ready way to do it, and I had slighted your advice. Yet so far is this from being the case, that you know as well as I do, that I am not to be blamed for the origin of the sad mishap; that I am as anxious as you can be to get rid of it; that you are as unable as I am to find out a safe and feasible plan for the purpose; and moreover, that I have done every thing I could in the mean time, to mitigate an evil that cannot as yet be removed. When you talk of tearing off the skin or cutting off the unfortunate limb, must I remind you of what you cannot be ignorant, that the most skillful surgeons have given their opinions that if so cruel an operation were to be tried, it could hardly fail to be followed by a mortification or a bleeding to death. Let me ask too, whether, should neither of the fatal effects ensue, you would like me better in my mangled or mutilated condition, than you do now? And when you threaten a divorce and an annulment of the marriage settlement, may I not ask whether your estate would not suffer as much as mine by dissolving the partnership between them? I am far from denying that I feel the advantage of having the pledge of your arm, your stronger arm if you please, for the protection of me and mine; and that my interests in general have been, and must continue to be the better for your aid and counsel in the management of them. But on the other hand you must be equally sensible that the aid of my purse will have its value, in case Old Bull or any other rich litigious fellow should put us to the expense of another tedious law suit. And now that we are on the subject of loss and gain, you will not be offended if I take notice of a report that you sometimes insinuate, that my estate, according to the rates of assessment, does not pay its due share into the common purse. I think, my dear Jonathan, that if you ever entertained this opinion you must have been led into it, by a very wrong view of the subject. As to the direct income from rents, there can be no deficiency on my part; the rule of apportionment being clear and founded on a calculation by numbers. And as to what is raised from the articles bought and used by my tenants, it is difficult to conceive that my tenants buy or use less than yours, considering that they carry a greater amount of crops to market, the whole of which, it is well known, they lay out in articles from the use of which the bailiff regularly collects the sum due. It would seem then that my tenants selling more, buy more; buying more, use more; and using more, pay more. Meaning, however, not to put you in the wrong, but myself in the right, I do not push the argument to that length, because I readily agree that in paying for articles bought and used,

you have beyond the fruits of the soil on which I depend, ways and means which I have not. You draw chiefly the interest we jointly pay for the funds we were obliged to borrow for the fees and costs the suit Old Bull put us to. Your tenants also turn their hands so ingeniously to a variety of handicraft and other mechanical productions, that they make not a little money from that source. Besides all this, you gain much by the fish you catch and carry to market; by the use of your teams and boats in transporting and trading on the crops of my tenants; and indeed in doing that sort of business for strangers also. This is a fair statement on your side of the account, with the drawback however, that as your tenants are supplied with a greater proportion of articles, made by themselves, than is the case with mine, the use of which articles does not contribute to the common purse, they avoid in the same proportion, the payments collected from my tenants. If I were to look still further into this matter and refer you to every advantage you draw from the union of our persons and property, I might remark, that the profits you make from your teams and boats, and which enable you to pay your quota, are in great part drawn from the preference they have in conveying and disposing of the products of my soil; a business that might fall into other hands, in the event of our separation. I mention this, as I have already said, not by way of complaint, for I am well satisfied that your gain is not altogether my loss in this more than in many other instances; and that what profits you immediately may profit me also in the long run. But I will not dwell on these calculations and comparisons of interest, which you ought to weigh as well as myself, as reasons against the measure to which you threaten a resort. For when I consult my own heart, and call to mind all the endearing proofs you have given of yours being in sympathy with it, I must needs hope that there are other ties than mere interest, to prevent us from ever suffering a transient resentment on either side, with or without cause, to bring on both, all the consequences of a divorce; consequences too which would be a sad inheritance indeed for our numerous and beloved offspring.

As to the other point relative to the head stewards, I must own, my worthy husband, that I am altogether at a loss for any cause of dissatisfaction on your part or blame on mine. It is true, as you say, that they have been oftener taken from among my tenants than yours; but under other circumstances the reverse might as well have happened. If the individuals appointed, had made their way to the important trust, by corrupt or fallacious means; if they had been preferred merely because they dwelt on my estate, or had succeeded by any interposition of

mine contrary to your inclination; or finally, if they had administered the trust unfaithfully, sacrificing your interests to mine, or the interests of both to selfish or unworthy purposes, in either of these cases, you would have ground for your complaints. But I know Jonathan that you are too just and too candid not to admit that no such ground exists. The head stewards in question could not have been appointed without your own participation as well as mine. They were recommended to our joint choice by the reputed fairness of their characters, by their tried fidelity and competency in previous trusts, and by their exemption from all charges of impure and grasping designs; and so far were they from being partial to my interest at the expense of yours, that they were rather considered by my tenants as leaning to a management more favorable to yours than to mine. I need not say that I allude to the bounties direct and indirect to your teams and boats, to the hands employed in your fisheries, and to the looms and other machineries, which without such encouragements would not be able to meet the threatened rivalships of interfering neighbors; I say only, that these ideas were in the heads of some of my tenants. For myself I should not have mentioned them but as a defence against what I must regard as so unfounded a charge, that it ought not to be permitted to make a lasting impression.

But laying aside all these considerations, I repeat, my dear Jonathan, that the appointment of the head steward lies as much, if not more, with you than with me. Let the choice fall where it may you will find me faithfully abiding by it, whether it be thought the best possible one or not, and sincerely wishing that he may equally improve better opportunities of serving us both, than was the lot of any of those who have gone before him.

Jonathan who had a good heart, as well as a sound head and steady temper, was touched with this tender and conciliatory language of Mary; and the bickering which had sprung up ended as the quarrels of lovers *always*, and of married folks *sometimes* do, in an increased affection and confidence between the parties.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

MARRYING WELL.

PHILADELPHIA, 1835.

*My Dear Miss H*****,—*

I FULLY agree with you in the high character you have given of the "Southern Literary Messenger,"—some numbers of which I have had the pleasure of reading, and join most heartily with you in the wish that it may meet with the success it so eminently deserves. But what shall I say in reply to your request to write something for its columns? You are aware that nothing "*medio-*

cre" can find its way there; and you are as well aware that I have seldom or never been charged with the sin of authorship. Your requests however are commands; and although I may fail to give to the subject I have selected, sufficient interest to induce the editors to yield it a place in their paper, yet will I indulge the hope that as it is a true story, it may prove useful to yourself, for the truths it reveals,—though lacking the ornament to make them acceptable to the general reader.

It is not necessary to give a "local habitation" to those whose brief story I am about to record. For all the purposes for which I have called them up, you may suppose them to have lived in either Albany or Richmond; for in many respects these cities are very much alike. Each is situated on a noble river, and is the capital of a state. Each has in its vicinity, hills and valleys, and landscapes of picturesque beauty and grandeur, amid whose romantic and love inspiring scenes many a sigh has been breathed and many a vow offered in vain. Notwithstanding these places thus resemble each other, I would here observe that you are not at liberty to be particular in your choice, because you may have known or heard of persons and events in either of them similar to those here described. What happens in one place may happen in another, and he who travels far and wide will find the human family every where agitated by the same feelings and the same passions, and that all the elements that enter into the history of the world, may be found in any one town or village, directing and controlling the destinies of its inhabitants.

Leaving however, to the historian and the philosopher, the task of writing the history of the world, and developing the secret springs of human action, and to sager heads to read them, than that of my fair correspondent,—I will only ask your attention to what will be more congenial to your wishes, and a more easily understood subject, a tale of "Ladye Love," in which some of my younger friends and feelings were deeply interested.

During our schoolboy days, I became acquainted with George Marley; but we will pass over his earlier years, until he had arrived at the age of twenty. As it is not my intention to enter upon a particular analysis of form and features, mind or manners, I will leave your imagination to make George whatever you please, not incompatible with a "marvellously proper" young man, tall and straight, with raven locks and eagle eye—with all those high intellectual qualities, and that deep moral rectitude, which wins admiration and commands esteem. Two years before I have here introduced him to you, George's father was considered one of the most wealthy merchants in the city, and George's education and hopes were in accordance with his high expectations. But a

series of disasters to which commercial property is so very liable, swept away from Mr. Marley every thing he possessed but the honorable and virtuous character of himself and his family. At the time of his father's misfortune George was taken from school, and placed in a merchant's counting house, to qualify him for the active career of life thus early forced upon him—a career in which he must depend upon his own exertions for success, and in which he must win for himself, and by himself, whatever he might obtain of fortune or of fame.

In the particular circumstances of his situation at this time, I am aware there is nothing to excite your sympathy. Many thousands of young men enter upon the active scenes of life under more disadvantages than these—without friends, without a good education, without early habits of propriety and rectitude, and yet reach to the highest eminence and renown; and why might not George Marley? The answer is simply, he *loved!* and would not love inspire him with stronger and more powerful motives for exertion and success?

Isabella Barclay was, if ever there was, a perfectly lovely girl. She was one of those fair creatures that occasionally are seen among us, but which seem to belong to a higher order of beings than those inhabiting this lower world. It is not wonderful therefore that George Marley should love her, or that she should love him. They did love, truly—devotedly. They were too young to conceal it; there was no cause for concealment. Every body knew it; their parents knew it, and sanctioned it—and why should they not? Previously to the failure of Mr. Marley, they were equal in fortune, in education, and in all that could give promise of a certain and happy union. Although Mr. Marley had fallen from affluence to comparative poverty, yet himself and his family continued to enjoy the respect of all their acquaintance; and the particular friendship that had existed between Mr. Marley and Mr. Barclay, and their respective families, to all appearance suffered no interruption.

The misfortunes of Mr. Marley, although it had blighted the hopes of George, had no effect on Isabella but to excite her pity and strengthen her love. She was too young to calculate chances or consequences—she had not loved George for his father's wealth, but for himself; and while he remained the same, her affections were immutable. Thus reasoned this pure and amiable girl; and for the two years that elapsed from the time of the unfortunate failure of Mr. Marley, up to that at which we commenced our tale, George was happy in the expectation of ere long being enabled to raise his own fallen fortune, and happier in the tried sincerity of his Isabella's love.

I need not stop to tell you of the thousand hopes and fears, pleasures and pains, our lovers suffered or enjoyed: I suppose they were such as are common

to all the votaries of the fickle God. Their attachment had commenced at school, and we have continued it until he had arrived at the age of twenty, and she seventeen, and at no time had any interruption to its progress taken place. If you have paid any attention to these love affairs, you will have observed the great difference there is between those where the attachment commences early in life, and the parties grow up together, forming and moulding their feelings, their wishes, their amusements, their tastes, their whole heart and soul, by the same model; and those “whom accident or blind chance” bring together, and from some peculiarity of form or mind, for a while deem themselves in love with each other. With the former, it is the web of their existence, which, once broken, can never be woven again; with the latter, it is “like a lady's glove,” put off as easily as it is put on, and with whose last sigh passes away all its pleasures and its pains, leaving no “wreck behind.” As that of George and Isabella was of the former kind, and as no objection had been made on the inequality of their fortunes, and as he was about to enter into business for himself under the fairest prospects, their marriage when they should arrive at a proper age, was looked for by themselves and all others as beyond the reach of doubt or contingency. What contingency could happen? Their known engagement, his constant attention, and her acknowledged affection for him, formed an impassable barrier to the advances that otherwise would have been made by many who admired her. Indeed, you and I would suppose that no one would attempt to mar their promised happiness, or wish to win hearts that had so long beat for each other, and each other only. Yet did the spoiler come! and where will he not come? Since he first found his way into the Garden of Eden, and blasted the happiness of our common parents, where is the paradise some spoiler has not entered? where the scene of love and harmony he has not attempted to break up and destroy?

In the particular city to which we have alluded, there lived a bachelor of upwards of double the age of George Marley, although his appearance was younger than his age would have indicated; with few personal attractions, he had but little education; and no more of common sense, or any other kind of sense, than fitted him for the accumulation of wealth. As he sustained a respectable character, was called rich, and lived in a style of comparative splendor, he was of course one of the good society of the city, and a desirable match for any daughter a mother wished to sell to the highest bidder. If Mr. Simson, for such was this gentleman's name, ever had had any feelings of the heart—if he ever was susceptible of a pure and holy love; the associations, habits, and pursuits of his whole life, had long since deadened them all, or made them subservient to his will, an

article of trade or commerce, of marketable value, to bestow them on the wife of his bosom, as a Pacha bestows his on the last fairest slave his wealth has purchased. But you may ask what Mr. Simson has to do with the loves of George and Isabella? Ah! my dear girl, old, ignorant and cold hearted as he may be, he is the arbiter of their fate. It is in his power to give them years of happiness, or it is in his power to blight their buds of promise, and send them prematurely to their graves! and why? because he is *rich*! I know your young heart rejects the supposition that such a man would, or could, break their bonds of mutual love, that thus seemed to have been formed and strengthened under the auspices of heaven,—that he by any means could “pluck from the brows of their innocent love, the rose, and place a blister there.” I know you anticipate that he will appropriate a part of his wealth to establish George in business, or will die and leave it all to him; that thus he will be enabled to wed his Isabella, and their lives thenceforth “go merry as a marriage bell.” Alas! how little do we know of ourselves or our destiny! how unseen or mistaken may be the path that leads to high and happy places, or that which leads to misery and despair!

Nothing is more painful to my mind, than to witness a beautiful girl thrown into the alluring and deceptive scenes of life without a mother's guardianship. No other heart can sympathise with her, no other hand direct her course. She does not feel for them, and they cannot feel with her! Others may warn and advise her, but none but a mother's watchful eye can perceive, and a mother's tender care guard or direct her young affections. Isabella had a mother. But Mrs. Barclay was a woman of the world. In early life she may have loved, and that love may have been successful and happy; or she may have married for convenience, to gratify some darling passion, and never have known the deep feelings of a long cherished affection. No matter what was the history of her younger days, they had passed away, and with them all their sympathies and all their influence. She was now a woman of the world—a *fashionable lady*. She loved her daughter, and to make that daughter happy was the chief object of her care. The notions of happiness entertained by this worthy matron, was such as thousands and thousands believe, yet never find true. The show, the glare of wealth and its attendants, the unsatisfying yet exciting routine of fashionable life, were to her every thing; and that calm, pure and virtuous happiness which springs in the heart, and is cherished by its high and heavenly attributes, were to her unknown, or as nothing. With such views, it was not to be expected that she would look upon the attachment of George and Isabella in the most favorable light, or promote its continuance, when it interfered with any other more splendid prospect

that might offer. Such a prospect did offer; and that being who of all others should have directed her young and unsuspecting offspring in the path of truth and rectitude; by a course of deceptions, endeavored to induce Isabella to forsake her first and only love, and unite herself to one who was incapable of loving her, and who she could never love—to Mr. Simson! George was early apprised of her purpose, and did all a true and noble mind could do, to avert the blow she was preparing for him. His fears were always lulled by the unwavering love of Isabella, and her vows of constancy. He believed her true, and she believed herself true. But the continual and insidious efforts of her mother and her fashionable friends, poisoned her mind; and, tired of their importunities, she at length yielded to their persuasions. George was too proud to let the world triumph in the prostration of his hopes; as soon therefore as he was assured of her infidelity, he set sail for South America.

Isabella's abandonment of George, and her affianced to Mr. Simson, were events soon known, and as soon attracted the attention of their acquaintance. It was perceptible to every one, that her character had passed away with him who had so long given it its tone and direction. Freed from him who had from her infancy been the source and the companion of all her pleasures, she visited every public and private amusement or assembly, and was every where remarkable for her vivid and reckless gaiety. Those who judged by appearances deemed her happy in her new situation; but those who looked beneath the surface, saw only in these wild demonstrations of joy, the vain efforts to banish from her heart “the worm that dyeth not.”

Some months after the departure of George, Mr. Simson and Isabella were married. From the time the latter had broken her vows to George, all intimacy between her and myself had ceased. I was not therefore at her wedding, but it was said to be numerous and brilliant—the bride splendidly decorated, lovely, and the gayest of the gay.

For a few short years after her marriage, although I lived in a distant part of the country, I could hear of Isabella, now Mrs. Simson. For sometime she apparently luxuriated in the golden vision, for which had been sacrificed her earliest and fondest anticipations. She gave the largest parties, and the most splendid fetes, and the fashionable world pronounced her marriage *fortunate*. But soon this illusory existence vanished, and I learned, what nothing can conceal, that the decay which halteth not had settled itself upon her beautiful form. A few months and she was confined to her house, and then to her room, and then to her bed—and then came from her a brief but thrilling letter, ardently desiring me to come to her before she died. I did go; and did hear from her dying lips,

how a mother's mistaken love had made her faithless, and of the years of hopeless and bitter anguish that followed and dragged her down to the grave. I have stood by the dying bed of friends and relations—I have seen the last struggle of a father, of brothers and sisters, and for all of these I have had deep sorrow. But it was in the presence of that broken hearted sufferer, and from the revealings and monitions of her departing spirit, I learned that enduring lesson of life, which time nor circumstance can ever obliterate. Yes! my dear girl; it was there I received that lesson which I have so often endeavored to impress upon your mind,—to guard you against the snares that are every where spread by those who have wrecked their own happiness, to draw the young and thoughtless into the vortex of their own dazzling but heartless pleasures. Could you have been in that chamber, and have seen and known how one so lovely, and whose morning of life was so fair, had been snatched from the world of her bright dreams,—prostrating in her fall all the years of earthly bliss that might have been hers, and all the proud aspirations, the promised felicity of him, the betrothed of her heart,—you would never again breathe one sigh, or one wish,—or weaken one chord of pure affection, for all that wealth and fashion can promise or bestow.

A few days after this interview, she left this world of trouble,—and the papers of the day, announced in the usual manner,—Died, on the — instant, of a "pulmonary complaint," Mrs. Simson, wife of Mr. — Simson; and who thought otherwise? who of all that surrounded her, could deem she had a *heart to break*? Thus she passed away; and the world, busied with its own little and great schemes, soon ceased to remember that she had ever lived, or loved, or died.

With Isabella ends our tale. And it is only necessary in conclusion to say, that George never knew how fully and fearfully she had atoned for her fatal error. Before I had an opportunity of communicating to him my last painful interview with her,—and her prayers for his happiness and forgiveness, he had fallen in the struggle of South America for liberty and independence. Mrs. Barclay is still alive, and so is Mr. Simson, though now some ten years older than when he led Isabella a victim to the altar. I presume he is still in the market; he is ten years older, he is ten years richer, and thus doubly desirable to those mothers who *love* their daughters, and wish to have them *well married*.

I have endeavored to be as brief as possible, but my letter has extended itself too long, and yet I fear it is too short to make that impression I could wish. I cannot but hope, however, that Isabella's fate will awaken in your breast, as it did in mine, those reflections that will lead you justly to appreciate how false and empty are the world's opinions,

when compared with the conscientious dictates of our own calm and unbiassed judgment,—and determine you to choose that life whence rises and flows the streams of all our earthly happiness. If I have failed, and that flower which now blooms so fair and fragrant by the banks of Powhatan, should be plucked by a hand insensible to its sweets, to ornament some princely hall, and wither amid all its splendor, then you may recollect the warning voice, and think of one, though humble, who would have sacrificed every other hope of happiness to cherish that flower—you may then remember — B—.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

SKETCH OF VIRGINIA SCENERY.

The following Sketch of Virginia Scenery is sent with the hope the author will excuse the liberty taken, as it was written without the slightest idea of its being ever published, by a traveller through some of the scenes of Western Virginia:—

"It was a charming evening—the sky was almost cloudless, and the sultry air of summer seemed to be gradually giving way to the cool and refreshing breezes of autumn. Accompanied by a few companions and some persons acquainted with the surrounding country, I ascended the large and romantic rock near the village of Rockymount, known by the name of the "*Bald Knob*." This rock is about 200 feet above the level of the water, and the ascent exceedingly steep and difficult. Its name is indeed descriptive of its general character and appearance, which are calculated to strike more by its novelty of height and rugged aspect, than its beauty of herbage or richness of attire.— We wound up among ledges of rock, and now and then found our progress retarded by the intervention of some stunted cedars and oaks, which had clung to a soil which would seem hardly able to afford any sustenance, except to the moss, long celebrated for its fondness for the flinty rock. This moss, consisting of several rich and beautiful species, has wove a seeming carpet of the most vivid green, and surpasses in softness the finest fabrics of the Turkish looms. Delighted and amused, we strolled from cliff to cliff, gazing on the works of Omnipotence, which arose around, above, beneath us, and feasting our delighted senses on the rich magnificence of the scenes presented from its summit. The lofty mountains dimly seen from afar; the 'rural cottages' in the vales below; the smoke richly curling from the unseen hamlets among the lofty trees; the startling sound of the huntsman's gun re-echoed from the rocky heights—were an assemblage of pleasures rarely enjoyed by so short an excursion. The 'Peaks of Otter,' appeared with much distinctness and beauty, while a rich and variegated cloud seemed to rest on their summit, as though it had stooped to gaze with us on their magnificent heights. A branch of the Alleghany is also visible between two lofty hills, and the blue tints that rested on its brow, contrasted with the

glowing greens of the adjacent forests, presented to the eye a grateful and pleasing variety of shade.—The picturesque village of Rockymount appears to much advantage from this rock, and the country around is one of much wild and romantic beauty. Long did we gaze on the works of nature's God,—displayed in majestic, rural, and beautiful scenes; and then turning from these glorious manifestations of wisdom and power, traced the names of many a youthful swain and maid, who had chiselled out their initials on the flinty rock, urged no doubt by the puerile ambition of being remembered long after they had ceased to roam among its rocky alcoves. There could the poet's soul catch sparks of inspiration from nature's open volume, and the painter's pencil vainly strive to touch with living lines his there *faithless* canvass. 'Who can paint like nature?' would echo from each lovely object; and man, in all his pride of nature and of art, shrink from the task of copying her rich and gorgeous dyes. There would the Christian pour out his soul in adoration and praise; and, lost in contemplation of the Hand that raised the mountains and spread out the plain, stoop not to draw his sources of delight from the *poorer, yet still rich* pleasures afforded to the carnal mind. The fanciful may, aided by this sketch, catch a glimpse of the beauties of the scenes,—but let them, like me, view them as they are, and they will own how far the reality exceeds the most vivid colorings of even a wild and enthusiastic admirer of the works of nature's God."

J. W. C.

September, 1832.

From the Scottish Literary Gazette.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

THERE lived in a country not a thousand miles from Edinburgh, a decent farmer, who, by patient industry and frugality, and without being avaricious, had made himself easy in circumstances. He enjoyed life without being profuse; for he tempered his enjoyments with moderation. At the age of sixty, he still retained the bloom of health on his cheek. He lived till that age a bachelor; but his household affairs were regulated by a young woman, whose attentive zeal for her master's interest made it easy for him to enjoy his home without a wife. She was only in the character of his humble servant, but she was virtuous and prudent. Betty allotted the tasks to the servants in the house, performed the labor within doors, during harvest, when all the others were engaged. She saw every thing kept in order, and regulated all with strict regard to economy and cleanliness. She had the singular good fortune to be at once beloved by her fellow-servants, as well as respected and trusted by her master. Her master even consulted her in matters where he knew she could give advice, and found it often his interest to do so. But her modesty was such, that she never tendered her advices gratuitously. Prudence regulated all her actions, and she kept the most respectful distance from her master. She paid all attention to his wants and wishes; nor could a wife or daughter have been more attentive.

When he happened to be from home, it was her province to wait upon him when he returned, provide his refreshment, and administer to all his wants. Then she reported to him the occurrences of the day, and the work which had been done. It did not escape her master's observation, however, that, though she was anxious to relate the truth, she still strove to extenuate and hide the faults of those who had committed misdemeanors. Her whole conduct was such, that, for the period of fifteen years, the breath of slander dared not to hazard a whisper against her.

It happened, however, that a certain *maiden* lady in the neighborhood had cast an eye upon the farmer. She was the niece of a bachelor minister, and lived at the manse in the character of housekeeper. But, with all opportunity to become a competitor with Betty, she could never gain her character. Those people who want personal attractions take strange means of paying court, and endeavoring to open the way for themselves. What they cannot effect by treaty, they endeavor to do by sapping. Scandal is their magazine, by which they attempt to clear their way from all obstructions. This maiden lady made some sinister remarks, in such a way, and in such a place, as were sure to reach the farmer's ear. The farmer was nearly as much interested for the character of his servant as he was for his own, and so soon as he discovered the authoress, made her a suitable return. But he made ample amends to Betty for the injury she had suffered, and, at the same time, rewarded her for her services, by taking her for his wife. By this event, the lady, whose intentions had been well understood, and who had thought of aggrandizing herself at the expense and ruin of poor Betty, found that she had contributed the very means to advance her to the realization of a fortune she had never hoped for. May all intermeddlers of the same cast have the same punishment: they are pests to society.

Betty's success had created some speculation in the country. Though every one agreed that Betty deserved her fortune, it was often wondered how such a modest, unassuming girl had softened the heart of the bachelor, who, it was thought, was rather flinty in regard to the fair sex. Betty had an acquaintance, who was situated in nearly the same circumstances as herself, in being at the head of a bachelor farmer's house; but it would appear that she had formed a design of conquering her master. If Betty used artifice, however, it was without design. But her neighbor could not, it would appear, believe that she had brought the matter to a bearing without some stratagem; and she wished Betty to tell her how she had gone about "courting the old man." There was, withal, so much native simplicity about Betty, and the manner of relating her own courtship and marriage is so like herself, that it would lose its *novelty* unless told in her own homely Scotch way. Betty, into all, had a lisp in her speech, that is, a defect in speech, by which the *s* is always pronounced as *th*, which added a still deeper shade of simplicity to her manner; but it would be trifling to suit the orthography to that common defect. The reader can easily suppose that he hears Betty lisping, while she is relating her story to her attentive friend.

"Weel, Betty," says her acquaintance, "come, gi'e me a sketch, an' tell me a' about it; for I may ha'e a chance myself". We dinna ken what's afore us. We're

no the waur o' ha'ein' some body to tell us the road, whan we dinna ken a' the cruiks and thraws in't." "Deed," says Betty, "there was little about it ava. Our maister was awa at the fair ae day selling the lambs, and it was gey late afore he cam' hame. Our maister verra seldom steys late, for he's a douce man as can be. Weel, ye see, he was mair herty than I had seen him for a lang time; but I opine he had a gude merket for his lambs, and ther's room for excuse whan ane drives a gude bergen. Indeed, to tell even on truth, he had rather better than a wee drap in his e'e. It was my usual to sit up till he cam' hame, when he was awa. When he cam' in and gaed up stairs, he fand his sipper ready for him. 'Betty,' says he, very saft-like. 'Sir,' says I. 'Betty,' says he, 'what has been gaun on the day—a's right, I houp?' 'Ouy, sir,' says I. 'Very weel, very weel,' says he, in his ain canny way. He ga'e me a clap on the shouther, and said I was a gude lassie. When I had telt him a' that had been dune throu' the day, just as I aye did, he ga'e me another clap on the shouther, and said he was a fortunate man to ha'e sic a carefu' person about the house. I never had heard him say as muckle to my face before, tho' he aften said mair ahint my back. I really thoct he was fey. Our maister, when he had gotten his sipper finished, began to be verra jokky ways, and said that I was baith a gude and bonny lassie. I kent that folks arna' themsels whan in drink, and they say rather mair than they wad do if they were sober. Sae I cam' awa' doon into the kitchen.

"Twa or three days after that, our maister cam' into the kitchen—"Betty,' says he. 'Sir,' says I. 'Betty,' says he, 'come up stairs; I want to speak t'ye,' says he. 'Verra weel, sir,' says I. Sae I went up stairs after him, thinking a' the road that he was gaun to tell me something about the feeding o' the swine, or killing the heefer, or something like that. But whan he telt me to sit down, I saw there was something serious, for he never bad me sit down afore but ance, and that was whan he was gaun to Glasgow fair. 'Betty,' says he, 'ye ha'e been lang a servant to me,' says he, 'and a gude and honest servant. Since ye're sae gude a servant, I aften think ye'll make a better wife. Ha'e ye ony objection to be a wife, Betty?' says he. 'I dinna ken, sir,' says I. 'A body canna just say hou they like a bargain till they see the article.' 'Weel, Betty,' says he, 'ye're very right there again. I ha'e had ye for a servant these fifteen years, and I never knew that I could find fau't wi' ye for onything. Ye're carefu', honest, an' attentif, an'—.' 'O, sir,' says I, 'ye always paid me for't, and it was only my duty.' 'Weel, weel,' says he, 'Betty, that's true; but then I mean to mak' amens t'ye for the evil speculation that Tibby Langtongue raised about you and me, and forby, the world are taking the same liberty: sae, to stop a' their mouths, you and I sall be married.' 'Verra weel, sir,' says I; for what cou'd I say?

"Our maister looks into the kitchen another day, an' says, 'Betty,' says he. 'Sir,' says I. 'Betty,' says he, 'I am gaun to gi'e in our names to be cried in the kirk, this and next Sabbath.' 'Verra weel, sir,' says I.

"About eight days after this, our maister says to me, 'Betty,' says he. 'Sir,' says I. 'I think,' says he, 'we will ha'e the marriage put owre neist Friday, if ye ha'e nae objection.' 'Verra weel, sir,' says I. 'And

ye'll tak' the grey yad, and gang to the toun on Monday, an' get your bits o' wedding braws. I ha'e spoken to Mr. Cheap, the draper, and ye can tak' aff onything ye want, an' please yoursell, for I canna get awa that day.' 'Verra weel, sir,' says I.

"Sae I gaed awa to the toun on Monday, an' bought some wee bits o' things; but I had plenty o' claes, and I cou'dna think o' being 'stravagant. I took them to the manty-maker, to get made, and they were sent hame on Thursday.

"On Thursday night, our maister says to me, 'Betty,' says he. 'Sir,' says I. 'To-morrow is our wedding-day,' says he, 'an' ye maun see that a' things are prepared for the denner,' says he, 'an' see every thing dune yoursel,' says he, 'for I expect some company, an' I wad like to see every thing feat and tiddy in your ain way,' says he. 'Verra weel, sir,' says I.

"I had never ta'en a serious thought about the matter till now; and I began to consider that I must exert mysel to please my maister and the company. Sae I got every thing in readiness, and got every thing clean—I cou'dna think ought was dune right except my ain hand was in't.

"On Friday morning, our maister says to me, 'Betty,' says he. 'Sir,' says I. 'Go away and get yoursel dressed,' says he, 'for the company will soon be here, and ye maun be decent. An' ye maun stay in the room up stairs,' says he, 'till ye're sent for,' says he. 'Verra weel, sir,' says I. But there was sic a great deal to do, and sae many grand dishes to prepare for the dinner to the company, that I could not get awa', and the hail folk were come afore I got mysel dressed.

"Our maister cam' down stairs, and telt me to go up that instant and dress mysel, for the minister was just comin down the loan. Sae I was obliged to leave every thing to the rest of the servants, an' gang up stairs, an' pit on my claes.

"When I was wanted, Mr. Brown o' the Haaslybrae cam' and took me into the room among a' the gran' fouk, an' the minister. I was maist like to fent; for I never saw sae mony gran' folk together a' my born days afore, an' I didna ken whar to look. At last, our maister took me by the han', an' I was greatly relieved. The minister said a great deal to us—but I canna mind it a'—and then he said a prayer. After this, I thought I should ha'e been worried wi' folk kissing me,—mony a yin shook hands wi' me I had never seen afore, and wished me much joy.

"After the ceremony was o'er, I slipped awa' down into the kitchen again among the rest o' the servants to see if the dinner was a' right. But in a wee time our maister cam' into the kitchen, an' says, 'Betty,' says he. 'Sir,' says I. 'Betty,' says he, 'ye must consider that ye're no longer my servant, but my wife,' says he; 'and therefore ye must come up stairs and sit amongst the rest of the company,' says he. 'Verra weel, sir,' says I. Sae what could I do, but gang up stairs to the rest of the company, an' sit down among them? I sat there in a corner, as weel out o' sight as I could, for they were a' speaking to me or looking at me, an' I didna ken how to behave amang sic braw company, or how to answer them. I sat there till it was gey late, and our maister made me drink the company's healths, and they gaed a' away.

"When the company were a' gaen awa', I went down

to the kitchen, and saw that every thing was right; and after I put a candle into my maister's bed-room, I took another, and gaed away up to my ain wee room, in the garret. Just whan I was casting aff my shune, I hears our maister first gang into his ain room, and then come straight awa' up towards mine. I think I can hear him yet, for it was siccan extraord'nar thing, and I never saw him there afore; and every stamp o' his feet gaed thunt, thunt to my very hert. He stood at the cheek o' the door, and said, very saftly, 'Betty,' says he. 'Sir,' says I—'But what brought ye here, sir,' says I. 'Naething,' says he. 'Verra weel, naething be it, sir,' says I. 'But,' says he, 'remember that ye're no longer my servant, but my wife,' says he. 'Verra weel, sir,' says I; 'I will remember that.' 'And ye must come down stairs,' says he. 'Verra weel, sir,' says I; for what could I do? I had always obeyed my maister before, and it was nae time to disobey him now.

"Sae, Jean, that was a' that was about my courtship or marriage."

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

REMINISCENCE:

OR, STORY OF A SHIPWRECK.

IN the year 1797, I left the United States, having under my control a new clipper built schooner of about eighty tons, bound to Cape Francois, in the island of St. Domingo, with a cargo, chiefly munitions of war, for the colonial government of that island. The harbor of Cape Francois is one of the best in the world,—capacious, safe, and of easy access; the entrance under a high point of land,—on the side of which is a strong fortification called Fort Picolet, which completely commands the pass. Above the fort, on very elevated ground, was placed the observatory, in view of the town, although two or three miles distant.

England being then at war with France, and having the command of the West India seas, the direct intercourse of the island with France was rare and uncertain—European news generally reaching them by the way of the United States. My business at the Cape being nearly finished, it became necessary, for a particular mercantile speculation, that I should return to the United States by the way of St. Thomas. Three or four days before I was prepared to sail, early one forenoon, I observed all at once a singular excitement in the streets,—drums beating, alarm guns firing, &c. Upon making inquiry into the occasion, I was informed that the signals at the observatory indicated a fleet to windward standing for the port. The leading frigate was soon seen from the town, making signals to the fort, and without molestation stood directly in, and proved to be a squadron from France, under the command of Commodore Barney, with a number of prizes in company, which altogether made a very imposing appearance. The day before I had intended to leave the Cape, I was accosted in the street by a stout sailor looking man, who civilly inquired if I had not a vessel in port bound to St. Thomas, and could he get a passage in her—adding, that he was an Englishman, had been captain of one of the brigs then in port, captured by Commodore Barney, on his passage out from Liverpool to Barbadoes; and as he had not been armed he was not held as a prisoner, but turned ashore pennyless, to shift for himself as he best might—that could he get to St. Thomas, he could

raise funds by bills on his consignees at Barbadoes, and would pay whatever the charge might be for his passage up. I told him I believed that it was the custom for unfortunate seamen to receive assistance from their fellows, without thinking of recompense—that he was entirely welcome to a passage; and as the schooner would leave the port early the next morning, I would give him a note to the captain, and advise him to take his baggage and go immediately on board. He observed that his baggage was easily removed—that although he had considerable property on board of the brig when captured, belonging to himself, the captors had left him nothing but a sailor's bag to take care of. Next morning we left Cape Francois, with a view of beating up to St. Thomas. This is a voyage of some difficulty, being a distance of some six or seven hundred miles, with the trade wind dead ahead. Navigators of those seas know that in this passage there is a dangerous reef of sunken rocks, whose sharp points rarely reach the surface, called the Silver Keys, lying about midway between the northeast part of the island of St. Domingo, and the cluster of islands, keys and shoals, east of Turk's Island; and although the passage is probably a hundred miles wide, and the reef covers but a small space, yet many a fine vessel has been wrecked thereon. Knowing perfectly well the existence and location of this dangerous reef, and making my own observations on the run of the vessel, I had calculated on the third night that we were out—that if we neither saw nor heard any thing of it by midnight, we should have passed it; I therefore kept the deck until that hour, when concluding all was safe, went below. I had got to sleep, when I was awoken by the vessel's bottom and sides rubbing violently against the rocks. I immediately got upon deck, and looking round found we were in a most perilous situation; on all sides surrounded by rocks, which were plainly known by the waves gently breaking upon them. The moon was near her full, occasionally obscured by passing clouds—the wind moderate. The schooner was instantly put about, under the expectation of finding the way out by which we entered; she had only got cleverly under way when she went bows on, upon a sunken sharp pointed rock, and remained stationary. An immediate examination was made, when it was discovered that the rock had penetrated her bottom, and the water was pouring in. Our situation was in the highest degree alarming—the schooner evidently lost, and no chance for our safety but the boat, which for a vessel of eighty tons could not be large. There was nine of us, the captain, mate, English captain, myself, and five colored seamen. Fortunately the weather was mild; the vessel quietly hanging to the rock, and not filling very fast, gave us time to make our arrangements. The boat was launched, a mast and sail prepared, short stanchions nailed to her gunwale, and a strip of sail cloth attached thereto, for the purpose of raising her sides, to prevent the spray of the sea washing in. We took also on board, the ship's compass, a bag of biscuit, a keg of water, and some bottles of brandy. No baggage was permitted. My own dress was shirt, pantaloons, shoes, hat, and an old surtout coat. I had taken the precaution to secure the papers relative to the voyage, my watch, and about sixty Spanish dollars tied up in a shot bag; the bag of dollars I made fast to the

ringbolt in the boat's stern. We were probably a couple of hours in making those preparations. At length the schooner being nearly full of water, we settled ourselves in the boat and left her,—the captain, who steered, and myself in the stern sheets, the mate and English captain next, two of the seamen midships, with tin cans to bail the water out as it should splash in, the others forward. I had little expectation that the boat could possibly live as deeply loaded as she was, and such I believe was the opinion of all on board,—for the first two or three hours there was not a dozen words spoken. It was our object to make the island of St. Domingo, from which we were fifty or sixty miles distant, as soon as possible. To effect this all our exertions were used; but so miserably rigged as we were, and so deep withal, that we could do little more than run before the wind. Our oars were some how or other of little use. On the first day we made, that is we had a very distant view of land, on our larboard bow, which we supposed to be Point Isabella, the most northern part of the island of St. Domingo; the wind would not permit us to reach it. In the evening we had a severe squall; the wind blew, the waves increased; we lowered our sail, just sufficient to keep before the wind. Soon it commenced raining hard, the waves were stilled, we rode out the storm, and began to breathe more freely—entered into conversation, and entertained hopes of our ultimate safety, by getting to land somewhere, or being picked up; but neither land nor vessel appeared during the whole of the second day, we still running before the wind, making as much southing as the nature of our equipment would permit. On the morning of the third day we found ourselves off Monti Christi, and might probably have reached the land; but by this time we had become confident in our power to sustain ourselves, and determined to run for Cape Francois, which then lay direct to leeward, and which we reached in perfect safety about three o'clock that afternoon. Thus terminated a voyage of about two hundred and fifty miles, in about sixty hours, in the open sea, and in a small boat so deeply loaded, that her gunwale, on an even keel, could not be above four inches above the water—leaving us in a complete state of destitution; not a man but myself had saved any thing but the clothes around him.

Our return created a considerable sensation. I was quickly surrounded by my acquaintances, anxious to hear the details of our misfortune, and to offer their services in the most liberal manner. This was naturally to be expected from my countrymen. There was however one occurrence in a French gentleman, which I can never forget, and must relate; he held some subordinate office under government. I had been introduced to his family by a German who I had known in the United States. This gentleman called upon me, and taking me aside from the crowd by which I was surrounded, told me that he had just heard of my misfortune, and had come to offer me any money I might want, to be returned in my own way, and at my own convenience. Altogether his manner was so kind and friendly, that I am sorry his name has entirely escaped my memory. After very sincerely thanking him for his friendship and generosity, I told him I had sufficient funds for my immediate wants. Early next day I was called upon by two American gentlemen, the one a

Mr. Dodge, who from his long residence and good character, was usually called "consul." They informed me that the Americans at the Cape, resident and transient, hearing of the misfortunes of myself and crew, had raised a subscription for our relief, and that they had called upon me to know the numbers and relative situation of those on board at the time of the disaster, to enable them to make the distribution of the money raised, in the fairest and most efficient manner. I informed these gentlemen that we were not exactly objects of charity—that my funds were sufficient for my purposes—that the captain had sold the boat which preserved us, for thirty or forty dollars—that the mate could get employment if he wished it, or could get a gratuitous passage home—that the colored seamen could ship aboard American vessels in port, who were in want of hands—but that there was one person shipwrecked with us, who was particularly unfortunate: he was, or rather had been, the captain of an English brig then in the harbor, a prize to Commodore Barney, turned ashore with nothing but his clothes, and those lost in the wreck; I was giving him a passage to St. Thomas, with a view of placing him as near as I could to the place he was bound to; he was now in an enemy's country, and entirely destitute. Mr. Dodge observed that he would not consent to give the Englishman a dollar; that the English cruisers were plundering and confiscating American property wherever they could find it, and that they had almost ruined him. I observed that I had correctly informed them of the situation of all the persons in the vessel when wrecked, and that they, as the distributors of the public contribution, would in course use their own discretion. They left me. A few hours afterwards, the gentleman who had accompanied Mr. Dodge returned alone. He told me that Mr. Dodge had consented to let the Englishman in for a portion of the money collected, and that he would share equally with the schooner's mate, and that if I would bring him to Mr. Dodge's counting house, his quota was ready for him. This I promised to do; and in the course of the day fell in with our companion in misfortune, told him what had been done, took him to the place designated, and introduced him to the gentlemen. They counted out, as well as I remember, about sixty hard dollars, and presented them to him. He gathered them up in a dirty handkerchief, and thanked them for their kindness and liberality—in doing which he was so much affected, that he burst into tears. We left the place together; I parted from him in the street, and have never heard of him since. In a few days I took passage on board an American schooner bound for Philadelphia, and after a short passage, was peaceably under quarantine in the river Delaware.

R.

Alexandria, January 1835.

SELECTIONS

From the Papers of the Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society.

WE have been permitted to transfer to our pages the subjoined papers in possession of the Historical Society, which will doubtless afford much gratification to our readers. The first is an extract from a manuscript which was the property of the late venerable and learned Chancellor Wythe, and seems to have been

copied by him, or for his use, from the "Breviate Book" of Sir John Randolph, who was attorney general of the Colony in 1734. This extract contains biographical sketches of John Holloway and William Hopkins, two prominent members of the bar at that early period. The orthography of the original has been preserved.

The second is an interesting record of the proceedings of a patriotic band in Norfolk Borough and County in the early part of the Revolutionary war, associated under the brief and imposing title of "Sons of Liberty." This document breathes a noble spirit of resistance to tyranny in our ancestors, which we may fondly hope their descendants will never cease to cherish and emulate. It was presented at the last meeting of the Society by Dr. Barraud, whose letter we also take pleasure in publishing.

The third paper, is an authentic narrative of an Indian attack upon Wheeling Fort in 1777, furnished by one of the survivors, who is now living in the county of Brooke. This document was communicated by William McCluney, Esq. of Wellsburg, and has once appeared in the "Brooke Republican." Mr. McCluney states, that Captain Samuel Mason, the commander of the fort, was afterwards the famous Mississippi robber.

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Taken from Sir John Randolph's Breviate Book.

On the 14th of December, 1734, died suddenly of a fit, John Holloway, Esq., after having languished about ten months with a sort of epilepsie at certain times of the moon, which had much impaired his memory and understanding. He had practised in this court upwards of thirty years, with great reputation for diligence and learning; and was so much in the good opinion of the court, that I have, upon many occasions, known him prevail for his clients against reasons and arguments much stronger and better than his. His opinions were by most people looked upon as decisive, and were very frequently acquiesced in by both parties, those against whom he pronounced being discouraged from disputing against so great authority. He practised with much artifice and cunning, being thoroughly skilled in attorneyship; but when his causes came to a hearing, he reasoned little, was tedious in reading long reports of some cases, and little abridgments of others, out of which he would collect short aphorisms, and obiter sayings of judges, and rely upon them, without regarding the main point in question, and arbitrarily affirm or deny a matter of law, which had often too much weight, against the reason and difference of things. By this method, he gained many causes which always gave him great joy; but was as impatient if he lost one, as if it tended to a diminution of his credit. He was blameable for one singular practice, in drawing notes for special verdicts. He would state naked circumstances of facts only, and leave it to the court to collect the matter of fact out of them; so that, upon such verdicts, we have had many tedious debates about what the fact was: whereas, if that had been found positively as it should be, there would have been no need of a special verdict. But against this I could never prevail. His greatest excellence was his diligence and industry; but for learning I never thought he had any, nor could it be expected he should. He had served a clerkship; went a youth afterwards into the army in Ireland, in the begin-

ning of King William's reign; after that betook himself to business, having got to be one of the attorneys of the Marshalsea court; but not being contented with his income from that, turned projector and ruined himself, which brought him first into Maryland, and afterwards hither. I remember one particular instance, which satisfied me his knowledge in the law was not very profound. An ejectment was brought, (whether I was at first concerned in it I forget,) and upon a special verdict the case was thus. A seized in fee by deed, gave the land in question to B his daughter, for life, and after her death, to her heirs forever. She sold it to the defendant, and after her death, the plaintiff, B's heir, claiming as a purchaser in remainder, brought this action to recover. When I saw this, I told the plaintiff, who was my client, I could not say one word for him, not knowing a more certain rule of law than this:—that where by will or conveyance, any estate of freehold is given to the ancestor, and by the same writing an estate is limited to his heirs, that makes a fee, [heirs] being there a word of limitation, and not of purchase. Yet the defendant, by this eminent lawyer's advice, gave up the land without argument, upon the plaintiff's allowing him to remain in possession some short time longer; when if the matter had been brought to a hearing I would not have said one word. However, his reputation was such, that he was universally courted, and most people thought themselves obliged to him, if he would engage their side upon any terms; and he really thought so himself. This gave him great opportunities of exacting excessive fees; which I have heard he always did, where the value of the thing in question would allow it: and covered great blemishes in one part of his private life, besides many imperfections of his mind, which any body might observe who knew any thing of him. He was of a haughty, insolent nature; passionate and peevish to the last degree. He had a stiffness in his carriage which was ridiculous, and often offensive; and was an utter stranger to hospitality. He was sincere in his friendship, where he professed any,—but not constant; apt to change upon small provocations, and to contract new friendship upon very slight grounds, in which he would be very warm and ready to do all good offices. One of his greatest defects was that he would always bring his opinion and friendship to agree. But what he wanted in virtue and learning to recommend him, was abundantly supplied by fortunate accidents. He was fourteen years speaker of the House of Burgesses, and eleven years public Treasurer. But in those he acted with little applause, and less abilities; though he was three times chosen, and once unanimously. His management of the treasury contributed to his ruin, and brought him to the grave with much disgrace. I was always his friend, and had a great deal of reason to believe him mine. Yet it was impossible to be blind to so many imperfections. He died, little lamented, in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

In a few daies afterwards, in London, died William Hopkins, Esq. who had practised in this court about eighteen years, and in that time, by hard study and observation, he made a surprising progress; became a very ingenious lawyer and a good pleader, though at his first coming he was raw and much despised. But

he had a carelessness in his nature, which preserved him from being discouraged, and carried him on till he came to be admired. He had a good foundation in school learning; understood Latin and French well; had a strong memory, a good judgment, a quickness that was very visible, and a handsome person;—all mighty advantages. But his manner was awkward; his temper sour, if it was to be judged by the action of his muscles; and was given, too much given, to laugh at his own discourses.

When he had brought himself into good business, he almost totally neglected it; which I believe was owing to a desire of dipping into all kinds of knowledge, wherein he had a great deal of vanity, and prevented his digesting what he had so well as he would have done otherwise. He had many good qualities in his practice; was moderate in his fees; ingenious and honest; never disputed plain points, but was a candid, fair arguer. Yet he had a failing, which brought him to a quarrel with me. It was an odd sort of pride, that would not suffer him to keep an equilibrium in his own conceits. He could not see himself admired, without thinking it an injury to him to stand upon a level with any other; and therefore, though I was always his friend, had done him many kindnesses, and he himself thought himself obliged to me, he came into so ill a temper, as not to allow me either learning or honesty; which broke our acquaintance—and after that I thought I discovered some seeds of malice in him. He died in the flower of his age, and may be justly reckoned a loss to this poor country, which is not like to abound (at present at least) in great genius's.

—
Norfolk, January 16th, 1835.

SIR: I herewith transmit you (with a request that if you shall deem it proper, it may be presented to the next meeting of the Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society,) a copy of an ancient Record of the Actings and Doings of certain inhabitants of the Borough and County of Norfolk, associated under the name of "Sons of Liberty." This record has lain (tradition relates) in the office of the clerk of this Borough from its date; unknown to the world at large, and unnoticed even by many of the inhabitants themselves. The moment my attention was called to it, it appeared to me entitled by its antiquity and the generous spirit of patriotism and self-devotion which it so strongly breathes, to a place in the records of a society whose laudable purpose is to rescue from oblivion (into which already too many of the works of talent and deeds of patriotism of the state have fallen,) the remaining monuments of the colonial and revolutionary history of Virginia.

The letter of Richard Bland, (attached to the original, and which is obviously autographic,) seemed to me particularly interesting, and to deserve a place among the transactions of your society. That letter characterizes the resolutions as "noble," and declares that "they will remain lasting monuments of the public spirit of the Sons of Liberty, and of their love to their country." To this end I very respectfully tender them to your society, whose institution, allow me to say, I hail as the dawn of a new era in the literature and science of the commonwealth.

Be pleased to accept for your society, and yourself individually, assurances of my high respect,

OTWAY B. BARRAUD.

*To the President of the Historical and }
Philosophical Society of Virginia. }*

PROCEEDINGS

Of the Sons of Liberty at Norfolk, 1766.

Preserved as a monument of their public spirit and love to their country.

At a meeting of a considerable number of inhabitants of the town and county of Norfolk, and others, Sons of Liberty, at the court-house of said county, in the Colony of Virginia, on Monday, the 31st of March, 1766—

Having taken into consideration the evil tendency of that oppressive and unconstitutional act of Parliament, called the stamp act, and being desirous that our sentiments should be known to posterity, and recollecting that we are a part of that colony who first, in general assembly, openly expressed their detestation to the said act, (which is pregnant with ruin, and productive of the most pernicious consequences,) and unwilling to rivet the shackles of slavery and oppression on ourselves and millions yet unborn, have unanimously come to the following resolutions—

1. *Resolved*, That we acknowledge our sovereign lord King George the Third to be our rightful and lawful king; and that we will at all times, to the utmost of our power and ability, support and defend his most sacred person, crown and dignity, and shall be always ready, when constitutionally called upon, to assist his said majesty with our lives and fortunes, and to defend all his just rights and prerogatives.

2. *Resolved*, That we will, by all lawful ways and means which Divine Providence has put into our hands, defend ourselves in the full enjoyment of, and preserve inviolate to posterity, those inestimable privileges of all free-born British subjects, of being taxed only by representatives of their own choosing, and of being tried by none but a jury of their peers: and that if we quietly submit to the execution of the said stamp act, all our claims to civil liberty will be lost, and we and our posterity become absolute slaves; for by that act, British subjects in America are deprived of the invaluable privileges aforementioned.

3. *Resolved*, That a committee be appointed, who shall, in such manner as they think most proper, go upon necessary business, and make public the above resolutions; and that they correspond, as they shall see occasion, with the associated Sons of, and Friends to Liberty, in the other British colonies in America.

James Holt; Henry Tucker; Robert Tucker; Robert Tucker, Jr.; John Hutchings; Thomas Davis; Manuel Calvert; James Parker; Lewis Hansford.

Signed to the foregoing—

John Hutchings, Jr.; Paul Loyall; William Roscow Curle; Anthony Lawson; Joseph Hutchings; Thomas Newton, Sr.; John Phripp, Jr.; John Ramsay; John Gilchrist; Matthew Godfrey; Matthew Phripp; Thomas Newton, Jr.; Samuel Boush; Richard Knight; James Campbell; John Lawrence; Joshua Nicholson; Nicholas Wonycott; Matthew Rothery; Jacob Elligood; Cornelius Calvert; Edward Archer; Edward Voss; Francis Peart; Samuel Calvert; James Gibson; Nicholas Winterton; Griffin Peart; John Wil-

fery; William Skinker; Thomas Butt; William Gray; Hudson Brown; John Taylor; Alexander Moseley; John Taylor, Jr.; William Calvert; William Atchison; Edward Hach Moseley, Jr.; William Hancock; Robert Brett; Stephen Tankard; Thomas Willoughby; James Dunn; John Crammond; Alexander Kincaid; George Muter; Christopher Calvert.

On a motion made that a Moderator be chosen for the better transacting business, the Reverend Thomas Davis was recommended, and unanimously chosen.

On a motion made that a Secretary be appointed to this general meeting—

Resolved, That James Holt and William Roscow Curle be Secretaries.

Resolved, That the Committee of Correspondence do consist of the following persons, to wit:

Manuel Calvert, Esq.; Mr. Paul Loyall; Mr. James Parker; Mr. Joseph Hutchings; Doctor John Ramsay; Mr. Anthony Lawson; Mr. Samuel Boush; Mr. John Phripp, Jr.; Mr. John Gilchrist; Mr. Lewis Hansford; Mr. John Lawrence; Mr. John Hutchings, Jr.; Mr. Thomas Newton, Jr.; Mr. Matthew Phripp.

And that they or any five of them do make public the resolutions aforesaid; and take into consideration all matters necessary to be laid before this society, and make report of their proceedings to the next general meeting.

Resolved, That this general meeting adjourn till tomorrow nine o'clock.

At a meeting of the Sons of Liberty, continued and held at the court-house in the town and county of Norfolk, in the colony of Virginia, on Tuesday, April 1st, 1766—

Resolved, That we will, on any future occasion, sacrifice our lives and fortunes, in concurrence with the other Sons of Liberty in the neighboring provinces, to defend and preserve our invaluable blessings transmitted to us by our ancestors.

Resolved, That whoever is concerned, directly or indirectly, in using or causing to be used, in any way or manner whatsoever, within this colony, (unless authorised by the general assembly thereof,) that detestable paper called the stamps, shall be deemed to all intents and purposes, an enemy to his country, and treated by the Sons of Liberty accordingly.

Resolved, That the thanks of this society be given to Colonel Richard Bland, for the deep investigation and connective chain of reasoning set forth in his treatise, justly opposing the rights and liberties of this colony to the non-existing stamp act.

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to present the thanks of the Sons of Liberty to Colonel Richard Bland, for his treatise, entitled "An Enquiry into the Rights of the British Colonies;" and that Mr. Loyall, Mr. Boush, and Mr. Parker be appointed to draw an address for that purpose.

Resolved, That this society be adjourned till Friday, the 11th day of this instant, April. T. D.

J. H. Secretary.

W. R. C. Secretary.

At a Committee of Correspondence of the Sons of Liberty, held at the court-house in Norfolk, in Virginia, on Wednesday, the 2d April, 1766—

Present, Mr. Manuel Calvert; Mr. Paul Loyall; Mr. John Ramsay; Mr. John Phripp, Jr.; Mr. Lewis Hansford; Mr. John Gilchrist; Mr. John Lawrence; Mr. John Hutchings, Jr.; Mr. Thomas Newton, Jr.

A copy of the resolves of the Sons of Liberty having been fairly transcribed, the same was delivered to Mr. John Hutchings, Jr., who undertook to deliver the same to the printer of the Virginia Gazette, and request him to insert the same in his next paper, and make report to this committee.

J. H. Secretary.

W. R. C. Secretary.

The copy delivered is as follows:

At a meeting of a considerable number of inhabitants of the town and county of Norfolk, and others, Sons of Liberty, at the court-house of the said county, in the colony of Virginia, on Monday, the 31st of March, 1766—

Having taken into consideration the evil tendency of that oppressive and unconstitutional act of Parliament, commonly called the stamp act; and being desirous that our sentiments should be known to posterity, and recollecting that we are a part of that colony who first in general assembly, openly expressed their detestation to the said act, (which is pregnant with ruin, and productive of the most pernicious consequences,) and unwilling to rivet the shackles of slavery and oppression on ourselves and millions yet unborn, have unanimously come to the following resolutions—

1. *Resolved*, That we acknowledge our sovereign lord and king George the Third to be our rightful and lawful king, and that we will at all times, to the utmost of our power and ability, support and defend his most sacred person, crown and dignity; and will be always ready, when constitutionally called upon, to assist his majesty with our lives and fortunes, and defend all his just rights and prerogatives.

2. *Resolved*, That we will, by all lawful ways and means which Divine Providence hath put into our hands, defend ourselves in the full enjoyment of, and preserve inviolate to posterity, those inestimable privileges of all free born British subjects, of being taxed by none but representatives of their own choosing, and of being tried only by a jury of their peers; for if we quietly submit to the execution of the said stamp act, all our claims to civil liberty will be lost, and we and our posterity become absolute slaves.

3. *Resolved*, That we will, on any future occasion, sacrifice our lives and fortunes, in concurrence with the other Sons of Liberty in the American provinces, to defend and preserve those invaluable blessings transmitted us by our ancestors.

4. *Resolved*, That whoever is concerned, directly or indirectly, in using or causing to be used, in any way or manner whatsoever, within this colony, unless authorised by the general assembly thereof, those detestable papers called stamps, shall be deemed to all intents and purposes, an enemy to his country, and by the Sons of Liberty treated accordingly.

5. *Resolved*, That a committee be appointed to present the thanks of the Sons of Liberty to Colonel Richard Bland, for his treatise, entitled "An Enquiry into the Rights of the British Colonies."

6. *Resolved*, That a committee be appointed, who shall make public the above resolutions, and corres-

pond, as they shall see occasion, with the associated Sons of, and Friends to Liberty, in the British colonies in America.

Copy—Test,

J. H. Secretary.

[Here ends the record of the proceedings of the Sons of Liberty.]

[The following is a copy of the original letter in the hand-writing of Richard Bland, and attached to the above record, in answer to the letter of thanks written him in obedience to one of the resolves, but which nowhere appears on the minutes.]

Gentlemen!

The approbation of my Enquiry into the rights of the British Colonies, by the Norfolk Sons of Liberty, which you have been pleased to transmit to me in the politest terms, does me a very singular and unexpected honor, and demands my most sincere acknowledgements, which I beg leave to return to them with feelings of the warmest gratitude.

The glorious cause they have united to defend, merits of every true friend of the colonies the highest sentiments of their virtue. And though we have the strongest assurance that the violent attacks made upon our rights and liberties by a late arbitrary and oppressive minister will soon be removed; yet the noble resolutions entered into by the Norfolk Sons of Liberty, against the detestable stamp act, will remain lasting monuments of their patriotic spirit and love to their country. I am, with particular regard to yourselves, and the deepest respect to all the members of your association, gentlemen, your much obliged and very

RICHARD BLAND.

Jordan's, May 8th, 1766.

To Paul Loyall, Lewis Hansford, and Thomas Newton, Jr. Esqrs. in Norfolk.

Virginia, Borough of Norfolk, to wit:

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of an old record in the clerk's office of the Borough aforesaid, endorsed "Proceedings of the Sons of Liberty at Norfolk, 1766, preserved as a monument of their patriotic spirit and love to their country."

I further certify that the said record was found in the said office in the year 1831, when I became clerk of the Borough court, and tradition relates that it was deposited there at the date of the transactions recorded.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this 16th day of January, in the year 1835.

JOHN WILLIAMS, C. C.

ATTACK ON WHEELING FORT

IN THE YEAR 1777.

We are indebted to Mr. Abraham Rogers, a distinguished actor in the scene, and now a resident of this county, for the following particulars of the attack, by the Indians, in the year 1777, on Wheeling fort, and the successful defence of that place by twelve men.

As an interesting incident connected with the early settlement of the country, and as a tribute of respect and gratitude to the early and adventurous Pioneers of the west, for their valor, per-

severance and long suffering, it is due to their memory that it should be recorded, and find a place in the history of our country.

The fort was situated on the higher bank or bluff, not far from the place, where the mansion house of the late Noah Zane, Esq., was subsequently erected. It covered between one half and three quarters of an acre of ground, and was enclosed with pickets 8 feet high. The garrison, at the time of the attack, including all who were able to bear arms, did not exceed 15 in number, and of these several were between the ages of 12 and 18. The number of women and children is not known.

The first intimation the commandant of the fort, (Col. David Shepard) had of the approach of an enemy, was received the evening before the attack, from Capt. Ogle, who with Abraham Rodgers, Joseph Biggs, Robert Lemons and two others, had just arrived from Beech bottom fort, on the Ohio, about 12 miles from Wheeling. Capt. Ogle, on his approach to Wheeling, had observed below that place, the appearance of large volumes of smoke in the atmosphere, which he rightly conjectured was caused by the burning of Grave creek fort by hostile Indians, and upon his arrival immediately communicated his suspicions to Col. Shepard, but it was too late in the evening to reconnoitre. At a very early hour the next morning, (1st day of September,) the commander of the fort sent two of his men in a canoe, down the river, to ascertain the cause of the smoke, and whether any Indians were in the neighborhood. These two men were massacred by the Indians, (on their return as it was supposed) at the mouth of Wheeling creek, a few hundred yards below the fort. In the mean time, an Irish servant and a negro man had also been sent out to reconnoitre in the immediate vicinity. The Irishman was decoyed, seized, and killed by the Indians, but the negro was permitted to escape, who, on his return, gave the first alarm of the actual approach of the Indians. Capt. Ogle, on the receipt of this intelligence, accompanied by 15 or 16 of the garrison, leaving but 12 or 13 in the fort, immediately proceeded towards the mouth of the creek, in pursuit of the savages. The Indians were lying in ambush, and permitted the captain and his devoted followers to advance almost to the creek, when a brisk and most deadly fire was opened upon them; they fought bravely—desperately; but overpowered by the number of the enemy, were, all except the captain and two others, killed and scalped.

Upon hearing the firing at the creek, Rodgers, Biggs and Lemons, left the fort to join their comrades, but the work of death was over, their comrades slaughtered, and the triumphant enemy with a horrid yell, were rapidly advancing upon the fort. The three were fired upon and compelled

to return. On their arrival at the gate of the fort, so near were the savages, that it was not without the most imminent danger that it was opened for their admission. A general attack was then immediately made on the fort by the whole body of the Indians, consisting of about 500 men, commanded by the infamous Simon Girty. The grand assault was from the east side, under cover of a pale garden, and a few half faced cabins within 40 or 50 yards of the fort, of which they took possession, and from whence a brisk fire was kept up until a late hour at night. During the engagement, the Indians sustained great injury from the bursting of a maple log, which they had bored like a cannon, and charged to fire upon the fort.

The little garrison of twelve sustained this protracted siege, from about 7 o'clock in the morning until 10 or 11 o'clock at night, when the savages were finally repulsed and obliged to retreat, without having killed or wounded a single individual in the fort. The loss on the part of the Indians was variously estimated from twenty to one hundred, but their dead were principally carried off or concealed, and a conjecture of the number of the killed, could only be formed from the great appearance of blood, which was observable for many days after the battle. The day was fair, and the most of the garrison were called "sharp shooters," all of whom had a great number of "fair shots:" it is therefore not improbable that some 30 or 40 of the enemy were killed, and perhaps many more; for there was a continued firing during the whole time of the engagement. Every man did his duty, and all were entitled to an equal meed of praise and thanks from the commander. But our informant particularly distinguished one person, who, he said, contributed more to the successful termination of the issue than any other. This was Mrs. Zane, wife of Ebenezer, and mother of the late Noah Zane, Esq., who rendered much actual service to the men, by running bullets, cutting patches, making cartridges, and hurrying from post to post, cheering and encouraging by her presence, exhortations and assistance, the sometimes almost exhausted efforts of the brave defenders of the fort. By her example, zeal and presence of mind, much assistance was also afforded, by a number of the other "blessed women" in the fort, (as our informant termed them.) A rapid fire was continued from the fort, from the commencement of the assault, until the Indians retired. Their rifles were used until they became too much heated to handle, when they were obliged to exchange them for muskets, which were fortunately found in the magazine. This more than Spartan band of patriots, had no time to take any sustenance from Sunday, the last day of August, until the 2d September, after the retreat of the Indians.

VOL. I.—46

When it is considered that the Indians were led to the attack by the noted Simon Girty, a man who had much experience in the art of savage warfare, that he mustered more than 500 veteran warriors, and that the fort was defended by 12, and those chiefly old men and boys; the successful and glorious defence of the fort, by that little band of western pioneers; their names will richly merit a place in the page of history, with the most renowned heroes of the "olden time."

We much regret, that from a want of acquaintance with the localities of the place, as well as from other circumstances, we have been unable to do full justice to this subject; but we are not without a hope, that some more experienced pen will take a hint from these crude remarks, and redeem from oblivion this memorable event.

THE Editor of the New York Evening Star is so well known and so highly estimated as a political writer, that we believe there is no party which does not feel the stronger for his friendship—or does not experience some dread from his opposition. His genius, however, does not exclusively delight in the *carte and tierce* of political strife. He has an infinite fund of strong common sense and racy humor, and withal an uncommon power of description, which he employs with great effect in hitting off the manners of the age, and rebuking those pernicious innovations which are making such sad havoc with our antient simplicity. In the following article, he depicts with admirable force the evil consequences which, in our large cities especially, are likely to flow from an unrestrained indulgence in the follies and extravagancies of fashion.

FASHIONABLE PARTIES AND LATE HOURS.

BY M. M. NOAH.

WE are killing ourselves in this country by inches, and that for a tall man or an amazonian woman, is a dreadful reflection. In sooth, our late hours break in terribly on real comfort, sound health, and that refreshing sleep which "seals up the eyelids" in calm and soft repose, and ministers to our real enjoyments. We marvel why *fashion*, instead of being represented in bewitching and attractive colors, is not drawn with a Medusa's head, fiery eyes and snaky crest—or, under the silken cowl and wreaths of roses, a skeleton head peeping out as a warning—a caution in time—a *memento mori*. In this country we eat and dance ourselves to death with much more rapidity than they do at the Sandwich Islands.

I met a friend on the *pave* last week, who said, "Will you come to our party to-morrow night?" "A party? How? Comfortable dish of tea, game of whist, glass of whiskey-punch, and a sandwich, eh?" "Oh, no—a real tearer—a regular turn-out—been preparing a fortnight. I must give a couple every year for the sake of the world you know." "The world, ha! Well, I'll come, and if I don't, you won't miss me in the squeeze. Tell

me, for old acquaintance sake, how much will the party cost?" "Why, about fifteen hundred dollars." "Fifteen hundred dollars! Prodigious! How many charming *tertulias* in Spain, *conversaciones* in Italy, and *soirees* in France, would fifteen hundred dollars procure?—and all this sum swallowed up in one dancing frolic!"

I determined to go, and a friend promised to call for me in his carriage. I was ready at seven, and sat quietly until nine—half past nine—ten; when, just as I was ringing for my slippers, and preparing, as Monsieur Morbleu says, for my night-caps, *rat-tat-tat* goes the coachman, and in walked my friend—pumps and tight pants on—white gloves and perfumed handkerchief. "So, sir, a pretty time you have called for me; why I have been ready since seven o'clock." "Seven o'clock! why bless you, the company only begin to assemble at ten; and even now we are rather early." "Early, do you call it? Go out to spend the evening at half past ten o'clock! Well, well, I suppose we must not be out of the fashion—so come along."

Our carriage rattled up one of the principal streets, and a glare of light was showered in all directions from the house. We fell in behind a range of coaches, and had to wait until our turn, and found, on alighting, a retinue of yellow servants to usher us in the mansion; to take our coats, hats, and canes, and prepare us in form for the *entree*. Every thing was elegant—gayety, fashion, and pleasure reigned triumphant; beauty, in resplendent beams, shed its halo over the scene; plenty, from its golden horn, was poured forth in all directions; music, and the giddy dance, were kept up with unabated vigor, until the russet morn had nearly flickered the east. I got home; tossed and tumbled for two or three hours in bed, and then rose for the duties of the day.

Having occasion to call on an old gentleman about twelve o'clock, I found him in his parlor, with the breakfast table before him. "What, not breakfasted yet?" "O yes, long ago—this is for my daughters, who came from the party about three o'clock, and are not yet up." In a few minutes the young ladies entered; but oh, how altered!—where were the bounding step and elastic gait—the brilliant eye, the jocund smile—the silken attire—the well-dressed hair, and jewelled form of last night's entertainment? They were pallid and exhausted—their eye, their hair, their dress, all *en dishabille*—both with a hectic cough—both looking as wo-begone and spiritless as if they had just escaped from the siege of Troy.—"Have you slept well, girls?" said the anxious parent. "Not a wink, father—we tossed and tumbled and worried for several hours, but not a wink of sleep—oh, my head, my head—and oh, my bones, my bones." "Probably your restlessness arose from eating too heartily at supper."—"No such thing, father—why, I only ate a little

chicken salad, a wing of turkey, some jelly, a few macaronies and mottoes, a dozen pickled oysters, and drank a few glasses of champagne, that's all—excepting a sponge cake or two, and a glass of lemonade, during dancing, and a little ginger sweetmeats. There's Lizzy ate twice as much as I did."

"No I didn't, but I was more select, father; a few slices of cold tongue—a piece of a-la-mode beef—three pickles—a few olives, some *blanc mange*—two plates of ice-cream—a little floating island—some truffles and *bons bons*—and oranges, plum-cake, and custard during the evening. I'm sure I don't care much for solids." "And did you dance after supper?" "To be sure we did; one cotillion, one contra dance, the mazourka and a gallopade." The murder's out! no wonder at head-aches, and bone-aches, and heart-aches, and sleepless hours, after so much eating; and then dancing on so much eating—churning these singular masses of food and contradictory condiments in a delicate female stomach, with scarcely sufficient gastric juice to digest the wing of a pheasant.—That's the way our girls kill themselves prematurely; that's the cause of our heavy weekly lists of interments; of the many cases of consumption, uncharitably carried to the credit of our climate. Alas! how many charming women are hurried to the grave by carelessness; by the bewitching attractions of fashion; by keeping late hours; by thin clothing, and by eating too much! The observation made by strangers is, "how pale and thin your ladies are!" Why will they not have resolution enough to discard these seducing and destructive allurements; why not enjoy life soberly, discreetly, prudently?

What can be more agonizing to true affection than to see the girl nourished with tenderness in infancy; amiable, intelligent, and accomplished, gradually sinking into the grave ere she reaches the age of womanhood? The pride and delight of fond parents and numerous friends, the rose which early bloomed, daily fading in the brilliancy of its colors, and drooping like the lily of the vale? To see the eye, once so brilliant, sunken, heavy, and dull; and the lips, once so ruby, now thin and pallid? To witness the being so beloved, so cherished, the victim of slow, but unerring disease, not constitutional, but brought on by neglect, by fashion? To see the vision recede from the sight, step by step, until evening frowns upon its setting glory, and the tomb closes upon it forever!

Pride, Envy, and Hate.

If you want enemies, excel others; if you want friends, let others excel you. There is a diabolical trio, existing in the *natural* man, implacable, inextinguishable, co-operative, and consentaneous, Pride, Envy, and Hate. Pride, that makes us fancy we deserve all the goods that others possess; Envy, that some should be admired, while we are overlooked; and Hate, because all that is bestowed on others, diminishes the sum that we think due to ourselves.—[Lacoin.

WE extract the following eloquent and pathetic narrative from the pages of the "Western Monthly Magazine," published at Cincinnati, Ohio; and we invite our readers, especially those of the "softer sex," to give it a perusal.

THE VILLAGE PASTOR'S WIFE.

WHAT impels me to take up my pen, compose myself to the act of writing, and begin the record of feelings and events which will inevitably throw a shadow over the character which too partial and misjudging affection once beheld shining with reflected lustre? I know not—but it seems to me, as if a divine voice whispered from the boughs that wave by my window, occasionally intercepting the sun's rays that now fall obliquely on my paper, saying, that if I live for memory, I must not live in vain—and that, perchance, when I, too, lie beneath the willow that hangs over *his* grave, unconscious of its melancholy waving, a deep moral may be found in these pages, short and simple as they may be. Then be it so. It is humiliating to dwell on past errors—but I should rather welcome the humiliation, if it can be any expiation for my blindness, my folly—no! such expressions are too weak—I should say, my madness, my sin, my hard-hearted guilt.

It is unnecessary to dwell on my juvenile years. Though dependent on the bounty of an uncle, who had a large family of his own to support, every wish which vanity could suggest, was indulged as soon as expressed. I never knew a kinder, more hospitable, uncalculating being, than my uncle. If his unsparing generosity had not experienced a counteracting influence in the vigilant economy of my aunt, he would long since have been a bankrupt. She was never unkind to me; for I believe she was conscientious, and she had loved my mother tenderly. I was the orphan legacy of that mother, and consequently a sacred trust. I was fed and clothed like my wealthier cousins; educated at the same schools; ushered into the same fashionable society; where I learned that awkwardness was considered the only unpardonable offence, and that almost any thing might be said and done, provided it was said and done gracefully. From the time of our first introduction into what is called the world, I gradually lost ground in the affections of my aunt, for I unfortunately eclipsed my elder cousins in those outer gifts of nature and those acquired graces of manner, which, however valueless, when unaccompanied by inward worth, have always exercised a prevailing, an irresistible influence in society. I never exactly knew why, but I was the favorite of my uncle, who seemed to love me better than even his own daughters, and he rejoiced at the admiration I excited, though often purchased at their expense. Perhaps the secret was this. They were of a cold temperament; mine was ardent, and whatever I loved, I loved without re-

serve, and expressed my affection with characteristic warmth and enthusiasm. I loved my indulgent uncle with all the fervor of which such a nature, made vain and selfish by education, is capable. Often, after returning from an evening party, my heart throbbing high with the delight of gratified vanity, when he would draw me towards him and tell me—with most injudicious fondness, it is true—that I was a thousand times prettier than the flowers I wore, more sparkling than the jewels, and that I ought to marry a prince or a nabob, I exulted more in his praise, than in the flatteries that were still tingling in my ears. Even my aunt's coolness was a grateful tribute to my self-love—for was it not occasioned by my transcendence over her less gifted daughters?

But why do I linger on the threshold of events, which, simple in themselves, stamped my destiny—for time, yea, and for eternity.

It was during a homeward journey, with my uncle, I first met him, who afterwards became my husband. My whole head becomes sick and my whole heart faint, as I think what I might have been, and what I am. But I must forbear. If I am compelled at times to lay aside my pen, overcome with agony and remorse, let me pause till I can go on, with a steady hand, and a calmer brain.

Our carriage broke down—it was a common accident—a young gentleman on horseback, who seemed like ourselves a traveller, came up to our assistance. He dismounted, proffered every assistance in his power, and accompanied us to the inn, which fortunately was not far distant, for my uncle was severely injured, and walked with difficulty, though supported by the stranger's arm and my own. I cannot define the feeling, but from the moment I beheld him, my spirit was troubled within me. I saw, at once, that he was of a different order of beings from those I had been accustomed to associate with; and there was something in the heavenly composure of his countenance and gentle dignity of manner, that rebuked my restless desire for admiration and love of display. I never heard any earthly sound so sweet as his voice. Invisible communion with angels could alone give such tones to the human voice. At first, I felt a strange awe in his presence, and forgot those artificial graces, for which I had been too much admired. Without meaning to play the part of a hypocrite, my real disposition was completely concealed. During the three days we were detained, he remained with us; and aloof from all temptation to folly, the best traits of my character were called into exercise. On the morning of our departure, as my uncle was expressing his gratitude for his kindness, and his hope of meeting him in town, he answered—and it was not without emotion—'I fear our paths diverge too much, to allow that hope. Mine is a lowly one, but I trust I shall find it blest.' I

then, for the first time learned that he was a minister—the humble pastor of a country village. My heart died within me. That this graceful and uncommonly interesting young man should be nothing more than an obscure village preacher—it was too mortifying. All my bright visions of conquest faded away. ‘We can never be any thing to each other,’ thought I. Yet as I again turned towards him, and saw his usually calm eye fixed on me with an expression of deep anxiety, I felt a conviction that I might be all the world to him. He was watching the effect of his communication, and the glow of excited vanity that suffused my cheek was supposed to have its origin from a purer source. I was determined to enjoy the full glory of my conquest. When my uncle warmly urged him to accompany us home, and sojourn with us a few days, I backed the invitation with all the eloquence my countenance was capable of expressing. Vain and selfish being that I was—I might have known that we differed from each other as much as the rays of the morning star from the artificial glare of the skyrocket. *He* drew his light from the fountain of living glory, *I* from the decaying fires of earth.

The invitation was accepted—and before that short visit was concluded, so great was the influence he acquired over me, while *I* was only seeking to gain the ascendancy over *his* affections, that I felt willing to give up the luxury and fashion that surrounded me, for the sweet and quiet hermitage he described, provided the sacrifice were required. I never once thought of the duties that would devolve upon me, the solemn responsibilities of my new situation. It is one of the mysteries of Providence, how such a being as myself could ever have won a heart like his. He saw the sunbeam playing on the surface, and thought that all was fair beneath. I did love him; but my love was a passion, not a principle. I was captivated by the heavenly graces of his manner, but was incapable of comprehending the source whence those graces were derived.

My uncle would gladly have seen me established in a style more congenial to my prevailing taste, but gave his consent, as he said, on the score of his surpassing merit. My aunt was evidently more than willing to have me married, while my cousins rallied me, for falling in love with a country parson.

We were married. I accompanied him to the beautiful village of —. I became mistress of the parsonage. Never shall I forget the moment when I first entered this avenue, shaded by majestic elms; beheld these low, white walls, festooned with redolent vines; and heard the voice, which was then the music of my life, welcome me here, as Heaven’s best and loveliest gift. How happy—how blest I might have been! and *I was* happy for awhile. His benign glance and approving

smile were, for a short time, an equivalent for the gaze of admiration and strains of flattery to which I had been accustomed. I even tried, in some measure, to conform to his habits and tastes, and to cultivate the good will of the plebians and rustics who constituted a great portion of his parish. But the mind, unsupported by principle, is incapable of any steady exertion. Mine gradually wearied of the effort of assuming virtues, to which it had no legitimate claim. The fervor of feeling which had given a bluer tint to the sky and a fairer hue to the flower, insensibly faded. I began to perceive defects in every object, and to wonder at the blindness which formerly overlooked them. I still loved my husband; but the longer I lived with him, the more his character soared above the reach of mine. I could not comprehend, how one could be endowed with such brilliant talents and winning graces, and not wish for the admiration of the world. I was vexed with him for his meekness and humility, and would gladly have mingled, if I could, the base alloy of earthly ambition with his holy aspirations after heaven. I was even jealous—I almost tremble while I write it—of the God he worshipped. I could not bear the thought, that I held a second place in his affections—though second only to the great and glorious Creator. Continually called from my side to the chamber of the sick, the couch of the dying, the dwelling of the poor and ignorant, I in vain sought to fill up the widening vacuum left, by becoming interested in the duties of my station. I could not do it. They became every day more irksome to me. The discontent I was cherishing, became more and more visible, till the mild and anxious eye of my husband vainly looked for the joyous smile that used to welcome his return.

It is true, there were many things I was obliged to tolerate, which must inevitably be distasteful to one, educated with such false refinement as I have been. But I never reflected they must be as opposed to my husband’s tastes as my own, and that christian principle alone led him to the endurance of them. Instead of appreciating his angelic patience and forbearance, I blamed him for not lavishing more sympathy on me for trials which, though sometimes ludicrous in themselves, are painful from the strength of association.

The former minister of the village left a maiden sister as a kind of legacy to his congregation. My husband had been a protegee and pupil of the good man, who, on his death-bed, bequeathed his people to the charge of this son of his adoption, and *him*, with equal tenderness and solemnity, to the care of his venerable sister. She became a fixture in the parsonage, and to me a perpetual and increasing torment. The first month of our marriage, she was absent, visiting some of her seventh cousins in a neighboring town. I do not wish to

exculpate myself from blame; but, if ever there was a thorn in human flesh, I believe I had found it in this inquisitive, gratuitously advising woman. I, who had always lived among roses, without thinking of briars, was doomed to feel this thorn, daily, hourly, goading me; and was constrained to conceal as much as possible the irritation she caused, because my husband treated her with as much respect as if she were an empress. I thought Mr. L—— was wrong in this. Owing to the deep placidity of his own disposition, he could not realize what a trial such a companion was to a mercurial, indulged, self-willed being as myself. Nature has gifted me with an exquisite ear for music, and a discord always 'wakes the nerve where agony is born.' Poor aunt Debby had a perfect mania for singing, and she would sit and sing for hours together, old fashioned ballads and hymns of surprising length—scarcely pausing to take breath. I have heard aged people sing the songs of Zion, when there was most touching melody in their tones; and some of the warmest feelings of devotion I ever experienced, were awakened by these solemn, trembling notes. But aunt Debby's voice was full of indescribable ramifications, each a separate discord—a sharp sour voice, indicative of the natural temper of the owner. One Sunday morning, after she had been screeching one of Dr. Watts' hymns, of about a hundred verses, she left me to prepare for church. When we met, after finishing our separate toilettes, she began her animadversions on my dress, as being too gay for a minister's wife. I denied the charge; for though made in the redundancy of fashion, it was of unadorned white. 'But what,' said she, disfiguring the muslin folds with her awkward fingers, 'what is the use of all these fandangles of lace? They are nothing but Satan's devices to lead astray silly women, whose minds are running after finery.' All this I might have borne with silent contempt, for it came from aunt Debby; but when she brought the authority of a Mrs. Deacon and a Mrs. Doelan of the parish to prove that she was not the only one who found fault with the fashion of my attire, the indignant spirit broke its bounds; deference for age was forgotten in the excitement of the moment, and the concentrated irritation of weeks burst forth. I called her an impertinent, morose old maid, and declared that one or the other of us should leave the parsonage. In the midst of the paroxysm, my husband entered—the calm of heaven on his brow. He had just left his closet, where he had been to seek the divine manna for the pilgrims it was his task to guide through the wilderness of life. He looked from one to the other, in grief and amazement. Aunt Debby had seated herself on his entrance, and began to rock herself backward and forward, and to sigh and groan—saying it was a hard thing to be called such hard names at her

time of life, &c. I stood, my cheeks glowing with anger, and my heart violently palpitating with the sudden effort at self-control. He approached me, took my hand, and said, 'My dear Mary!' There was affection in his tone, but there was upbraiding, also; and drawing away my hand, I wept in bitterness of spirit. As soon as I could summon sufficient steadiness of voice, I told him the cause of my resentment, and declared, that I would never again enter a place, where I was exposed to ridicule and censure, and from those, too, so immeasurably my inferiors in birth and education. 'Dearest Mary!' exclaimed he, turning pale from agitation, 'you cannot mean what you say. Let not such trifles as these, mar the peace of this holy day. I grieve that your feelings should have been wounded; but what matters it what the world says of our outward apparel, if our souls are clothed with those robes of holiness, which make us lovely in our Maker's eyes? Let us go together to the temple of Him, whose last legacy to man was *peace*.' Though the bell was ringing its last notes, and though I saw him so painfully disturbed, I still resisted the appeal, and repeated my rash asseveration. The bell had pealed its latest summons, and was no longer heard. 'Mary, must I go alone?' His hand was on the latch—there was a burning flush on his cheek, such as I had never seen before. My pride would have yielded—my conscience convicted me of wrong—I would have acknowledged my rashness, had not aunt Debby, whom I thought born to be my evil spirit, risen with a long-drawn sigh, and taken his arm, preparatory to accompany him. 'No,' said I, 'you will not be alone. You need not wait for me. In aunt Debby's company, you cannot regret mine.'

Surely my heart must have been steeled, like Pharaoh's, for some divine purpose, or I never could have resisted the mute anguish of his glance, as he closed the door on this cold and unmerited taunt. What hours of wretchedness I passed in the solitude of my chamber. I magnified my sufferings into those of martyrdom, and accused Mr. L—— of not preparing me for the trials of my new situation. Yet, even while I reproached him in my heart, I was conscious of my injustice, and felt that I did not suffer alone. It was the first time any other than words of love and kindness had passed between us, and it seemed to me, that a barrier was beginning to rise, that would separate us forever. When we again met, I tried to retain the same cold manner and averted countenance, but he came unaccompanied by my tormenter, and looked so dejected and pale, my petulance and pride yielded to the reign of better feelings. I had even the grace to make concessions, which were received with such gratitude and feeling, I was melted into goodness, transient, but sincere. Had aunt Debby remained from us, all

might yet have been well ; but after having visited awhile among the parish, she returned ; and her presence choked the blossoms of my good resolutions. I thought she never forgave the offending epithet I had given her in the moment of passion. It is far from my intention, in delineating peculiarities like hers, to throw any opprobrium on that class of females, who from their isolated and often unprotected situation, are peculiarly susceptible to the shafts of unkindness or ridicule. I have known those, whose influence seemed as diffusive as the sunshine and gentle as the dew ; at whose approach the ringlets of childhood would be tossed gaily back, and the wan cheek of the aged lighted up with joy ; who had devoted the glow of their youth, and the strength of their prime, to acts of filial piety and love, watching the waning fires of life, as the vestal virgins the flame of the altar. Round such beings as these, the beatitudes cluster ; and yet the ban of unfeeling levity is passed upon the maiden sisterhood. But I wander from my path. It is not *her* history I am writing, so much as my own ; which, however deficient in incident, is not without its moral power.

I experienced one source of mortification, which I have not yet mentioned ; it may even seem too insignificant to be noticed, and yet it was terribly grating to my aristocratic feelings. Some of our good parishioners were in the habit of lavishing attentions, so repugnant to me, that I did not hesitate to refuse them ; which I afterwards learned, gave great mortification and displeasure. I would willingly accept a basket of fragrant strawberries, or any of the elegant bounties of nature ; but, when they offered such plebeian gifts as a shoulder of pork or mutton, a sack of grain or potatoes, I invariably returned my cold thanks and declined the honor. Is it strange, that I should become to them an object of aversion, and that they should draw comparisons, humbling to me, between their idolized minister and his haughty bride ?

My uncle and cousins made me a visit, not long after my rupture with aunt Debby, which only served to render me more unhappy. My uncle complained so much of my altered appearance, my faded bloom and languid spirits, I saw that it gave exquisite pain to Mr. L——, while my cousins, now in their day of power, amused themselves continually with the old fashioned walls of the house, the obsolete style of the furniture, and my humdrum mode of existence. Had I possessed one spark of heavenly fire, I should have resented all this as an insult to him whom I had solemnly vowed to love and honor. These old fashioned walls should have been sacred in my eyes. They were twice hallowed—hallowed by the recollections of departed excellence and the presence of living holiness. Every leaf of the magnificent elms that overshadowed them, should have been held sacred, for the breath of morning and even-

ing prayer had been daily wafted over them, up to the mercy-seat of heaven

I returned with my uncle to the metropolis. It is true, he protested that he would not, could not leave me behind—and that change of scene was absolutely necessary to the restoration of my bloom, and Mr. L—— gave his assent with apparent cheerfulness and composure. But I knew—I felt that his heart bled at my willingness, my wish to be absent from him, so soon after our marriage. He told me to consult my own happiness, in the length of my visit, and that he would endeavor to find a joy in solitude, in thinking of mine. ‘ Oh ! ’ said one of my cousins, with a loud laugh, ‘ you can never feel solitary, when aunt Debby is ’ —

Behold me once more ’mid the scenes congenial to my soul—a gay flower, sporting over the waves of fashion, thoughtless of the caverns of death beneath. Again the voice of flattery fell meltingly on my ear ; and while listening to the siren, I forgot those mild, admonishing accents, which were always breathing of heaven—or if I remembered them at all, they came to my memory like the grave rebuke of Milton’s cherub—severe in their beauty. Yes, I did remember them when I was alone ; and there are hours when the gayest will feel desolately alone. I thought of him in his neglected home ; him, from whom I was gradually alienating myself for his very perfections, and accusing conscience avenged his rights. Oh ! how miserable, how poor we are, when unsupported by our own esteem ! when we fear to commune with our own hearts, and doubly tremble to bear them to the all-seeing eye of our Maker ! My husband often wrote me most affectionately. He did not urge my return, but said, whenever I felt willing to exchange the pleasures of the metropolis for the seclusion of the hermitage, his arms and his heart were open to receive me. At length I received a letter, which touched those chords, that yet vibrated to the tones of nature and feeling. He seldom spoke of himself—but in this, he mentioned having been very ill, though then convalescent. ‘ Your presence, my Mary,’ said he, ‘ would bring healing on its wings. I fear, greatly fear, I have doomed you to unhappiness, by rashly yielding to the influence of your beauty and winning manners, taking advantage of your simplicity and inexperience, without reflecting how unfitted you were, from natural disposition and early habits, to be a fellow-laborer in so humble a portion of our Master’s vineyard. Think not, my beloved wife, I say this in reproach. No ! ’tis in sorrow, in repentance, in humiliation of spirit. I have been too selfish. I have not shown sufficient sympathy for the trials and vexations to which, for me, you have been exposed. I have asked to receive too much. I have given back too little. Return then, my Mary ; you were created for nobler purposes than the beings who surround you. Let us begin

life anew. Let us take each other by the hand as companions for time—but pilgrims for eternity. Be it mine to guard, guide, and sustain—yours, to console, to gild and comfort.’ In a postscript, he added :

‘I am better now—a journey will restore me. I will soon be with you, when I trust we will not again be parted.’

My heart was not of rock. It was moved—melted. I should have been less than human, to have been untouched by a letter like this. All my romantic love, but so recently chilled, returned; and I thought of his image as that of an angel’s. Ever impulsive, ever actuated by the passion of the moment, I made the most fervent resolutions of amendment, and panted for the hour when we should start for, together, this immortal goal! Alas! how wavering were my purposes—how ineffective my holy resolutions. * * * * *

There was a numerous congregation gathered on the Sabbath morn, not in the simple village church, but the vaulted walls of a city dome. A stranger ascended the pulpit. Every eye was turned on him and none wandered. He was pallid, as from recent indisposition; but there was a flitting glow on his cheek, the herald of coming inspiration. There was a divine simplicity, a sublime fervor, an abandonment of self, a lifting up of the soul to heaven, an indescribable and spiritual charm, pervading his manner, that was acknowledged by the breathless attention of a crowded audience, composed of the wealth and fashion of the metropolis. And I was there, the proudest, the happiest of the throng. That gifted being was my husband. I was indemnified for all past mortifications, and looked forward to bright years of felicity, not in the narrow path we had heretofore travelled, but a wider, more brilliant sphere. My imagination placed him at the head of that admiring congregation; and I saw the lowly flock he had been lately feeding, weeping, unpitied, between the porch and the altar.

Before we bade farewell to my uncle, I had abundant reason to believe my vision would soon be realized. The church was then without a pastor. No candidate had as yet appeared in whom their opinions or affections were united. They were enthusiastic in their admiration of Mr. L——, and protested against the obscurity of his location. With such hopes gilding the future, I left the metropolis with a cheerfulness and elasticity of spirits, which my husband hailed as a surety for long years of domestic felicity. I would gladly linger here awhile. I fear to go on. You have followed me so far with a kind of complaisant interest, as a poor, vain, weak young creature, whose native defects have been enhanced by education, and who has unfortunately been placed in a sphere she is incapable of adorning. The atmosphere is too pure, too rarified. Removed at once from the

valley of sin to the mount of holiness, I breathe with difficulty the celestial air, and pant for more congenial regions. Must I proceed? Your compassion will turn to detestation: yet I cannot withdraw from the task I have imposed on myself. It is an expiatory one; and oh, may it be received as such!

It was scarcely more than a week after our return. All had been peace and sunshine: so resolved was I to be all that was lovely and amiable. I even listened with apparent patience to aunt Debby’s interminable hymns, and heard some of her long stories, the seventy-seventh time, without any manifest symptom of vexation. It was about sunset. We sat together in the study, my husband and myself, watching the clouds as they softly rolled towards the sinking sun, to dip their edges in his golden beams. The boughs of the elms waved across the window, giving us glimpses of the beautiful vale beyond, bounded by the blue outline of the distant hills. Whether it was the warm light reflected on his face, or the glow of the heart suffusing it, I know not, but I never saw his usually pale features more radiantly lighted up than at that moment. A letter was brought to him. I leaned over his shoulder while he opened it. From the first line I understood its import: it was the realization of my hopes. The offer was there made—more splendid, more liberal than I had dared to anticipate. I did not speak: but with cheeks burning and hands trembling with eagerness and joy, I waited till he had perused it. He still continued silent. Almost indignant at his calmness, I ejaculated his name in an impatient tone; when he raised his eyes from the paper and fixed them on me. I read there the death-blow of my hopes. They emitted no glance of triumph: there was sorrow, regret, humility, and love—but I looked in vain for more. ‘I am sorry for this,’ said he, ‘for your sake, my dear Mary. It may excite wishes, which can never be realized. No! let us be happy in the lowlier sphere, in which an All-wise Being has marked my course. I cannot deviate from it.’ ‘Cannot!’ repeated I: ‘say, rather, you will not.’ I could not articulate more. The possibility of a refusal on his part had never occurred to me. I was thunderstruck. He saw my emotion—and, losing all his composure, rose and crushed the letter in his hand. ‘I could not, if I would, accept this,’ he cried; ‘and, were my own wishes to be alone consulted, I would not, were I free to act. But it is not so. I am bound to this place, by a solemn promise, which cannot be broken. Here, in this very house it was made, by the dying bed of the righteous, who bequeathed the people he loved to my charge—*me*, the orphan he had protected and reared. “Never leave them, my son,” said the expiring saint—“never leave the lambs of my flock to be scattered on the mountains.”

I pledged my word, surrounded by the solemnities of death: yea, even while his soul was taking its upward flight. It is recorded, and cannot be recalled.'

Did I feel the sacredness of the obligation he revealed? Did I venerate the sanctity of his motives, and admit their authority? No! Totally unprepared for such a bitter disappointment, when I seemed touching the summit of all my wishes, I was maddened—reckless. I upbraided him for having more regard to a dead guardian, who could no longer be affected by his decision, than for a living wife. I threatened to leave him to the obscurity in which he was born, and return to the friends who loved me so much better than himself. Seeing him turn deadly pale at this, and suddenly put his hand on his heart, I thought I had discovered the spring to move his resolution, and determined that I would not let it go. I moved towards the door, thinking it best to leave him a short time to his own reflections, assured that love must be victorious over conscience. He made a motion as if to detain me, as I passed—then again pressed his hand on his heart. That silent motion—never, never, can I forget it! 'Are you resolved on this?' asked he, in a low, very hoarse tone of voice. 'Yes, if you persist in your refusal. I leave you to decide.' I went into the next room. I heard him walk a few moments, as if agitated and irresolute—then suddenly stop. I then heard a low, suppressed cough, but to this he was always subject, when excited, and it caused no emotion. Yet, after remaining alone for some time, I began to be alarmed at the perfect stillness. A strange feeling of horror came over me. I remembered the deadly paleness of his countenance, and the cold dew gathered fast and thick on my brow. I recollected, too, that he had told me of once having bled at the lungs, and of being admonished to shun every predisposing cause to such a malady. Strange, that after such an entire oblivion of every thing but self, these reflections should have pressed upon me, with such power, at that moment. I seemed suddenly gifted with second sight, and feared to move, lest I should see the vision of my conscience embodied. At length, aunt Debby opened the door, and for the first time, rejoicing in her sight, I entreated her to go into the library, with an earnestness that appalled her. She did go—and her first sharp scream drew me to her side. There, reclined upon the sofa, motionless, lifeless—his face, white as a snow-drift, lay my husband; his neck-cloth and vest, saturated with the blood that still flowed from his lips. Yes, he lay there—lifeless, dead, dead! The wild shriek of agony and remorse pierced not his unconscious ear. He was dead, and I was his murderer. The physician who was summoned, pronounced my doom. From violent agitation of mind, a blood vessel had been broken, and instant death had en-

sued. Weeks of frenzy, months of despair, succeeded—of black despair. Nothing but an almighty arm thrown around my naked soul, held me back from the brink of suicide. Could I have believed in annihilation—and I wrestled with the powers of reason to convince myself that in the grave, at least, I should find rest. I prayed but for rest—I prayed for oblivion. Night and day the image of that bleeding corse was before me. Night and day a voice was ringing in my ears, '*Thou hast murdered him!*' My sufferings were so fearful to witness, the at first compassionate neighbors deserted my pillow, justifying themselves by the conviction that I merited all that I endured.

My uncle and aunt came when they first heard the awful tidings, but unable to support my raving distress, left me—after providing every thing for my comfort—with the injunction that as soon as I should be able to be removed, to be carried to their household. And whose kind, unwearied hand smoothed my lonely pillow, and held my aching brow? Who, when wounded reason resumed her empire, applied the balm of Gilead and the oil of tenderness; led me to the feet of the divine Physician, prayed with me and for me, wept with me and over me, nor rested till she saw me clinging to the cross, in lowliness of spirit, with the seal of the children of God in my forehead, and the joy of salvation in my soul? It was aunt Debby. The harsh condemner of the fashions of this world, the stern reprover of vanity and pride, the uncompromising defender of godliness and truth; she who in my day of prosperity was the cloud, in the night of sorrow was my light and consolation. The rough bark was penetrated and the finer wood beneath gave forth its fragrance. Oh! how often, as I have heard her, seated by my bedside, explaining in a voice softened by kindness, the mysteries of holiness, and repeating the promises of mercy, have I wondered, that I, who had turned a deaf ear to the same truths, when urged upon me with all an angel's eloquence, should listen with reverence to accents from which I had heretofore turned in disgust. Yet, at times, there seemed a dignity in her tones; her harsh features would light up with an expression of devout ecstasy, and I marvelled at the transforming power of christianity. Well may I marvel! I would not now, for the diadem of the east, exchange this sequestered hermitage for the halls of fashion—these hallowed shades for the canopies of wealth—or the society of the once despised and hated aunt Debby, for the companionship of flatterers. I see nothing but thorns where once roses blushed. The voice of the charmer has lost its power, though 'it charm never so wisely.' My heart lies buried in the tomb on which the sunlight now solemnly glimmers—my hopes are fixed on those regions from whence those rays depart.

Had he only lived to forgive me—to know my penitence and agony—but the last words that ever fell on his ear from my lips, were those of passion and rebellion—the last glance I ever cast on him, was proud and upbraiding.

The sketch is finished—memory overpowers me.

C. L. H.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THOUGHTS ON AFFECTATION,

For the benefit of all whom they may concern.

AFFECTATION, as defined by Johnson, is “an artificial show, an elaborate appearance, a false pretence,”—“affected, studied with overmuch care, or with hypocritical appearance.” The terms of this definition are so revolting, that the justice of its ascription to any individual, however felt, can scarcely be expected to be acknowledged by such, because it too deeply wounds self-love, its natural parent. Studiously disguised from ourselves, it is vainly believed to be so from others. Let us compare the utmost advantages to be derived from its adoption, with its peril and its loss. Do we really hope to improve by it, those qualities, moral, intellectual or physical, with which the bounty of nature has distinctively gifted us? Or do we hope by “an artificial show, an elaborate appearance, a false pretence,” to obtain credit with others for attributes which do not belong to us? and with the deceitful appearance of which, (*provided* it deceive,) we shall be basely content; thus falsely laboring for the attainment of a vain shadow, when the same labor honestly bestowed, would give us the real substance of all we ought to desire, viz: that solid improvement of the heart and mind, around which ever play, as their natural consequences, the most captivating of all graces—*simplicity and truth*. Viewed simply as matter of taste, can any thing short of its vilest corruption, its lowest degradation, induce a preference for a clumsy counterfeit, a hand-maiden, who impudently usurping the place of her mistress, presumes to play high life below stairs, over her noble mistress, arrayed in her simple majesty? What monstrous perversion can prompt us to turn the latter out of doors, and hug to our bosoms so vile an intruder? With what bribes does she corrupt the loyalty of her fair advocates? With what store of “quips and quirks, and wreathed smiles?” with what rich caskets of bright gems, counterfeit or stolen; with what rare graces, unmatched by those even of her injured and abused mistress, which she boldly pronounces *fâde and obsolete*? Alas! how often do such meretricious lures prove resistless to the infatuated fair one! Behold her arrayed in all the paraphernalia of the despicable traitress,—henceforth sole promptress of the drama in which she proposes to act a conspicuous part, and which she vainly flatters herself to act with that last degree of art which conceals it. Not reflecting that the whole history of dramatic art affords few such adepts, she aspires at her very first debut, to surpass even a Siddons. Discarding nature, and not sufficiently wedded to art,—what becomes of her witchery? Her smiles are grimaces—her laughter discord—her movements ridiculous antics. Her tones speak to any thing but the heart;—all is foreign to nature,—whose modesty she outrages and oversteps. She is mocked and hissed by all the world with whom she

would cordially unite, were the actress other than her own *dear* self, whom alone self-love has blinded to herself. Hers is the delusion of the silly ostrich, which in the concealment of his head, thinks to elude pursuit. But granting her the utmost success of long and carefully practised art—and that her airs and graces, her soft *languishments*, killing glances, heavenly smiles, and soul thrilling laughter, have all the witchery that such art can give, and have called forth the applause of the crowd of vulgar admirers,—will it compensate for the obvious disgust of those who have learned to detect and to despise their empty and heartless display? Will it compensate for the lowering of that proud self-esteem, which is the bright reward of truth, and the best security of virtue? Would she flourish in the empire of the heart, that bright dominion of her sex? Would she, by her look, manner and words, inspire respect, confidence and love? And shall each betray that they have been practised but to deceive? Shall she hope to speak to the heart in tones which come not from the heart? Shall she hope to engage interest for the subject of her conversation, when full not of it but of herself? For what is it that she would challenge the affections? For a being pure, single hearted, and identical,—or for one whose very identity is almost lost amidst the perpetually varying aspects and phases, under which, in her inflated vanity, she pleases to exhibit herself. How shall our love continue to pursue, and cling to that, of whose very form and essence we have no abiding assurance? In the disruption of feeling produced by such changes, we cannot but feel that we have almost lost the beloved object, and exclaim in bitterness,—alas! she is no longer what I have loved.

“Why *affectation*,—why this mock grimace?

Go silly thing, and hide that simpr’ing face;
Thy lisping prattle, and thy mincing gait—
All thy false mimic fooleries I hate:
For thou art Folly’s counterfeit—and she,
Altho’ right foolish, hath the better plea;—
Nature’s true idiot I prefer to thee.

“Why that soft languish,—why that drawling tone?

Art sick? art sleepy? Get thee hence; begone—
I laugh at all thy pretty baby tears,
Those flutterings, faintings, and unreal fears.

“Can they deceive us? Can such mum’ries move?

Touch us with pity, or inspire with love?
No! *affectation*—vain is all thy art;
Those eyes may wander over every part,
They’ll never find their passage to the heart.”

Of all the diseases of the mind or the heart, *affectation* is the fittest subject of ridicule,—since we are ridiculous not for what we are, but for what we pretend to be. One of the arguments of the apologists for this mean and pitiful vice is,—that the ordinary conventional forms of politeness necessarily involve its commission, and that all the tutored and refined graces of polished life, are but its varying forms. Of the former, benevolence should be, if it be not always, the genuine and captivating source; and if we have it not, the assumption of a virtue which inculcates a sacrifice to the feelings of others of our own, may find a sufficient apology, perhaps, for a semblance to which society has learned to affix its value. With regard to the latter, *la belle nature* is loveliest when embellished, not prostituted, by art, in its most vulgar form, viz: *affectation*.

Neither wealth nor fashion can divest it of its character of vulgarity. One should, indeed, be too proud to be *vain*, when vanity leads to affectation,—which in its milder form, is the meanness of asking credit for what we do not possess—and in its deeper die, impels us to obtain it by dissimulation, hypocrisy and fraud. In its approaches, few vices are more insidious. Having its germ in the indiscriminate love of imitation natural to youth, vanity prompts an eager exchange of our native attributes, for what we deem attractive in others—and artifice is speedily resorted to, to give the acquisition the semblance of an original possession. One cherished appropriation is added to another, until the product becomes a complete bundle of fancied charms and perfections, entailing, however, all that anxiety of concealment, whose only tendency is to betray the theft. If the original effects of affectation have been correctly assigned, the mode and importance of prevention will sufficiently suggest themselves. Let parents beware how they suffer their children to be exposed to the contagion of this vile leprosy. Let them carefully remove from them, as from a pestilence, those infected subjects, whose resemblance they would shudder to see them. The garment of affectation once put on, like that of the fated Nessus, grows to the wearer. Should her complacency ever be so far alarmed as to make her attempt to doff it, may vainly fancy she has succeeded, by simply pulling it around, and exhibiting it under a different aspect. Should she be so fortunate as to have the most invaluable, because the rarest of friends,—one who will neither flatter, nor shrink from the task of the faithful anatomy of her heart, and the development of the fatal poison which lurks at its core, and be brought sincerely to desire its removal,—let her, while she earnestly applies to it her own rigid examinations, fervently invoke the aid of a mightier physician, who cleansing her heart, will restore her to a place a little less than the angels, of whom I am an

ADORER.

OUR readers are apprised that the poet Willis has for some time past, been employed in making the grand tour of Europe—a kind of literary reconnoissance, not only for his own benefit and gratification, but also for the purpose, we suppose, of enriching the columns of the *New York Mirror* (of which periodical he is one of the Editors,) with the various results of his observation. With many of his letters, or “first impressions” as they are called, we acknowledge ourselves to have been much delighted. His sketches of character and scenery are generally very impressive, and whilst on the one hand he avoids the too common fault of American writers,—a wearisome profusion of words—he does not, on the other, disdain the graces of ornament, or the beauties of amplification. It appears that he is at last peeping into the concerns of our venerable ancestor, John Bull. We hope that he will give a fair and candid account of the old gentleman’s virtues, as well as his faults and peculiarities, “nothing extenuating, nor setting down aught in malice.”—The following letter is very interesting.

WILLIS'S IMPRESSIONS OF LONDON.

FROM the top of Shooter’s Hill we got our first view of London—an indistinct, architectural mass, extending all

round to the horizon, and half enveloped in a dim and lurid smoke. “That is St. Paul’s!—there is Westminster Abbey!—there is the Tower of London!” What directions were these to follow for the first time with the eye!

From Blackheath, (seven or eight miles from the centre of London,) the beautiful hedges disappeared, and it was one continued mass of buildings. The houses were amazingly small, a kind of thing that would do for an object in an imitation perspective park, but the soul of neatness pervaded them. Trellises were nailed between the little windows, roses quite overshadowed the low doors, a painted fence enclosed the hand’s breadth of grass-plot, and very, oh, *very* sweet faces bent over lapsful of work beneath the snowy and looped-up curtains. It was all home-like and amiable. There was an *affectionateness* in the mere outside of every one of them.

After crossing Waterloo bridge, it was busy work for the eyes. The brilliant shops, the dense crowds of people, the absorbed air of every passenger, the lovely women, the cries, the flying vehicles of every description, passing with the most dangerous speed—accustomed as I am to large cities, it quite made me giddy. We got into a “jarvey” at the coach-office, and in half an hour I was in comfortable quarters, with windows looking down St. James’-street, and the most interesting leaf of my life to turn over. “Great emotions interfere little with the mechanical operations of life,” however, and I dressed and dined, though it was my first hour in London.

I was sitting in the little parlor alone, over a fried sole and a mutton cutlet, when the waiter came in, and pleading the crowded state of the hotel, asked my permission to spread the other side of the table for a clergyman. I have a kindly preference for the cloth, and made not the slightest objection. Enter a fat man, with top-boots and a hunting whip, rosy as Bacchus, and excessively out of breath with mounting one flight of stairs. Beefsteak and potatoes, a pot of porter and a bottle of sherry followed close on his heels. With a single apology for the intrusion, the reverend gentleman fell to, and we ate and drank for a while in true English silence.

“From Oxford, sir, I presume,” he said at last, pushing back his plate, with an air of satisfaction.

“No, I had never the pleasure of seeing Oxford.”

“R-e-ally! may I take a glass of wine with you, sir?”

We got on swimmingly. He would not believe I had never been in England till the day before, but his cordiality was no colder for that. We exchanged port and sherry, and a most amicable understanding found its way down with the wine. Our table was near the window, and a great crowd began to collect at the corner of St. James’ street. It was the king’s birth-day, and the people were thronging to see the nobility come in state from the royal levee. The show was less splendid than the same thing in Rome or Vienna, but it excited far more of my admiration. Gaudiness and tinsel were exchanged for plain richness and perfect fitness in the carriages and harness, while the horses were incomparably finer. My friend pointed out to me the different liveries as they turned the corner into Piccadilly, the duke of Wellington’s among others. I looked hard to see his grace; but the two pale and beautiful faces on the

back seat, carried nothing like the military nose on the handles of the umbrellas.

The annual procession of mail coaches followed, and it was hardly less brilliant. The drivers and guard in their bright red and gold uniforms, the admirable horses driven so beautifully, the neat harness, the exactness with which the room of each horse was calculated, and the small space in which he worked, and the compactness and contrivance of the coaches, formed altogether one of the most interesting spectacles I have ever seen. My friend, the clergyman, with whom I had walked out to see them pass, criticised the different teams *con amore*, but in language which I did not always understand. I asked him once for an explanation; but he looked rather grave, and said something about "gammon," evidently quite sure that my ignorance of London was a mere quiz.

We walked down Piccadilly, and turned into, beyond all comparison, the most handsome street I ever saw. The Toledo of Naples, the Corso of Rome, the Kohlmarkt of Vienna, the Rue de la Paix and Boulevards of Paris, have each impressed me strongly with their magnificence, but they are really nothing to Regent-street. I had merely time to get a glance at it before dark; but for breadth and convenience, for the elegance and variety of the buildings, though all of the same scale and material, and for the brilliancy and expensiveness of the shops, it seemed to me quite absurd to compare it with any thing between New York and Constantinople—Broadway and the Hippodrome included.

It is the custom for the king's tradesmen to illuminate their shops on his majesty's birth-night, and the principal streets on our return were in a blaze of light. The crowd was immense. None but the lower order seemed abroad, and I cannot describe to you the effect on my feelings on hearing my own language spoken by every man, woman and child about me. It seemed a completely foreign country in every other respect, different from what I had imagined, different from my own and all that I had seen, and coming to it last, it seemed to me the farthest off and strangest country of all—and yet the little sweep, who went laughing through the crowd, spoke a language that I had heard attempted in vain by thousands of educated people, and that I had grown to consider next to unattainable by others, and almost useless to myself. Still, it did not make me feel at home. Every thing else about me was too new. It was like some mysterious change in my own ears—a sudden power of comprehension, such as a man might feel who was cured suddenly of deafness. You can scarcely enter into my feelings till you have had the changes of French, Italian, German, Greek, Turkish, Illyrian, and the mixtures and dialects of each, rung upon your hearing almost exclusively, as I have for years. I wandered about as if I were exercising some supernatural faculty in a dream.

A friend in Italy had kindly given me a letter to lady Blessington, and with a strong curiosity to see this celebrated lady, I called on her the second day after my arrival in London. It was "deep i' the afternoon," but I had not yet learned the full meaning of "town hours."—"Her ladyship had not come down to breakfast." I gave the letter and my address to the powdered footman, and had scarce reached home when a note arrived inviting me to call the same evening at ten.

In a long library lined alternately with splendidly-bound books and mirrors, and with a deep window of the breadth of the room, opening upon Hyde Park, I found lady Blessington alone. The picture to my eye, as the door opened, was a very lovely one. A woman of remarkable beauty half buried in a fauteuil of yellow satin, reading by a magnificent lamp, suspended from the centre of the arched ceiling; sofas, couches, ottomans and busts arranged in rather a crowded sumptuousness through the room; enamel tables, covered with expensive and elegant trifles in every corner, and a delicate white hand relieved on the back of a book, to which the eye was attracted by the blaze of its diamond rings. As the servant mentioned my name, she rose and gave me her hand very cordially, and a gentleman entering immediately after, she presented me to her son-in-law, Count D'Orsay, the well-known Pelham of London, and certainly the most splendid specimen of a man and a well-dressed one that I had ever seen. Tea was brought in immediately, and conversation went swimmingly on.

Her ladyship's inquiries were principally about America, of which, from long absence, I knew very little.—She was extremely curious to know the degrees of reputation the present popular authors of England enjoy among us, particularly Bulwer, Galt, and D'Israeli, (the author of Vivian Grey.) "If you will come to-morrow night," she said, "you will see Bulwer. I am delighted that he is popular in America. He is envied and abused by all the literary men of London, for nothing, I believe, except that he gets five hundred pounds for his books and they fifty, and knowing this, he chooses to assume a pride, (some people call it puppyism,) which is only the armor of a sensitive mind, afraid of a wound. He is to his friends the most frank and gay creature in the world, and open to boyishness with those who he thinks understand and value him. He has a brother, Henry, who is as clever as himself in a different vein, and is just now publishing a book on the present state of France. Bulwer's wife, you know, is one of the most beautiful women in London, and his house is the resort of both fashion and talent. He is just now hard at work on a new book, the subject of which is the last days of Pompeii. The hero is a Roman dandy, who wastes himself in luxury, till this great catastrophe rouses him and develops a character of the noblest capabilities.—Is Galt much liked?"

I answered to the best of my knowledge that he was not. His life of Byron was a stab at the dead body of the noble poet, which, for one, I never could forgive, and his books were clever, but vulgar. He was evidently not a gentleman in his mind. This was the opinion I had formed in America, and I had never heard another.

"I am sorry for it," said Lady B., "for he is the dearest and best old man in the world. I know him well.—He is just on the verge of the grave, but comes to see me now and then, and if you had known how shockingly Byron treated him, you would only wonder at his sparing his memory so much."

"*Nil mortuis nisi bonum*," I thought, would have been a better course. If he had reason to dislike him, he had better not have written since he was dead.

"Perhaps—perhaps. But Galt has been all his life miserably poor, and lived by his books. That must be his apology. Do you know the D'Israeli in America?"

I assured her ladyship that the "Curiosities of Lite-

ature," by the father, and "Vivian Grey and Contarini Fleming," by the son, were universally known.

"I am pleased at that, too, for I like them both. D'Israeli the elder came here with his son the other night.—It would have delighted you to see the old man's pride in him. He is very fond of him, and as he was going away, he patted him on the head, and said to me 'take care of him, lady Blessington, for my sake. He is a clever lad, but he wants ballast. I am glad he has the honor to know you, for you will check him sometimes when I am away!' D'Israeli, the elder, lives in the country about twenty miles from town, and seldom comes up to London. He is a very plain old man in his manners, as plain as his son is the reverse. D'Israeli, the younger, is quite his own character of Vivian Grey, crowded with talent, but very *soigne* of his curls, and a bit of a coxcomb. There is no reserve about him, however, and he is the only *joyous* dandy I ever saw."

I asked if the account I had seen in some American paper of a literary celebration at Canandaigua, and the engraving of her ladyship's name with some others upon a rock, was not a quiz.

"Oh, by no means. I was equally flattered and amused by the whole affair. I have a great idea of taking a trip to America to see it. Then the letter, commencing 'Most charming countess—for charming you must be since you have written the conversations of Lord Byron'—oh, it was quite delightful. I have shown it to every body. By the way, I receive a great many letters from America, from people I never heard of, written in the most extraordinary style of compliment, apparently in perfectly good faith. I hardly know what to make of them."

I accounted for it by the perfect seclusion in which great numbers of cultivated people live in our country, who, having neither intrigue, nor fashion, nor twenty other things to occupy their minds as in England, depend entirely upon books, and consider an author who has given them pleasure as a friend. America, I said, has probably more literary enthusiasts than any country in the world; and there are thousands of romantic minds in the interior of New England, who know perfectly every writer this side the water, and hold them all in affectionate veneration, scarcely conceivable by a sophisticated European. If it were not for such readers, literature would be the most thankless of vocations. I, for one, would never write another line.

"And do you think these are the people who write to me? If I could think so, I should be exceedingly happy. People in England are refined down to such heartlessness—criticism, private and public, is so interested and so cold, that it is really delightful to know there is a more generous tribunal. Indeed I think all our authors now are beginning to write for America. We think already a great deal of your praise or censure."

I asked if her ladyship had known many Americans.

"Not in London, but a great many abroad. I was with Lord Blessington in his yacht at Naples, when the American fleet was lying there, eight or ten years ago, and we were constantly on board your ships. I knew Commodore Creighton and Captain Deacon extremely well, and liked them particularly. They were with us, either on board the yacht or the frigate every evening, and I remember very well the bands playing always

"God save the King," as we went up the side. Count D'Orsay here, who spoke very little English at that time, had a great passion for Yankee Doodle, and it was always played at his request."

The count, who still speaks the language with a very slight accent, but with a choice of words that shows him to be a man of uncommon tact and elegance of mind, inquired after several of the officers, whom I have not the pleasure of knowing. He seemed to remember his visits to the frigate with great pleasure. The conversation, after running upon a variety of topics, which I could not with propriety put into a letter for the public eye, turned very naturally upon Byron. I had frequently seen the Countess Guiccioli on the continent, and I asked lady Blessington if she knew her.

"No. We were at Pisa when they were living together, but though Lord Blessington had the greatest curiosity to see her, Byron would never permit it. 'She has a red head of her own,' said he, 'and don't like to show it.' Byron treated the poor creature dreadfully ill. She feared more than she loved him."

She had told me the same thing herself in Italy.

It would be impossible, of course, to make a full and fair record of a conversation of some hours. I have only noted one or two topics which I thought most likely to interest an American reader. During all this long visit, however, my eyes were very busy in finishing for memory a portrait of the celebrated and beautiful woman before me.

The portrait of lady Blessington in the Book of Beauties is not unlike her, but it is still an unfavorable likeness. A picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence hung opposite me, taken, perhaps, at the age of eighteen, which is more like her, and as captivating a representation of a just matured woman, full of loveliness and love, the kind of creature with whose divine sweetness the gazer's heart aches, as ever was drawn in the painter's most inspired hour. The original is now (she confessed it very frankly) forty. She looks something on the sunny side of thirty. Her person is full, but preserves all the fineness of an admirable shape; her foot is not crowded in a satin slipper, for which a Cinderella might long be looked for in vain, and her complexion, (an unusually fair skin, with very dark hair and eyebrows,) is of even a girlish delicacy and freshness. Her dress of blue satin, (if I am describing her like a milliner, it is because I have here and there a reader of the mirror in my eye who will be amused by it,) was cut low and folded across her bosom, in a way to show to advantage the round and sculpture-like curve and whiteness of a pair of exquisite shoulders, while her hair dressed close to her head, and parted simply on her forehead with a rich *ferronier* of turquoise, enveloped in clear outline a head with which it would be difficult to find a fault.—Her features are regular, and her mouth, the most expressive of them, has a ripe fulness and freedom of play, peculiar to the Irish physiognomy, and expressive of the most unsuspecting good humour. Add to all this a voice merry and sad by turns, but always musical, and manners of the most unpretending elegance, yet even more remarkable for their winning kindness, and you have the prominent traits of one of the most lovely and fascinating women I have ever seen. Remembering her talents and her rank, and the unenvying admiration she receives from the world of fashion and genius, it

would be difficult to reconcile her lot to the "doctrine of compensation."

There is one remark I may as well make here, with regard to the personal descriptions and anecdotes with which my letters from England will of course be filled. It is quite a different thing from publishing such letters in London. America is much farther off from England than England from America. You in New York read the periodicals of this country, and know every thing that is done or written here, as if you lived within the sound of Bow-bell. The English, however, just know of our existence, and if they get a general idea twice a year of our progress in politics, they are comparatively well informed. Our periodical literature is never even heard of. Of course, there can be no offence to the individuals themselves in any thing which a visiter could write, calculated to convey an idea of the person or manners of distinguished people to the American public. I mention it lest, at first thought, I might seem to have abused the hospitality or frankness of those on whom letters of introduction have given me claims for civility.

N. P. W.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

To Miss C——, on her coquetry.

"Go to," and quit thy idle ways
Thou winning little creature;
A mind of nobler import plays,
Around thy every feature.

Why waste those powers, by heav'n design'd
To win true hearts and wear them?
To wreck the peace of half mankind,
Who let thy arts ensnare them?

In thy pursuit 'tis all the same,
The simple, wise, or learned,
Alike are fuel for thy flame—
Are on thy altar burned.

Nay, say not "no!"—within that hall,
Hallowed by deeds of ages,
I've seen thy look around thee call
Virginia's proudest sages.

I've seen thee, 'midst the festive scene,
With fools and fops in waiting,
Essay to conquer things too mean,
For pity, love, or hating.

Go, quit it all—'tis weak—'tis vain—
'Tis wicked—nay, 'tis cruel;
Thy native truth alone can gain
For thee, the brightest jewel.

B.

Richmond, Feb. 1835.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Written for Miss M—— T——'s Album.

MARY, thou wert a lovely child!
A sweeter cherub never smiled!
Tho' since we have not often met,
Those days I well remember yet;
When, in thy sportiveness and glee,
Thou wert a favorite with me;
And told me, in thy frolic mood,
The story of Red-riding-hood—

In words I ne'er could understand—
They seemed sweet sounds from fairy land.

Time's changes numberless had passed
O'er thee when I beheld thee last,
Yet still I thought that I could trace
The same expression in thy face;
Only that then it was refined
By the bright impress of the mind—
For years had failed to steal away
The artlessness of childhood's day.
In nature's richest tints arrayed,
Thy cheek the bloom of health displayed;
And in its varying flush, I read
All that thy lips had left unsaid.

Mary, I thought thee lovely then—
Oh! may'st thou long thy charms retain,
And ne'er thine eyes their witness bear
To any but compassion's tear!
May life's fast flowing stream, for thee
Roll smoothly bright, and buoyantly—
Bearing thee calmly on thy way,
To realms of ever-shining day;
To regions of eternal peace,
Where joys live on and sorrows cease.

E. A. S.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LINES

Written on the Pillar erecting by Mrs. Barlow, to the memory of her husband, Minister of the United States at Paris.

WHERE o'er the Polish deserts trackless way,
Relentless Winter rules with savage sway,
Where the shrill polar storms, as wild they blow,
Seem to repeat some plaint of mortal woe;
Far o'er the cheerless space, the traveller's eye
Shall this recording pillar long desery,
And give the sod a tear where Barlow lies,
He who was simply great and nobly wise;
Here led by Patriot zeal, he met his doom,
And found amid the frozen wastes a tomb—
Far from his native soil the Poet fell,
Far from that Western World he sung so well.
Nor she, so long beloved, nor she was nigh,
To catch the dying look—the parting sigh!
She, who, the hopeless anguish to beguile,
In fond memorial rears the funeral pile;
Whose widowed bosom, on Columbia's shore,
Shall mourn the moments that return no more—
While bending o'er the broad Atlantic wave,
Sad fancy hovers on the distant grave.

H. M. WILLIAMS.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

To one who will understand me.

MEMORY! within thy deepest cell
A recollection glows;
A burning thought—whose magic spell
Can charm away my woes:
It gushes o'er my troubled soul
In lava streams of joy,
Its talismanic power can roll
The darkness from my sky;

It thrills my heart with ecstasy,
That ever present thought!
And, oh! it were too sweet to die
With mind so richly fraught:
And who is she for whom my heart,
My feelings, harmonize?
And who is she that has the art
To chain my sympathies?

Thine is the brightness of the eye,
Which tide nor time can dim;
Thy voice is softer than the sigh
Of love, or angel's hymn;
The rose is thine—but not the hue
That fadeth with the morn—
Thy color's deeper when the dew
Away from flower is gone—
When all beside is bleak and drear
Thy genial blushes rise,
Like flow'rets of the northern year,
That bloom amid the ice;
But more than all, thy beauty brings
In her imperial train;
And more than all, thy magic flings
To dim the dizzened brain.
Yes! more than these—than rosy cheek—
Is thy pure lofty mind;
Thy nature calm, and soft and meek,
With warmth of heart conjoined.
These are the charms that deck *thee* most,
With radiance deep and pure,—
These are the flow'rs that thou may'st boast,
When beauty's hour is o'er:
Thy world may fade—its glory past,—
But in the sky afar,
Thy mind will shine undimmed at last,
A high and holy star!
Go to the East—it is thy home—
In nature like to thee;
And while o'er beds of flowers you roam,
No breeze, no bird so free—
And while you breathe the Attar-Gul
Of fragrant memory,
Your heart with thrilling joy so full,
It throbs like summer sea;
Oh! then should thought of times gone by,
With dew-drop dim thine ee,
May, mid the breeze that dances nigh,
A sigh be heard for me.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

EXTRACT FROM AN UNFINISHED POEM.

THERE is a form before me now,
A spirit with a peerless brow,
And locks of gold that lightly lie,
Like clouds on the air of a sunset sky,
And a glittering eye, whose beauty blends
With more than mortal tenderness,
As bright a ray as Heaven sends
To light those orbs, where the pure and blest
Are taking their eternal rest.
Sweet Spirit! thou hast stolen afar
From thy home in yonder crystal Star,

That I might look on thee, and bless
Thy kindness and thy loveliness.

How oft against these prison bars

I have leaned my head, and gazed for hours
Upon the wonder-telling stars;

Thinking, if in their sinless bowers

The memory of this planet dim

E'er mingles with thy blissful dream.

And when low winds were stealing by,

I have sometimes closed my weary eye;

And fancied the sigh that was silently stealing
Through my damp hair, was thine own breathing:

Then would I lay me down upon

This carpetless cold flinty stone,

And pray—how long! how fervently!

To look on thee once more and die.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

MOONLIGHT.

THE half-orbed Moon hangs out her silvery lamp,

A liquid lustre pouring o'er the scene;

While silk-winged zephyrs bathed in dewy damp

Scarce move the pensile leaves, or break the calm
serene.

Radiant she rests upon the brow of night,

The lucid diadem that crowns the sky;

So softly beautiful, so mildly bright,

She sways the ravished heart, and feeds the insatiate
eye.

In jocund *boyhood* erst her magic face

Impressed no feeling but a gentle joy;

For moonlit memory knew not then to trace

The saddened scenes of youth that later hopes alloy.

When dawning *manhood*, fired by fancy's ray,

Enrobed all nature in her rainbow hues,

Then fond affection loved at eve to stray

And, gazing on the Moon, with thrilling heart to
muse.

But when *advancing years* have broke the ties

Formed at the altar of the Moonlit Heaven,

The thoughts of buried joys in sadness rise,

And tear-drops glisten in the silent light of even.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO HOPE.

O! ever skilled to wear the form we love!

To bid the shapes of fear and grief depart,

Come gentle Hope! with one soft smile remove

The wasting sadness of an aching heart.

Thy voice benign, enchantress let me hear;

Say that for me some pleasures yet shall bloom;

That Fancy's radiance, Friendship's precious tear

Shall brighten or shall soothe misfortune's gloom.

But come not glowing with the dazzling ray,

Which once, with dear illusions charmed my eye!

O! strew no more, sweet flatterer! on my way,

The flowers I fondly thought too bright to die.

Visions less fair will soothe my pensive breast,

That asks not Happiness, but longs for rest.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO THE BIBLE.

Go, Holy Book !
 Tell those whom many woes assail
 On thee to look ;
 They'll find how weak it is to wail
 Though every earthly comfort fail.

The Orphan's tear
 Go wipe away, and bid his heart
 To be of cheer ;
 Heal thou his bosom's sorest smart,
 And gild with Hope misfortune's dart.

Say thou to those,
 Shut out from every good on earth,
 Lost to repose,
 Baptized in sorrow at their birth,
 That worldly joy's of little worth.

The poor soul tell,
 The poor, lone, wretched, friendless man,
 Though his heart swell,
 The ways of God, he must not scan—
 But trust the Universal plan.

Tell poor disease,
 Bravely to bear the piercing pain ;
 Eternal ease,
 Waits those who do not poorly plain,
 And worldly loss is heavenly gain.

Tell those who sigh
 Over some friend's untimely doom,
 That all must die ;
 He whom they saw laid in the tomb,
 In God's own paradise may bloom.

Go, say to those
 Doom'd still to groan and till the soil,
 That soon repose
 Shall wipe away their drops of toil,
 And stay for aye their weary moil.

Tell those who pine
 In the damp dungeon's dreary gloom,
 There yet will shine
 Through their poor melancholy dome,
 A light to guide their footsteps home.

Tell the Pilgrim,
 When storms are blackening round his head,
 'Tis good for him ;
 What though his thorn torn feet have bled,
 The heart's blood of his God was shed.

The Mariner,
 Who bides the tempest's fiercest blaze,
 Bid not to fear ;
 Though thunders hurtle in the air,
 The Launcher of the thunder's there.

Tell those who fear
 Their sins can never be forgiven,
 To be of cheer—
 If they have call'd on God and striven,
 There's mercy for them still in Heaven.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

On seeing the Junction of the Susquehanna and Lackawanna Rivers.

Rush on, broad stream, in thy power and pride,
 To claim the hand of thy promis'd bride,—
 She doth haste from the realm of the darken'd mine,
 To mingle her murmur'd vows with thine ;
 Ye have met, ye have met,—and the shores prolong
 The liquid tone of your nuptial song.

Methinks ye wed as the white man's son
 And the child of the Indian king have done ;
 I saw thy bride as she strove in vain
 To cleanse her brow from the carbon stain,—
 But the dowry she brings, is so rich and true,
 That thy love must not shrink from the tawny hue.

Her birth was rude in the mountain cell,
 And her infant freaks there are none to tell ;
 The path of her beauty was wild and free,
 And in dell and forest she hid from thee,—
 But the time of her fond caprice is o'er,
 And she seeks to part from thy breast no more.

Pass on, in the joy of your blended tide,
 Thro' the land where the blessed Miquon* died ;
 No red man's blood with its guilty stain,
 Hath cried unto God, from that green domain ;
 With the seeds of peace they have seen the soil
 Bring a harvest of wealth for their hour of toil.

On,—on,—thro' the vale where the brave ones sleep,
 Where the waving foliage is rich and deep ;
 I have look'd from the mountain and roam'd thro' the
 glen,
 To the beautiful homes of the western men,
 Yet naught in that realm of enchantment could see,
 So fair as the Vale of Wyoming to me.

Hartford, Conn.

L. H. S.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

HOPES AND SORROWS.

THE fitful beam
 Of the rippled fountain,
 The purple gleam
 Of the eve-lit mountain,
 The vanishing glance
 Of the meteors motion,
 The lights that dance
 On the darkened ocean,

Are the faithful types of the *hopes* that won us,
 While the dew of our youth still sparkled upon us.

The arid sands
 Of the sun-dried river,
 The rock that stands
 Where lightnings quiver,
 The pitiless rush
 Of the earthquake's ruin,
 The startling hush
 Of the sea-storm brewing,

Are as truly types of the *sorrows* that found us,
 When the hopes that we nursed had all fled from
 around us.

* The Indian name for William Penn.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE WANDERER.

BY ALEX. LACEY BEARD, M. D.

ALONG the devious paths of life,
A wild and wayward wand'rer, I,
Have steered my bark mid passion's strife,
And where destruction's pitfalls lie.

When on a dark and rock-bound shore,
My bark was wildly tempest tost,
And o'er the breakers' sullen roar,
Arose the fearful cry—*all's lost!*

I shrunk not from the raging blast,
But with a bold and reckless hand
I steered her on, till she had past
The stormy sea and rocky strand.

A fierce enthusiast, I have dared
To risk my all, upon one cast,—
Have seen the danger,—nor have feared,
What others looked upon aghast.

Disease has laid her iron hand,
With no weak grasp, my frame upon,
But all her power could not withstand
The spirit which has borne me on.

A demon some have called me—yet,
Admit that with my spirit blends,
A feeling strangely to forget
All thought of self, in aid of friends.

A madman some have deemed me—and,
In sooth, dark shadows often run
Across my mind, as o'er the land,
When darkest clouds obscure the sun.

I often wish to die—and flee
Far, far away from earth, that I
May search the dim unknown, and see
What wonders in its bosom lie.

'Tis not because life has no charm,—
I love the gay and laughing stream;
I love the glowing sunshine warm;
I love Old Luna's silvery beam.

I love to gaze on maiden's eye,
Though it has often been my bane;
I love on courser swift to fly,
Like arrow o'er the flowery plain.

Yet still, my wayward soul will oft,
Cherish the wish to pass that bound,
Which spans this life, and seek aloft
For bliss which here is never found.

But now my lyre begins to fail
I'll cease my lone and wand'ring song.
Fearful lest with my idle wail,
I linger o'er the chords too long.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

TRUE RICHES AND GLORY.

For fortune's prize let others pant,
And count the "yellow slave,"
No joys can gathered jewels grant,
No sickening sorrows save—
But bustling and jostling
To swell the treasured heap,
It cloy us, annoys us,
And leaves the heart to weep.

Let others climb the dizzy height
Where glory shines afar,
Alas! renown is but the light
That decks the falling star.
Still driving and striving
To reach the radiant prize,
We grasp it and clasp it,
And in our touch it dies.

But, oh! let mine the treasure be
That social joys impart,
And mine the glory, sympathy
Beams on the feeling heart—
Still soothing and smoothing
The grief of friends distrest,
And lending and spending,
That others may be blest.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE DEATH OF THE MOTHERLESS.

"As the little one turned for the last time, his tenderly beam-
ing eyes on all around, they seemed to say 'Father!—she
calls,—I go,—farewell,—farewell.'"

"Who calleth thee, my darling boy?
What voice is in thine ear?"
He answer'd not, but murmur'd on
In words that none might hear;
And still prolong'd the whispering tone,
As if in fond reply
To some dear object of delight
That fix'd his dying eye.

And then, with that confiding smile
First by his Mother taught,
When freely on her breast he laid
His troubled infant thought,
And meekly as a placid flower
O'er which the dew-drops weep,
He bow'd him on his painful bed,
And slept the unbroken sleep.

But if in yon immortal clime
Where flows no parting tear,
That root of earthly love may grow
Which struck so deeply here,
With what a tide of boundless bliss,
A thrill of rapture wild,
An angel mother in the skies,
Must greet her cherub child.

Hartford, Conn.

L. H. S.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LETTERS FROM A SISTER.

LETTER EIGHTH.

Hotel des Invalides—Chamber of Deputies—Pont Louis 16th—
Bridges of Paris—The Pont Neuf.

PARIS, ———.

My dear Jane :

"Let them gild the dome of the Hotel des Invalides," said Napoleon to an officer, who informed him that unless the war in Italy was discontinued, there would certainly be a revolution in Paris. The mandate was issued, the dome covered with the shining leaf, and the minds of the people immediately turned from the operations of war, to those of the artisans employed on the cupola of the military asylum. Napoleon foresaw this, for well he knew the character of his subjects. A mere trifle, having *novelty* to recommend it, attracts their notice, engages their attention, and forms the theme of their conversation for a long while—at least, until another new bubble arises. This we must own is a happy disposition, and better calculated to render a nation contented and joyous, than the sober, phlegmatic temperament of our Islanders.

Thus, my dear Jane, have I managed to describe to you in a very few words—the dome of the Invalids and the character of the Parisians. Knowing you hate prolixity, I rejoice at my success, and for the same reason, proceed without delay, to give you an account of the Hospital in question. It is a stately edifice, and was erected by Louis 14th, for the reception of brave and disabled old soldiers. In approaching it, you traverse a vast esplanade embellished with a fountain and bordered by a grove of lofty trees, with seats beneath them, to tempt the lounge and rest the weary; some of them were occupied by veterans whom I readily imagined to be telling "how fields were won." We spent three hours in their noble asylum, examining its spacious halls and dormitories, its cleanly and well arranged kitchen, its library and magnificent church, and its cabinet of architecture, which consists of two large rooms, containing models of all the fortified towns in the kingdom. These are most ingeniously and beautifully executed, and give you a perfect idea of the places they represent. The council chamber adjoins the library, and this and two other apartments are decorated with the portraits of the deceased marshals of France; while the originals are living, their likenesses are deposited in the "Salle des Maréchaux," at the Palace of the Tuilleries. In the church we saw the mausoleum of Turenne and that of the famous engineer Vauban.* The interior of the dome and the ceilings of six chapels surrounding it are richly painted, and the tessellated pavement, interspersed with fleurs de lis and other symbols, is exceedingly beautiful. Three hundred flags, the spoils of different nations, were once suspended from the dome; but when the allies entered Paris the *invalid* warriors tore them down to prevent their being retaken.

From the Hotel des Invalides we rode to the Chamber of Deputies, adjoining the palace of Bourbon, and situated on the southern bank of the Seine, which

* He was deformed, and being once asked by the king what his enemies thought of his back,—“Sire, (he replied) they have never seen it.”

separates it from the "Place Louis Quinze." It is a handsome building, adorned with statues and corinthian columns, and has a pleasant garden attached to it; the deputies hold their assemblies in a semicircular hall, lighted from the top and appropriately arranged. Monsieur de N—— was so kind and polite as to send us tickets, and we have been twice to hear the debates; they were very animated, though whenever a member wished to speak, he was obliged to curb the *spirit that moved him*, until he could cross the floor and mount a rostrum, which delay I should think is most unfavorable to extemporary eloquence. Returning, we passed over the Pont Louis Seize, and examined the twelve colossal figures of white marble, that have recently been placed on it; they are masterly pieces of sculpture, but too gigantic for the size of the bridge and their approximation to you. There are no less than seventeen bridges athwart the Seine, but not one of them can be compared to those of Waterloo, Blackfriar's, or Westminster at London, as regards strength or magnitude. The Pont Neuf is the largest; it is more than sixty feet wide, and lined on each side with stalls of every description; the passengers are continually beset by the importunities of the shoe-black, the dog-shaver, the ballad singer, the bird seller, the fruiterer, the pedler, the vender of second-hand books, and various other petty dealers. Good night, dear sister. My paper and candle warn me to conclude, which I fear you will not regret.

LEONTINE.

LETTER NINTH.

Arrival of friends—Voyage from London to Calais—Route from
Calais to Paris—Levee at the Minister's of the Marine—Ex-
piatory Chapel.

PARIS, ———.

My dear Jane :

We were agreeably surprised the day before yesterday, while at dinner, by the arrival of the Danvilles, the American family with whom we were so charmed at Bath last summer. Leonora is as likely as ever, and delighted at the idea of spending the fall and winter here; she expects too, to be joined by her cousin Marcello, of whom we have heard her speak with such affection and admiration. She has been so good as to let me read her journal, and I have obtained her permission to transcribe a part of it for your perusal. It concerns the journey from Calais to Paris, and as I have given you a sketch of that from Havre here, this will enable you to compare the two routes. I dare say you will like, also, to read her observations about the Thames and our steam boats. She writes thus:

"Soon after leaving London, the Thames quite astonished me. I had no idea it was so considerable a river. For many miles it is broad and winding, and each shore presents fine scenery. We had a good view of several noted towns, and remarked the superb hospital at Greenwich and the royal dock yard at Woolwich, where ships of war are made. At Gravesend we passed two vessels transporting convicts to Botany Bay, and I regretted to observe that the women were more numerous than the men.

"The motion of the English steam boats is still more disagreeable than that of ours, but their machinery is less noisy. Coal being used for fuel instead of wood, the passengers soon look dingy in face and dress: therefore

one should not travel in them handsomely clad, as clothes are quickly ruined by the smoke and dust. There is no particular hour for breakfast; each person calls for it when it suits his pleasure, and has a table to himself. Dinner is served at five o'clock.

"We reached Calais about eight P. M. At the custom house the officers were not strict in their examination of our baggage; this surprised us, for we had understood that they were always very rigid in performing this troublesome duty. Perhaps our being Americans was the cause of their moderation in disturbing our trunks and boxes,—for the French like *us* almost as much as they detest the *English*. On landing, we were highly diverted at the scene on the Quay. The instant we left the boat we were beset with men and boys on every side, recommending different hotels,—and frequently cards of address were absolutely forced into our hands. When one overheard another advising any of us to go to a particular house, he would cry out, "never do you mind that fellow, ma'am, (or sir) he tells a lie; he always tells lies!" Or, "no such thing, sir; that house is full, sir; you can't get in, and he *knows* it!" Or, "that hotel is not a good one, sir,—indeed it is not; try mine, sir; mine's a palace to it!" and fifty other such droll speeches, at which (tormented as we were) we could not help laughing. Sometimes they would even seize us by the arm and entreat us to accompany them to their hotel, if only to see how comfortable it was. These *besiegers* (we have since been told) receive a trifle from every innkeeper to whom they carry a guest, and it is their anxiety to obtain this fee, that renders them so annoying to travellers.

"Ere leaving Calais we had sufficient leisure to walk about the town and visit the church, the town hall on the "place d'armes," and the column on the pier commemorating the landing of Louis 18th, on the 24th of April, 1814. It is a plain stone pillar, surmounted by a ball and a fleur de lis. In front of it is a representation in bronze of the print of the king's foot (or rather his shoe) upon the spot he first stepped on from the vessel. We found the country between Calais and Paris uninteresting, and generally barren. Once or twice we had a fine view of the sea. The French villages appeared horribly dirty after the exquisite neatness of those in England. The highways presented a bustling and entertaining scene; for men and women, boys and girls, gaily dressed, continually passed us, carrying baskets of fruit, riding on donkeys, or driving along pigs, sheep, cows, or geese. The venders of fruit would frequently jump up behind our carriage, and thrust in at the window, peaches, pears and grapes, beseeching us to buy them, and assuring us we had never tasted better in all our lives. Whenever we stopped at an inn, or ascended a hill, we were surrounded by dozens of paupers, begging for a sous. Sometimes they looked so miserable, it was impossible to refuse; at others, we were fain to bestow it in order to get rid of them. Little urchins would also solicit a penny, and scamper after us a considerable distance, often springing up behind and sticking their heads into the coach. Upon the whole I am contented with our journey hither, for if it was not picturesque it was highly amusing.

"The principal towns we have passed through, are Boulogne, Abbeville, and Beauvais. The first is said to have been founded by Julius Ceasar; and Le Sage,

the author of *Gil Blas*, died there in 1747; the house in which he expired, is yet shewn as a curiosity. Within a mile of Boulogne is a corinthian column, which Bonaparte began to erect as a memento of his victories over the English; he left it unfinished, and Louis 18th had it completed for his own honor and glory."

Thus far, dear sister, I have copied from Leonora's diary; now for something of my own. Last night we were at Mr. de Neuville's grand levee; he has one every week, and being exceedingly popular, his rooms are generally crowded. We saw there, many distinguished characters; among them, Monsieur de Chateaubriand, whose travels have afforded us so much entertainment and instruction, and General Saldanha, the brave Portuguese. He has a commanding figure and face, and wears a pair of tremendous mustachios, which are so frightful and so fashionable! To-day we devoted a portion of our time to the Expiatory Chapel, a beautiful building, constructed in honor of Louis 16th and Marie Antoinette; it covers the spot where their remains were first interred; for since the restoration of the Bourbons, these have been conveyed to the royal vault at St. Denis. The entrance and interior of the chapel are very handsome; the light is admitted from the cupola, beneath which are fifteen niches, destined to hold statues of the chief victims of the revolution. There is a neat altar, and the will of Louis and that of his sister, (the Princess Elizabeth) are engraved in golden letters, on two white marble tablets. A subterranean apartment contains another altar, and in front of this a black marble slab bearing an inscription, still designates the original grave of the royal and unfortunate pair. In the court of the chapel many of their faithful Swiss guards are interred. The testament of Louis, wherein he expresses good will towards his enemies and forgiveness of his unloyal and cruel subjects, is very touching. A peasant girl was reading it when we entered, and her cheeks were bedewed with tears.

I regret to inform you that Mamma has had a return of her consumptive cough, and is compelled to drink asses' milk. She is plentifully supplied with it every morning, by an old man who drives a flock of female asses about the streets, and milks them before the door of each customer. The tingling of a little bell, which he carries, gives notice of his arrival whenever he stops. Farewell: kind greetings to those around you,—and above all, to yourself. From

LEONTINE.

LETTER TENTH.

The Luxembourg—The Observatory—Notre Dame—The Pantheon—Madame Malibran—Mlle Sontag.

PARIS, ———.

Dearest Jane:

On inquiring the day of the month, I am quite surprised to find that my pen has been idle nearly a week. I will now try to make up for lost time, by describing to you some of the places we have visited in the interim, and the Luxembourg being first on the list, will commence with that. It is one of the most magnificent palaces in Paris. The exterior is highly embellished; and to use the words of an English tourist, "the architecture throughout is distinguished by its bold and masculine character, and by the regularity and beauty of its proportions." This palace was built by order of

Mary de Medici, the widow of Henry 4th; it afterwards became the property of some of the French nobility, but was finally restored to the crown. During the revolution, it was used as a prison; the senate afterwards occupied it; at present it contains the Chamber of Peers,—and its galleries are filled with the chef d'œuvres of modern artists, whose productions are not admitted into the Louvre until their death. Of course the collection of paintings here is much smaller than at the Louvre, but the pictures are all on the most interesting subjects and are seen to greater advantage, the light being let in from above instead of from the sides of the rooms, as is the case at the Louvre. There are some choice pieces of sculpture; one of them (by Charles Dupaty) represents the Nymph Biblis, changing to a fountain. It is both a singular and ingenious production. The Chamber of Peers, like that of the Deputies, is semicircular in shape; it is hung with blue velvet; and the marble effigies of several orators, legislators and warriors of old, grace its walls. From the ceiling, which is painted, hangs a splendid chandelier. I will only mention one or two more of the apartments—the Salle du Trône,* as being particularly rich, and the billiard room, which is tapestried with white velvet, with various views of Rome beautifully delineated on it in water colors. On the ground floor is the chapel—this is very plain; near it is the gorgeous chamber of Marie de Medicis,—the ceiling, walls, and shutters of which are covered with gilding and arabesque paintings. The principal staircase of the palace is remarkably grand and magnificent; there are forty-eight steps, each twenty feet in length, and formed of a single stone; on the right and left of it, are statues and trophies. The garden of the Luxembourg is shady and pleasant, and has the usual embellishments of gods and goddesses amid fountains and flowers; as you are fond of the marvellous, I will tell you a tradition I have just read respecting it.

There once stood a castle on the site of this garden, which remaining a long while uninhabited, was said to be haunted by frightful demons and apparitions; the whole neighborhood was nightly disturbed by them; no person would venture out after sunset, and finally the inhabitants were compelled, for the sake of rest, to seek other dwellings. In this state of things, the monks of a Carthusian monastery at Gentilly, (who were doubtless at the bottom of the mystery) promised to drive away the malicious spirits by exorcism, if St. Louis would grant them the castle and its appurtenances. Their request was complied with, and they so faithfully performed their part that peace was soon restored and the chateau converted into a convent, which existed about six hundred years.

From the Luxembourg we proceeded through a long sunny avenue, to the observatory. On the left of the road, Arnaud our valet de place, pointed out the spot upon which Marshal Ney was shot. "Regardez, Mesdames! ce fut là (pointing with his finger) l'endroit où le brave Maréchal Ney fut massacré—J'étais présent et il me semble que je le vois tout sanglant dans le moment," said he, shuddering. We paused to look at the once bloody spot, now verdant with grass and so sadly interesting. The observatory may be considered a

wonderful building, for neither iron nor wood have been used in its construction; it is entirely of stone, each piece being ingeniously fitted to another. Four astronomers pursue their avocations here, and have the advantage of a good library and apparatus; there are, likewise, an anemometer for indicating the course of the wind, and a pluviometer for measuring the quantity of rain that falls at Paris. A geometrical staircase leads to the entrance of some spacious caverns where experiments in congelation are made, and these caverns communicate with subterranean galleries that were originally quarries, and extend a considerable distance under the city, containing beautiful stalactites, formed by water oozing through the rocks. We did not see them, for they cannot be entered without a special guide, and a written permission from certain persons appointed by government to superintend and inspect them. But my stars! I have exhausted nearly all my paper, and have yet a dozen places to describe! Well, well, you must be contented with an account of two of the most important; and by the time I have finished with them, I shall have to *squeeze* in my name, no doubt. And now let me decide which of the various objects we have examined, I ought to regard as chief. Why, the mother church of France "Notre Dame," and the Pantheon, to be sure! The first is the most ancient religious structure in the city, and is pronounced to be one of the handsomest in the kingdom. Being built in the Gothic ages, its architecture is according to the fashion of those times, very singular and bold.—The interior of the building corresponds with the outside in curious carving and designs; the choir and the stalls surrounding it are covered with grotesque sculpture. There are no less than thirty chapels, and all of them contain pictures, but they are generally very indifferent. There are several fine ones around the choir—among them the "Visitation," by Jean Jouvenet; this painting was executed entirely with his left hand, after he lost the use of his right by a paralytic stroke. Behind the altar, is a good piece of sculpture by Coustou; the subject is the "descent from the cross." In the vestry room, we were shewn some extraordinary relics,—such as part of the crown of thorns that was worn by our Saviour, and a bit of his cross!! We also saw the regalia of Charlemagne, and the splendid robes given to the priests of this cathedral by Buonaparte at the period of his coronation, upon which occasion they were used; they are embroidered in the richest manner with gold and silver, and amazingly heavy. Numerous sacred festivals are celebrated at Notre Dame in the course of the year; and in August there is to be a procession in fulfilment of a vow made by Louis XIII. This is done on the 15th of that month annually, and the royal family always join in it. We shall go to see it of course; and how I wish you, aunt Margaret and Albert were to be of our party!

The Pantheon, or Church of Saint Geneviève, is a magnificent structure, and its dome is the most striking object that presents itself as you approach Paris. The interior of it is beautifully painted, the artist having chosen for his subject the apotheosis of Louis XVI and his family. When the work was finished, the king went to see it, and after looking at it attentively for a quarter of an hour, he turned to the painter Gros who

* Hall of the Throne.

was anxiously awaiting his opinion, and said to him, "Eh bien Monsieur le *Baron* votre ouvrage est très bien fait!" thus recompensing his talents, by bestowing on him a title of nobility. Saint Geneviève, the patron Saint of Paris, is buried in the Pantheon, and her tomb is always surrounded by lighted tapers, the votive offerings of those who come to demand her intercession for pardon or blessing. In the vaults beneath the church, many distinguished men are interred. Indeed, it was to receive the ashes of such that the Pantheon was designed; and Louis XV, who was the liberal encourager of science and art, was the founder of it.

Contrary to my expectations, I find I've yet space enough to inform you that we have been twice to the Italian Opera, to hear Madame Malibran and Mademoiselle Sontag. The former seems really adored here. At her benefit, many gentlemen voluntarily paid one hundred francs for a ticket, instead of twenty, the actual price. She sings enchantingly and acts with great spirit; so does her rival Mademoiselle Sontag. In fact, I know not to which of these nightingales I prefer listening. Adieu.

LEONTINE.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE FINE ARTS.

"My life's employment and my leisure's charm,
My soul's first choice, my fancy's early flame;
My chance of fortune and my hopes of fame."

Shee.

THERE is no subject on which mankind more unhesitatingly decide, than upon the productions of the pencil, and none perhaps upon which the people of our own country especially, are so little qualified to form a correct judgment. Few works of any excellence ever reach us, and these are for the most part confined to the large cities, where those who visit them are more attracted by the *subject* than the *execution* of the painting. A striking illustration of this, may be found in the crowds which rushed a short time since, to see the immodest and demoralizing exhibition of our *first parents in a state of nudity*—an offence for which Ham was accursed to be a servant of servants to his brethren; and yet our modest maidens, attended by their equally modest beaux, hastened in company to view this production of Parisian profligacy. At the same time, the splendid painting of "Christ rejected" by the eminent West, scarcely attracted notice; and the beautiful "Star of Bethlehem" by Cole, twinkled in an empty hall. Still no one doubts his own intuitive knowledge of the arts!—He does not, indeed, profess to understand the *modus operandi*, by which they are perfected,—but yet he knows exactly what *delights* him, and with equally becoming modesty, knows how to *censure* what he does not like,—although to the real *connoisseur*, the work condemned may perchance be one of superlative beauty and value. There are some who fall into raptures at Cimmerian darkness and obscurity in a picture; they have heard that the works of the old masters are very dark,—*ergo*, all black pictures must be very good. Some have heard that Rubens and Rembrandt, painted with a bold free pencil,—and every daub is therefore free and bold; and there are others the very antipodes of these, who would have the canvass ivory smooth, and always test the excellence of a picture with their

finger's ends. Such are the arbiters of taste, to whom the artist must look for patronage and favor; to whose critical acumen he must sacrifice the highest professional attainments, and all the poetry of imagery, for the prosing portraiture of vulgar nature as the uninstructed eye perceives it. Against such critics, Sir Joshua Reynolds warned his young academicians. "Study not," said he, "to please the many, but the few of cultivated taste." Alas! how few in any age, have given that attention to the subject which is essential to the formation of a correct judgment. They say,—do we not see and understand what nature is, and can we not tell when the artist has truly represented her?—We answer no. The eye unaccustomed to *contemplate* nature, cannot perceive the ever changing beauty of her scenery,—her lights and shades more various than the Dolphins hues; nor can it discern that play of the thoughts and passions in the "human face divine," which eludes common observation, and is beheld only by him who has studied profoundly, that wonderful title page to the volume of mind. Nature, it is true, like a lovely and virtuous maiden, is seen and admired by all; but the blush which reveals her sweetest charm, is only perceived and felt by the devoted lover. That Lover is the artist. To him the revolving year, brings but a change of *beauty*. It is the element in which he breathes,—the aliment on which he lives; his eye detects each flitting shadow—and the whole world of real or imaginary things, is to his mind full of moving pictures, which he can, in a moment, transfix and perpetuate on his canvass. On him the graces attend, and wreath the flowers of every season into garlands of beauty; the jocund spring strews buds and blossoms in his way, which he transplants to other climes, to live in unfading bloom, and flourish on the same wall with the fruits of summer, or mingle with the sober and varied hues of autumn. Even winter, with frosty locks and snowy visage, is compelled to linger in social companionship with the burning heats of tropical regions. Old Time, in his onward march, strews cities and temples in the path of the artist, but his pencil like the wand of the enchanter, bids their sculptured fragments remain forever, and they obey him. When Aurora comes forth in the chariot of day, and Cynthia lights her pale lamp at Diana's altar,—he snatches promethean fire from heaven, and like Joshua, commands the unwearied sun to stand still, and the glowing canvass receives it. He not only transfers

"Italian skies to English walls,"

but by the magic of his pencil, the very faces and persons of the fair and the brave of ages gone by, come down to our day in the bloom of youth, and with the daring eye, as they lived and moved when Shakspeare wrote, or lovely Juliet died.

Where do not the trophies of this incomparable art arrest our attention?—from the ruins of Pompeii to Imperial Rome, or from the Vatican, where Raphael's immortal pencil traced the transfiguration, to Hampton Court, the gallery of the cartoons, and of that fair but frail society, of which England's voluptuous monarch was the sun and centre.* But these are neither black, nor daubed, nor smooth!—and yet they are excellent in art, and have been so esteemed for three hundred years.

* The cartoons of Raphael and the court of Charles II. by Sir Peter Lely, form a part of the collection at Hampton court.

To these the painter may appeal as embodying all that is noble in his profession, or like Sir Joshua, who felt and understood, what others only imagined, he may patiently submit to the ignorance of vanity—and the vanity of ignorance.

When they talk of their Raphael, Corregio and Stuff,
He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff.

G. C.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

A TALE FROM FLORIAN.

THE following tale was translated from the French of M. Florian, by the present hand, about 7 or 8 years ago, for a Richmond newspaper. That translation its author has not seen since 1827; and lately meeting with the original again, it seemed new enough, as well as sufficiently pretty and interesting, to be worth presenting afresh to the public through the Southern Literary Messenger. It is seldom that so much varied incident has been compressed into so short a compass: yet the rapidity of the narrative has not hindered the writer from indulging a humor both playful and caustic, upon the foibles which he banters, and the vices and crimes which he holds up to detestation. And the moral, disclosed in unravelling the mystery of the allegorical personage from whom the story takes its name, is full at once of beauty and truth.

M.

BATHMENDI.

A PERSIAN STORY.

THE THOUSAND-AND-ONE NIGHTS have always appeared to me charming tales; but I should like them better, if they had oftener a moral scope. Scheherazade, I am aware, is too handsome to be at the trouble of being rational: I know, that with so pretty a face, she has no need of common sense; and that the sultan would have been less enamored, if she had been less silly. These great truths I devoutly believe: and I merely repeat, that for my own part, I would rather read stories which *make me reflect*, while they amuse me. Extravagance is a fine thing, no doubt; but a picture must have shade: and I would fain have reason appear now and then, to make folly go off the better. So an uncle of mine once thought. He had often sailed in the Levant; and had amused himself while there, by composing PERSIAN TALES. They are far below the *Thousand-and-one Nights* in imagination, but exceed them infinitely in number; for my uncle in his life-time made four thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight—all of which are now lost except the following one, preserved by me.

UNDER the reign of a Persian king, whose name my uncle does not tell, a merchant of Balsora was ruined by commercial disasters; and, collecting the shattered remains of his fortune, retired to the province of Kustistan. He there bought a dwelling, and a farm which he cultivated badly, because he was perpetually regretting his days of opulence and ease. Chagrin shortened his life; he perceived his end to be near; and, calling his four sons around him, he said—"My children, I have nothing to bequeath you but this house, and a secret which I was bound to conceal till now. In the time of my wealth, I had for my friend the genius Alzim; who promised to befriend you when I should be

no more, and to divide a treasure amongst you. He dwells some miles hence, in the great forest of Kom. Go—find him: claim the treasure: but take heed not to believe." * * * * Death here suppressed the merchant's voice.

His four sons, after interring and mourning him, repaired to the forest of Kom. They inquired for the mansion of the genius Alzim: it was readily shewn them. He was known to the whole country: he received kindly all who visited him; he heard their complaints, consoled them, and lent them money if they needed it. But these benefits were upon the sole condition of *implicitly obeying his directions*. This was his whim. No one could enter his palace without an oath to comply with this condition.

The oath did not deter the merchant's three eldest sons: the fourth, whose name was Tai, thought it a very ridiculous ceremony. Yet, being obliged to enter in order to receive the treasure, he swore, like his brothers: but reflecting on the dangerous consequences of so rash a vow, and remembering that his father, who frequently came to this palace, had passed his life in follies, he resolved, without committing perjury, to place himself out of danger; and, whilst they were leading him to the genius, stopped his ears with perfumed wax. Thus fortified, he prostrated himself before Alzim's throne. The genius made the sons of his ancient friend arise; embraced them, shed tears to his memory, and had a large chest brought, full of dariques. "Here," said he, "is the treasure I design for you. I am going to divide it among you; and I will then tell each the way he must take to be perfectly happy."

Tai heard not what the genius said; but watching him attentively, he saw in his eyes and visage traits of cunning and malignity which gave him much food for thought. Still, he received his portion of the treasure gratefully. Alzim, having thus enriched them, assumed an affectionate tone, and said; "My dear children, your good or bad fortune depends upon your meeting sooner or later a certain being named BATHMENDI, of whom all the world speaks, but whom few, very few, know. Wretched mortals grope after him in vain: But I, for the love I bear you, will whisper to each of you where he may be found." At these words, Alzim takes Bekir, the eldest brother, aside, and says—"My son, you were born with courage, and great military talents. The king of Persia has just sent an army against the Turks. Join that army: in the Persian camp you will find Bathmendi." Bekir thanks the genius, and already burns to march.

Alzim beckoned Mesrou, the second son, to approach. "You," said he, "have shrewdness, address, and a great propensity to falsehood. Take the road to Ispahan; 'tis at court that you must seek Bathmendi."

To the third brother, whose name was Sadder, he said, "You are gifted with a lively and fruitful imagination: You see objects not as they are, but as you would have them be; you often possess genius, and not always common sense: be a poet. Take the route to Agra: among the wits and fair ladies of that city, you may find Bathmendi."

Tai, in his turn, advanced; and, thanks to the pallets of wax, heard not one word that Alzim said. It has since been ascertained, that he counselled Tai to become a Dervise.

After thanking the beneficent genius, the four brothers returned home. The three eldest dreamed of nothing but Bathmendi. Tai unstopped his ears, and heard them arrange their departure, and determine to sell their little dwelling to the first bidder, in order to divide the price. Tai offered to become the purchaser: he caused the house and farm to be valued, paid his brothers their respective portions, and embracing them tenderly, with a thousand good wishes, remained alone in the paternal mansion.

He then employed himself in executing a scheme, which he had long meditated. He was enamored of young Amine, the daughter of a neighboring farmer. She was handsome and discreet: she managed her father's household, comforted his declining years, and prayed Heaven for two things—that her father might long live, and that she might be the wife of Tai. Her prayers were heard. Tai asked, and obtained her. Her father went to live with his son-in-law, and taught him the art of enriching the ground, so as to be enriched by it in return. Tai had some gold still remaining of Alzim's gift: he employed it in extending his farm, and in buying a flock. The farm doubled its value; the fleeces of the sheep were sold; plenty reigned in Tai's house; and, as he was industrious and his wife frugal, each year augmented their income. Children, that ruin wealthy idlers, in the cities, enrich laborers. At the end of seven years, Tai, the father of six lovely children, the husband of a sweet and virtuous wife, son-in-law to an aged, yet a hale and amiable man, master of several slaves, and of two flocks,—was the happiest and the most independent farmer of Kusistan.

Meantime his three brothers were in chase of Bathmendi. Bekir arrived at the Persian camp; presented himself to the grand vizier, and begged to be employed in the most hazardous services. His mien, and his gallant bearing, pleased the vizier, who admitted him into a squadron of cavalry. In a few days, a bloody battle took place. Bekir achieved prodigies; saved his general's life, and captured the general of the enemy. The camp rung with the praises of Bekir: all the soldiers called him the champion of Persia; and the grateful vizier promoted his deliverer to the rank of general. "Alzim was right," said Bekir to himself; "'tis here that fortune awaits me; I am evidently about to find Bathmendi."

Bekir's glory, and especially his promotion, aroused the envy and the murmurs of all the satraps. Some of them came to ask him about his father; complaining that they had suffered by his bankruptcy: others pretended to have held *madam his mother* as a slave: all refused to serve under him, because they were his seniors in office. Bekir, made miserable by his very successes, lived alone, ever on the watch, ever in danger of some outrage, which he might amply revenge but could not prevent. He regretted the time when he was a mere private soldier, and awaited impatiently the close of the war; when the Turks, reinforced by fresh troops, and led by a new general, made an attack upon his division. It was the juncture, for which the satraps of the army had long wished. They exerted a hundred times more ability in procuring the defeat of their leader, than they had ever shewn to avoid defeat themselves. Bekir defended himself like a lion: but he was neither obeyed nor seconded. In vain did the Persian soldiers

wish to fight: their officers restrained them, and led them only to flight. The valiant Bekir, abandoned, covered with wounds, and overwhelmed by numbers, was taken by the Janissaries. The Turkish commander unworthily loaded him with irons, and sent him to Constantinople, where he was thrown into a frightful dungeon. "Alas!" cried Bekir, "I begin to think that Alzim has deceived me: for I cannot hope to meet Bathmendi here."

The war lasted fifteen years, and the satraps always obstructed the exchange of Bekir. His dungeon was not opened until peace came: he hurried to Ispahan, to seek his patron the vizier, whose life he had saved. It was three weeks before he could obtain an audience. Fifteen years, in prison, make some change in the appearance of a handsome young man. Bekir was not easily to be recognized: and the vizier did not know him again. However, on calling to mind the various events of his own illustrious life, he did remember that Bekir had done him some trifling service. "Aye—yes, friend," said he; "I will requite you. A brave man—but the empire is deeply in debt: a long war, and grand feasting have exhausted our finances. However—come and see me again—I will try—I will see"—"Alas, my lord!" said Bekir, "I have not a morsel of bread; and in the fifteen days that I have been waiting for a moment's interview with your highness, I should have died of hunger, but for a soldier of the guard, my old comrade, who shared his pay with me." "That was very good of the soldier," said the vizier; "really, it is quite touching. I will report it to the king. Come and see me again; you know I love you." And with these words, he turned his back upon him. Bekir returned the next day, and found the gate closed. In despair, he left the palace and the city, resolving never to enter them again.

Throwing himself at the foot of a tree, on the bank of the river Zenderou, he reflected upon the ingratitude of viziers, his own past misfortunes, and those which menaced him; and, unable to endure thoughts so dismal, he arose, to plunge into the stream—when he felt himself clasped by a beggar, who bathed his face with tears, and sobbed out, "it is my brother; it is my dear Bekir!" Looking up, Bekir recognised Mesrou. No one can find a long-lost brother without pleasure; but an unfortunate, needy, friendless, and hopeless, who is about to end his life in despair, thinks, that in a brother whom he loves, he sees an angel from Heaven. Mesrou and Bekir at once felt this sentiment: they press each other to their bosoms—they mingle their tears—and, after the first moments of tenderness, they gaze at each other with affliction and surprise. "You too, then, are unhappy!" cried Bekir. "This is the first moment of happiness," said Mesrou, "that I have enjoyed since our separation." At these words, embracing again, they leaned upon each other; and Mesrou, seated beside Bekir, began his narrative as follows:

"You remember the fatal day, when we went to Alzim's abode. That perfidious genius told me, that I should find Bathmendi, the object of our desires, at court. I followed his advice, and soon arrived at Ispahan. There I became acquainted with a young female slave to the mistress of the grand vizier's first secretary. This slave took a liking for me, and made me known to her mistress; who finding me younger and handsomer

than her lover, lodged me in her own house, as her half-brother. The half-brother was soon presented to the vizier: and some days afterwards, obtained an office in the palace. I had only to let my fortune lead me on, and to remember the path which had brought me thus far. I never quitted that path: and, the sultana mother being old, ugly, and all-powerful, I failed not to pay my court assiduously to her. She distinguished me, by a friendship as intimate as that of the slave and her mistress had been. Thenceforward, honors and riches began to rain upon me. The sultana caused me to be presented with all the money in the treasury, and all the dignities of the state. The monarch himself testified affection for me: he loved to converse with me, because I flattered him adroitly, and always advised him to what I knew he wished to do. This was the way to induce him to do what I wished; and it soon succeeded. At the end of three years, I was at once prime minister, favorite of the king, lover of his mother, with power to appoint and displace viziers; deciding every thing by my influence, and giving audience every morning to the grandees of the empire, who came to wait for my awaking to obtain a smile of protection. Amidst all my wealth and glory, I was surprised at not finding Bathmendi. "I want for nothing," said I; "why does not Bathmendi present himself?" This thought, and the frightful solicitude of my life, poisoned all my pleasures. As the sultana grew older, she became more difficult to please, and my gratitude grew more irksome. Her tenderness for me was a torment. On the other hand, my station procured me a thousand tiresome flatterers, and a hundred thousand powerful enemies. For every favor I conferred, hardly a single mouth thanked, and a thousand reviled me. The generals whom I appointed were defeated, and all was attributed to me. Whatever good the king did, belonged only to himself; all the evil was laid at my door. The people detested me—the whole court hated, a hundred libels excoriated me: my master often frowned, the sultana-mother sickened me by her fondness; and Bathmendi seemed more distant than ever.

"At length, the king's passion for a young Mingrelian gave the finishing stroke to my fortunes. The whole court united with her, in hopes that the mistress would expel the minister. I parried the blow, by joining the Mingrelian, and flattering the king's passion. But his love became so violent, that, being resolved to espouse her, he demanded my advice. I evaded an answer for some days. The sultana mother, who was afraid of losing her power by her son's marriage, declared to me, that unless I broke off the match, she would have me assassinated on the very day of its consummation. An hour afterwards, the fair Mingrelian vowed, that *unless I procured her marriage with the king the next day*, I should be strangled on the day following. My position was embarrassing. I must choose the dagger, the bow-string, or flight. I chose the last. Disguised as you see, I escaped from the palace with some diamonds, which will sustain us in some nook of Hindostan, far from courts, Mingrelians, and sultana mothers."

Bekir then recited his adventures to Mesrou. They agreed, that it would have been as well for them not to run over the world; and that their wisest course was, to return to Kusistan, to the neighborhood of their brother Tai, where Mesrou's diamonds would procure

them a peaceful and easy life. Thus resolved, they took the road, and travelled for some days without an adventure. As they passed through the province of Farsistan, they arrived one evening at a village, where they proposed to spend the night. It was a holiday. Upon entering the village, they saw many children of the peasants' returning from a procession, led by a sort of master, ill clad, marching with downcast look and pensive air. The two brothers approach, and observe him attentively. What was their surprise! It was Sadder—their brother Sadder, whom they embraced!

"Ah!" said Bekir, "is genius thus rewarded?"—"You perceive," answered Sadder, "that genius is treated much like valor. But philosophy finds in misfortune an ample subject for meditation; and that is somewhat consoling." He then sent his pupils to their home, conducted Bekir and Mesrou to his little cabin, served them up a little rice for supper, and, after having heard their histories, told his own:

"Alzim, who, I strongly suspect, delights in the woes of mankind, counselled me to seek this undiscoverable Bathmendi in the great city of Agra, among men of genius and fair ladies. I arrived in Agra; and determined, before I appeared in public, to herald myself by some brilliant production. At the end of a month, my work appeared: it was a complete course of all human sciences, in a small octodecimo volume of sixty pages, divided into chapters. Each chapter comprised a tale; and each tale taught a science perfectly. My book had prodigious success. Some reviews cavilled at it, as too prolix: but all people of fashion bought it; and I was consoled for the criticisms. My book and I became all the rage. I was sought for—invited into every circle that had any pretension to wit or genius: all that I did was charming: I was the theme of every tongue, and every wish; and the favorite sultana with her own hand wrote me a badly spelled note, praying me to visit the court. 'Bravo!' thought I; 'Alzim has not deceived me. My glory is at its height: I shall sustain myself by surer means than intrigue: I shall please—I shall captivate—I shall find Bathmendi!' I was favorably received at the great Mogul's palace. The sultana loudly proclaimed herself my patroness; called upon me for verses; gave me pensions; admitted me to her select suppers; and, a hundred times a day, swore to me an unalterable friendship. For my part, I gave myself up to the liveliest gratitude. I promised to devote my days to singing the renown of my benefactress; and made a poem, in which the sun was but a mock-diamond beside her eyes, and ivory, coral, and the pearls of the Persian gulf, were dim and homely compared with her face, neck, and teeth. These refined and delicate compliments completed my assurance of her perpetual favor.

"I thought myself on the point of meeting Bathmendi, when my protectress quarrelled with the grand vizier, about the government of a province, which he refused to the son of her confectioner. The sultana, exasperated at such audacity, demanded of the sultan the banishment of the insolent minister; but the sultan loved the vizier, and refused the favorite. The next thing was to organize an intrigue, to destroy the cherished vizier. Being in the plot, I received orders to compose a bloody satire against the minister, and circulate it. The satire was soon made—that is not difficult: it was even good—

which is still easy: it was read with avidity—and that is sure to tell. The vizier soon learned that I was the author. Going to the favorite, he carries her the commission which he had before denied, and a draft upon the royal treasury for one hundred daries; only asking in return, permission to put me to death in a dungeon. 'He is a vile wretch,' answered the favorite; 'and I am happy in having the power to do what may please you. I will instantly have the insolent sought for, who has dared insult you against my positive orders; and he shall be put into your hands.' Happily, a slave who was present, ran to tell me of this conversation; and I had barely time to escape. Ever since, I have been traversing Hindostan, gaining a meager subsistence by writing tales, making verses, and toiling for booksellers who cheated me, and who, less indulgent to my talents than to their own consciences, continually asserted that my style was not pure enough. Whilst I was wealthy, my works had been master-pieces: now that I was poor and friendless, my effusions were trash. Tired at length of enlightening the universe, I preferred teaching the peasants to read: and I am now schoolmaster in this village, where I eat black bread, and have no hope of seeing Bathmendi."

"You must go hence," said Mesrou, "and return with us to Kusistan, where some diamonds of mine will ensure us an easy and quiet life." It was not difficult to persuade Sadder; and the three brothers, setting out early next morning, took the way to Kusistan. They were on the last day of their journey; and not far from Tai's dwelling. This thought consoled them: but their hope was mingled with fear. "Shall we find our brother? We left him poor—he cannot have found Bathmendi, since he has been unable to go in quest of him." "My dear friends," said Sadder, "I have reflected much on this Bathmendi, that Alzim told us of; and really, I believe he deluded us. Bathmendi does not, and never did exist: for, since Bekir did not meet him when he commanded half the Persian army—since Mesrou did not hear of him when he was the favorite of the great king—and I could not even divine who or what he was, whilst the favors of glory and fortune were heaped upon me—it is evident, Bathmendi is a creature of fancy; a chimera; an illusion, which men chase merely from the love of chasing illusions." Sadder was proceeding to prove that Bathmendi dwelt no where on earth, when a band of robbers issued from some rocks on the road-side, and ordered the brothers to strip. Bekir offered resistance; but he was disarmed; and four of these gentry, holding a dagger at his breast, unrigged him, while their comrades did the like to Mesrou and Sadder. After this ceremony, which was the work of a moment, the captain of the robbers wished them a pleasant journey, and left them half naked in the highway.

"This confirms my position:" said Sadder, looking at his brothers. "Ah, the cowards!" cried Bekir; "they took away my sword!" "Oh, my poor diamonds!" said Mesrou, sorrowfully.

It was now night: the three unfortunates hastened on towards the mansion of their brother: and on arriving there, the sight of it made their tears flow fast. They stopped at the door, but durst not knock. All their fears, all their doubts, returned. While they hesitated, Bekir rolled up a large stone below the window, and

mounting upon it, looked in. He saw, in a neat and simply furnished apartment, his brother Tai at table, amid ten children, who were eating, laughing, and prattling all together. On his right was Amine, mincing some meat for her youngest son; and on his left was a little old man of a mild and lively countenance, who was filling Tai's cup. At this spectacle, Bekir threw himself into the arms of his brothers, and knocked at the door with all his might. A servant opened it, but uttered cries of alarm on seeing three half-naked men. Tai runs out: they fall upon his neck, call him "brother!" and bathe him in tears. Though confounded at first, he soon recognises them, and locks them in his arms. The children run to the spectacle; and so does Amine, but retires with her daughters, on seeing the three strange men. The old man alone did not leave the table.

Tai clothed his brothers; presented them to his wife, and made them kiss his children. "Alas!" said Bekir, much affected, "your happy lot consoles us for all that we have suffered. Since the moment of our separation, our lives have been but a series of calamities; and we have not so much as had a glimpse of that Bathmendi, after whom we have been running." "I believe you"—said the little old man who continued still at the table; "I have never stirred from this place." "What?" exclaimed Mesrou, "are you . . ." "I am BATH-MENDI," said the old man. "It is quite natural that you should not know me, since you never saw me before: but ask Tai—ask Amine—and all these children, every one of whom knows my name. I have lived with them fifteen years; and am perfectly at home here. I have been away but for one day; it was when Amine's father died: but I returned, and now hope never to go hence a single step. It rests only with yourselves, gentlemen adventurers, to become acquainted with me. If it so please you, I am willing: if not, why I shall be content. I trouble no one: I stay in my corner, never dispute, and detest noise." The three brothers, whose eyes had been eagerly fixed upon the little old man, wished to embrace him. "O, softly!" said he: "I do not like all these violent emotions: I am rather delicate; and too close an embrace stifles me. Besides—we must become friends before we caress. If you wish us to become friends, do not busy yourselves too much about me. I value freedom more than politeness; and have an antipathy to all excess." At these words he arose, kissed the foreheads of all the children, slightly saluted the three brothers, smiled upon Amine and Tai; and went to await them in their chamber.

Tai sat down again with his brothers, and had beds prepared for them. The next morning, he shewed them his fields, his flocks, his working beasts; and unfolded to them all the pleasures he enjoyed. Bekir wished to begin work that very day; and he was the first to become the friend of Bathmendi. Mesrou, who had been prime minister, was the chief shepherd; and the poet assumed the task of selling the corn, wool, and milk, which were sent to market in the city. His eloquence attracted customers; and he was as useful as the others. At the end of six months, Bathmendi became attached to them; and their days, many and tranquil, flowed softly on to the bosom of felicity.

[It is needless to say, that *Bathmendi*, in the Persian tongue, signifies *Happiness*.]

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

A SCENE IN PARIS -- 1827.

BY A VIRGINIAN.

IN the month of May 1827 I was in Paris. The discontent of the people with the government had recently been augmented by a proposition to restrain the liberty of the press, which the king had laid before the legislative chambers; and which, having passed the deputies, was under consideration before the peers.

This discontent with a government, which was in point of fact a very good one, had existed since the restoration of the Bourbons, and had its origin in the degradation to which the French people conceived themselves to have been subjected, in receiving a monarch at the hands of hostile strangers.

This monarch too was the brother of that imbecile, though amiable king, whose passiveness had brought him to the scaffold like a lamb to the slaughter; and he was placed in powerful contrast with him whose grand ambition aspired to make France his court, and the eastern continent (perhaps the world,) his empire. Louis le gros was to occupy the throne of Napoleon the magnificent.

The national pride common to all nations, and the national vanity peculiar to the French, were thus so severely shocked and wounded, that the people could not regard with their characteristic loyalty, or even with toleration, the family whose ascendancy had been established by other hands than those of Frenchmen. Louis the 18th too, had violently aggravated this hostility by the unfortunate declaration that "under God, it was to the Prince Regent of England that he owed his crown." It was not then to be wondered at that the public mind was in a state to be easily exacerbated by any cause, and not to be conciliated by any course however moderate, short of absolute concession to the popular will. Accordingly the measures of Louis the 18th, who was a wise monarch, and really desired the welfare of his people, met with jealous opposition, or at best, with unwilling acquiescence.

The administration of D cazes, which was conducted upon wise and sound principles, was finally clamored down; and the court, finding the people incapable of appreciating the mild and liberal measures of the government, infused more strength into their system.

Charles the 10th, inferior to his brother in mental endowments, and who brought to the throne stricter notions of legitimacy, and less disposition to conciliate his subjects, rather tightened than relaxed the reins of government, and thus increased the disaffection of the people. Add to this the real or fancied attachment of the king to the Jesuits, against whose order ancient odium had been recently revived, and the feelings may easily be conceived which were excited by the menaced blow at the freedom of the press, which was pending at the time of which I write.

These feelings were put forth through the usual vents. The public journals made the most of their liberty while it remained to them, and kept up an incessant fire of various grades; from the grave remonstrances of the "Constitutionnel," to the piquant badinage of the "Drapeau Blanc." The Salons, the Caf s, the Boulevards, the Tuileries, the Champs Elys es and the Pont Neuf exhibited the politicians of their respective meridians, from the "riche banquier" to "Mon-

sieur le tondeur de chiens." The print shops displayed caricatures of the Jesuits. Beranger "showed up" the royal family in his songs. Mars played "Tartuffe" at the Francais, and the "parterre" rapturously applauded her and snapped their fingers at the police.

Early in the month, the annual review by the king, of the regular troops stationed in Paris, was to take place.

By one of those tacit combinations which sometimes unaccountably occur, it was resolved that this review should serve as an occasion for affording an evidence of the sentiments of the people, which though negative in mode, should be sufficiently positive in character. It was determined to withhold from the king those testimonials of attachment and loyalty with which most of the people of Europe are wont to greet their sovereigns when they appear in public. Accordingly when on the expected morning, the king with his brilliant suite issued from the court of the palace, not one of the spectators uttered a sound of welcome. The place of the review was a mile and a half distant, and the route was through populous streets; yet from all the crowd which gradually swelled as the train advanced, not one voice was heard to utter "vive le roi!" No man cried "God save him." A uniform silence pervaded the scene, thus giving it the air of a funeral pageant, rather than of a splendid military display; while at every turn which the royal company made in their progress, this portentous legend inscribed on the walls, met their eyes—

"Le silence du peuple est la lecon du Roi."

Proceeding more rapidly and by a nearer route, I reached the Champ de Mars, the scene of the review, in time to witness the king's arrival. The Champ de Mars is a beautiful plain, artificially levelled; a quarter of a mile in breadth, and extending from the Seine to the  cole militaire, rather more than half a mile in length—bounded on each side by embankments, appearing to the eye like ramparts, which are covered with turf and set with trees.*

I found as I had expected, these embankments covered throughout their whole extent with an innumerable crowd, eager at once to behold the spectacle and to convince the king that Frenchmen could be silent when there was an occasion for it, however unnatural the restraint.

* The Champ de Mars was the scene of the famous "f te de la f d ration," which took place in 1790, on the 14th of July, the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille; when the king, the representatives of the people, and the other public functionaries, the commandant of the National Guard, and delegates sent from each of the eighty-three departments of the kingdom, took an oath to preserve the new constitution. A splendid altar, called "l'autel de la patrie," was erected in the middle of the field, around which was an amphitheatre which held four hundred thousand spectators; in the centre of this was the throne of the king. All the people of Paris assisted in making these preparations, that they might be completed by the appointed time. The Bishop of Autun (Talleyrand) was the ministering flamen of the solemnities. At the celebration an incident occurred, illustrating the far seeing sagacity of this man, who thus early discerned the frail and transient nature of that constitution, which its founders had decreed should be "une, indivisible, et imp rissable." Lafayette, as commandant of the National Guard, was the first to take the oath; and as he approached the altar for that purpose, Talleyrand in an under tone exhorted him to keep his countenance and not to laugh! thus indicating that he considered the whole scene a solemn farce. I had this anecdote from an American lady to whom Lafayette told it.

I found also the troops to be reviewed, twenty-five thousand in number, drawn up in beautiful array, and arranged on the plain between the embankments, in separate divisions, according to their various designations; the whole forming two lines looking to the centre of the field, and of course facing each other.

Here were the famed Cuirassiers, arrayed in triple steel—each one looking the impersonation of war—men and horses forming a dense, motionless, terrific mass.

There, were the "Chevaux-légers," less imposing in appearance, but dazzling the eye by the brilliancy of their dress and the rapidity of their evolutions.

On one side frowned the "Sappeurs Pompiers," with their ample caps of black fur, their white leather aprons, their glittering axes, their grim moustaches, and beards like Egyptian sheiks. On the other were displayed the regular infantry, with their brilliant pieces and bristling bayonets, at whose points they had so often compelled victory.

The elder superior officers were conversing in groups—while the younger paid court to the ladies; whose nodding plumes and wreathed smiles were displayed in covered stages erected temporarily for the purpose, and arranged at the inner foot of the embankment on either side of the field.

In a short time a flourish of trumpets at the école militaire, announced the arrival of the King. The officers flew to their posts. Every tongue was hushed, and every eye directed to that extremity of the field at which the king now appeared, mounted on a white Arabian, which he managed as one familiar to the seat. He was attended on either side by the royal dukes Angoulême and Orléans, (the present king) and followed by a splendid cortège of field marshals and general officers in gorgeous uniforms, and their horses highly caparisoned.

The king too, and the royal dukes, wore military uniforms, over which hung the "cordon bleu." After the king and his suite, came an open barouche, in which appeared the royal ladies d'Angoulême, de Berri and d'Orléans.

The magnificent cavalcade moved slowly on between the different bodies of troops, going down on one side of the field and returning on the other, passing close in front of each line. Their approach was acknowledged with the promptitude of military discipline, by the waving of swords, the presentation of pieces, and the lowering of standards. But this formal military salute was the only greeting. A silence reigned throughout the immense mass of beholders, as profound as that which habitual discipline preserved among the troops.

After the review was thus completed, a few evolutions were performed by the troops in presence of the royal spectators, who then left the field and returned to the Tuileries.

In a very few days after, it was announced that the king, with a moderation and wisdom which were not expected, had yielded to the unequivocal exhibition of public opinion which had been made, and had withdrawn the offensive law from the consideration of the chambers. The demonstrations of public joy were then as numerous and violent as had been before, the expressions of dissatisfaction. For several days it seemed as if the whole population of Paris had relin-

quished every employment, to devote themselves to the most tumultuous display by every means in their power, of their satisfaction at the victory which they supposed they had obtained over the court. The public rejoicing was concluded by a general and splendid illumination of the city.

About ten days after this time, followed the annual review of the National Guard of Paris.

In the excited state of the people, it was not to be expected that so remarkable an occasion as this, would be permitted to pass over, without being marked by some decisive evidence of public sentiment. It was therefore soon generally understood that the king would, on this occasion, be received with every outward demonstration of popular favor and affection; in order that by the contrast with his former reception, he might be convinced beyond the possibility of doubting, that in both instances a strong expression of public opinion was intended.

Of course it was not imagined that all this was not as well known to the king and his ministers, as to the authors and contrivers. Villèle, the prime minister, was too sagacious and wary to leave unemployed any means of obtaining information concerning every subject which agitated the public mind—information indeed which was of the highest importance to an administration steering full against the current of popular opposition. It was therefore feared that the court, usually desirous of avoiding and preventing all occasions for popular ferment, would disappoint the public expectation by dispensing with the review. Innumerable conjectures and rumors floated about like vapors in the atmosphere, many of which no doubt had their origin in the cabinet, who probably sent them forth as feelers of the public pulse. All these at length centred in the general belief that the court would compromise the matter with the people, by permitting the review to take place indeed, but by assigning as its locale, the Place du Carrousel, (adjacent to the Tuileries,) where too little space could be allowed for spectators, to afford a theatre for the grand exhibition of public sentiment which had been arranged for the occasion.

Thus matters stood on the morning of the expected day, which opened in all the calm glories of May, on the magnificent city and her million of inhabitants; all ranks of whom, from the courtier to the beggar, were for once at least occupied by the same theme and excited by the same agency.

The Moniteur, the government print, was eagerly torn open by thousands of hands, and thousands of eyes glanced upon the unexpected announcement that the review of the National Guard would take place (as usual) at the Champ de Mars!

The people were somewhat taken aback by this unlooked for boldness on the part of the ministry, but their excitement was not lessened by it. On the contrary it increased until the great city resembled the swarming of a mighty hive.

At length the hour appointed for the review arrived, and at that hour the king, followed by the same brilliant train which had on a former occasion attended him, once more issued from the palace gates. But not now as before, was his progress in silence. Every step of his advance was marked by the most tumultuous

and joyous acclamations, which grew louder as the throng increased, until he reached the Champ de Mars. The deafening shout of welcome which greeted him from the hundreds of thousands of spectators there assembled, would have impressed one, ignorant of the immediate cause, with the belief that Charles the 10th rivalled in popularity his illustrious ancestor Henry the 4th; or the still more illustrious usurper of the Bourbon throne, whose star had just set in St. Helena.

The appearance now exhibited by the Champ de Mars differed but little from that already described, save that the eye of a critical observer would have discerned a marked difference between the unmilitary bearing of the "Milice Bourgeoise," and the exact discipline and compact and symmetrical array of the regular troops. The martial dress and perfect armament of the National Guard however, together with their number, which perhaps exceeded that of the troops at the first review, gave them a sufficiently imposing appearance.

The Royal personages and their splendid escort advanced towards the assembled legions, amid cries from every side, of "vive le roi!" "vive la famille royale!" "vivent les Bourbons!" marking the different feelings of those who uttered them. The "vive le roi" was on this occasion merely a "mot de cœdille circonstance," a conventional mode of acknowledging with respect the presence of the monarch. But the heart had some little agency in prompting "vive la famille royale!" and "vivent les Bourbons!" These denoted a lurking loyalty, and were uttered, as I observed, almost exclusively by the females. And this serves to illustrate the remarkable fact that while the minds of a large majority of French-men still retained the inclination given to them by the Republic or the Empire, almost every French-woman was a decided royalist. The fair sex are usually for the powers that be.

A little incident which occurred on this occasion may be mentioned as indicative of the sprightliness of the French character. A vagabond urchin (the like of whom would in our country have been staring in puzzled wonderment at the scene before him) seeming to enter fully into the humor of his elders, just as the carriage passed him in which rode the royal dames, tossed up his ragged cap and exclaimed "vive la duchesse de Berri toute seule!"

The moment the king reached the first company of the Guards, all its members, as they gave the military salute, shouted "vive le roi!" which passed as a watchword from company to company as in turn he approached them, until at length the entire National Guard were swelling the chorus of gratulation and welcome.

The harmony was perfect, and the public satisfaction was at its height, when suddenly a change came over the scene, as rapid and violent as a storm in tropical climates which in an instant blots the face of the sunniest day with blackness and wrath.

The review was nearly finished, when a voice was heard from the company which the king was at the moment passing, mingling with the cries of "vive le roi," the exclamations "à bas les ministres!" "à bas les Jésuites!"*

A momentary silence following this bold expression, the king instantly stopped and with becoming spirit said, that he was there to review the National Guard and not to receive dictation. At the same moment he ordered the Duc de Reggio, the commandant of the National Guard, (who was one of his suite) to cause the individual to be arrested who had uttered the offensive words. The duke promptly passed the order to the captain of the company; but its execution was at once resisted by the whole company, who closed around their comrade and energetically declared that he should not be arrested; and that they all thought as he did. It was evident that an attempt to enforce the order for arrest would produce a display of the most alarming violence; it was therefore wisely abandoned, and the king abruptly left the field.

Immediately a scene of the wildest confusion ensued. The demon of discord usurped the empire of the spirit of harmony, and in the twinkling of an eye converted the genial current of good feeling into the bitter waters of strife.

The troops were instantly dismissed by their officers, and they mingling with the immense crowd of spectators, the whole mass returned with tumultuous haste to the city, uttering cries of passion, of discontent or of derision. "A bas les ministres! à bas les Jésuites! à bas les Bourbons! vive la charte! au diable Villèle!" &c. &c., issued from lips which but a few minutes before sent forth expressions of attachment and loyalty.

The residences of Villèle and Peyronnet, the two ministers against whom popular indignation was chiefly directed, lay immediately in the route of the returning crowd. A large number, including many of the National Guard, stopped before the houses, which were separated only by a street, and seemed by their furious gestures and menacing cries, to meditate an attack. The ministers were not at home; for the king on the instant of his rapid return, had called his cabinet together. Their families were of course in a state of the most dreadful alarm; but so soon as the crowd ascertained the absence of the ministers, and that only unprotected females were within, with the characteristic gallantry of French-men, (who were not yet wrought to revolutionary phrenzy) they quitted their position and swept on to communicate their excitement to those of their fellow citizens who had not witnessed the events. The effect of their coming, upon the population of Paris, was that of a whirlwind upon the ocean. It excited them to a state of fearful commotion, and in less than an hour, the din which arose from every part of this vast city was as the mighty roar of many waters.

Evening was now approaching; but with it came no diminution of the wrath of the Parisians. Throughout the night the agitation continued, and at intervals its sound came through the gloom to startle from sleep the few who sought repose.

During all this time the king and his cabinet, unterrified by the denunciations which resounded in their ears, were planning in secret council at the Tuileries, a "coup d'état" which was to astonish France.

The next morning the Moniteur appeared as usual, and the very first line of the first column, which was always appropriated to annunciations made by authority of the government, consisted of the following momentous words—

* Down with the ministers, &c.

"*La Garde Nationale est licenciée*"—(the National Guard is disbanded.)

Had a volcano burst forth in the "place Vendôme," the people of Paris could not have been more astounded. The step was indeed of a boldness bordering on temerity; for the National Guard was the last remnant of the revolution—the only connecting link between the present time and the days of the republic; and its association with revolutionary remembrances rendered it sacred in the estimation of all those who professed to entertain the principles of the revolution. And those were at this time more than three-fourths of the population.

Surprise for a time so completely mastered every other emotion, that the people were comparatively calm—but this calm was only the precursor of a fiercer excitement. For several days the commotion presented the aspect of a menaced revolt. It was by many likened to the commencing scenes of the revolution; and it filled with anxiety and dread, all moderate persons who recollected that period of horror. The entire population of Paris (at least the middle and lower orders) deserted their homes and thronged the streets and public squares; and in all parts of the city the tumult of the populace was like the heaving of a troubled sea.*

On one of the nights when the agitation was greatest, I went to the Rue St. Honoré, one of the great thoroughfares of the city, to witness the movements of the crowd. When I arrived I found it so thronged as to render it hazardous if not impossible to enter it. As far as by the aid of the lights, the eye could reach in either direction, the entire space of the street presented a dense array of human beings, from which issued sounds of every variety, constituting altogether the most deafening clang which ever assailed my ears.

Through the centre of this living mass moved a large body of gendarmes in single file, reining in their horses to so slow a pace that their motion through the crowd was barely perceptible. So closely were they wedged in on every side indeed, that it was impossible to do more than just to move.

A fitter agent and emblem of an absolute, or, at least, an energetic government, does not exist, than a gendarme. Stern, silent, imperturbable, patient—armed at all points, and the moment there is need for action, implacable, rapid and sure in execution. On this occasion these men moved through the crowd as though they saw and heard them not. On every side they were assailed with jeers, with execrations, and even occasionally with missiles. But these disturbed not their unconquerable equanimity. They passed on apparently, unheeding all; but with their swords drawn, ready at a moment's warning to strike, should the conjuncture arrive to render it necessary.

They were acting of course under the influence of orders, clear and strict, and carrying with them the severest penalties for violation. These orders were, no doubt, to refrain from violence until the occurrence of some overt act on the part of the people, indicative of a revolutionary spirit; and to do nothing which might by possibility lead to such an occurrence.†

* An officer of cavalry with whom I was acquainted, told me that the agitation far exceeded that which was caused in Paris by the news of Napoleon's flight from Elba and debarkation in France.

† As I had, before going to France, conceived an erroneous

The people had evidently no matured design. They were unprepared for the energetic measures of the ministry, so that although they more than once in different parts of the city, gave occasion to the gendarmes to charge upon them, and several deaths were the result; it soon became apparent that the excitement was subsiding. After the expiration of the third day, the city began to wear a calmer aspect. The affair merely furnished a theme for animated discussions in the cafés and for eloquent denunciations in the liberal prints. The surest evidence, however, that all danger of a serious issue was for the present at an end, was the fact that the little scandalous journals which exist in every large city, began to serve up the subject in humorous scraps; for it has been truly remarked, that if the Parisians, can but be induced to jest about a matter, it is impossible afterwards to render it serious.

The unexpected boldness of this decisive display of state policy thus rendered it entirely successful. The king and his ministers were determined to regain the ground which they had lost in yielding the law concerning the press.

Fully informed as to the state of the public mind, and ascertaining that the people had not reached the crisis of revolution, they resolved to strike a blow which could not be successfully resisted but by revolution. A more favorable opportunity could not have occurred than the one which I have attempted to describe; and it was seized with a promptness and employed with a skill which have never been excelled. On the very night of the day on which the pretext was given, the decision was made. At the dawn of day this decision was communicated to the commanders of all the divisions of the disbanded body; and with the first rays of the sun the startling annunciation met the eyes of the astounded Parisians—" *La Garde Nationale est licenciée !*"

The very style of the decree is worthy of remark, as being in strict keeping with the rest. There is no labored preamble—no heavy article covering six columns of the *Moniteur*, setting forth the reasons for the act—no endeavor to render the potion palatable to the people by conciliatory and cajoling declarations—no attempt to lead off the public mind by sophistry and a maze of argument—none of this. But the simple, naked, peremptory mandate of authority not expecting to be questioned—"The stern, terse, despotic "*sic volo*" of absolute rule—" *La Garde Nationale est licenciée !*"

The shaft being shot, the cabinet remained perfectly quiet until the effervescence and confusion created by the discharge, had subsided; and then resumed the ordinary routine of their administration, having derived from the review of the National Guard and its results,

idea of the gendarmes, it may not be useless to explain, that although as their designation implies, they constitute an armed force, they have no connection whatever with the army. They are nothing more or less than the executive police of the kingdom, and are under the command of the prefect of each department. They are mounted and completely equipped with sword, pistols, carbine and bayonet; and when it is recollected that to resist a gendarme, is to resist the law, it will be readily conceived that they are a formidable body. As their power is great, so also is their responsibility; and they encounter death as the penalty for any deviation from the strict letter of their orders. They are perfect machines and the most efficient police in the world.

a decided accession of power; and for a time at least, impeded the progress of liberal principles in France. And although the influence of these principles must, of course, finally have prevailed, there is little doubt that the time for their ascendancy would have been longer deferred, had the successor of Villèle possessed his sagacity, his boldness, his energy, and his knowledge of the existing state of things.

Had this been the case, Charles the 10th would perhaps not now be giving profitless lessons in Royalty to his grandson at Prague, nor Peyronnet and Chantelauze be playing chess at Ham.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE CAVALIERS OF VIRGINIA, or the Recluse of Jamestown. An Historical Romance of the Old Dominion. By the author of a Kentuckian in New York. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1834.

This work is by a Virginian,—and with that sort of partiality which inclines us to espouse the literary claims of our native state, (too long and too unjustly neglected,) we were predisposed to receive it with favor. Some of the northern periodicals moreover had lauded its merits, and we own that we felt some pride in the reflection that one of the most interesting periods in our early colonial history, had attracted a native adventurer in the field of historical romance. We regret to say that we are much disappointed in the manner in which the task has been executed. Our feelings and partialities, which were all on the author's side,—we are compelled to surrender to the stern demands of literary justice. The "Cavaliers," in our humble opinion, is unworthy of the subject it was intended to illustrate,—and although not entirely destitute of merit,—its faults are so numerous and censurable, they greatly preponderate in the estimate we have formed of the work. In the first place, the author has evidently failed to make himself acquainted with the history of the age and the character of the incidents which he has chosen as the groundwork of his story. The portrait of Bacon, is but a poor and feeble likeness of the original,—and that of Sir William Berkeley, is the merest caricature of that brave, accomplished, but despotic vicegerent of royal power. Bacon is represented as a kind of half frantic, inconsiderate stripling—something of a dandy—but more of a wild and reckless lover, whose thoughts were principally occupied by his "ladye love;"—and but slightly, if at all, by the wrongs of his suffering country. Far different indeed, was the noble and lofty heroism of the real Bacon—a character which shines in the foreground of our ancient history,—with a lustre, that despite of the efforts made to diminish it, will vie with the Wallaces and Tells of other ages and countries. Sir William Berkeley, though certainly a tyrant, was not the vulgar insensate wretch which our author has made him. His ambition was made of "sterner stuff," than to be employed upon petty schemes of matrimonial alliance,—and the Knight, "in a blue velvet doublet and pink satin breeches," is but an *outré* representation of the ancient and renowned Cavalier,—who had battled with the red man in his savage lair,—and had exchanged the luxuries of English society, for the perils and hardships of a wilderness.

There is another capital defect in our author, which if he ever hopes for success, must be first overcome. He

leaves his pictures, both of character and incident, altogether unfinished,—and darts with a meteor-like swiftness from subject to subject,—reminding the reader of a show-box,—in which the eye scarcely lights upon one spectacle, before it vanishes,—and is substituted by another and a different one. This perpetual flash and glare, without even the merit of distinctness, is far more painful than agreeable;—and the author would do well, if he bestowed more pains in separating the several parts of his story,—and a little more skill in the arrangement and harmony of his coloring. In truth, if he intends to repeat his efforts; and is really a *bona fide* candidate for fame, we would advise him to put more oil into his lamp, and expend some additional labor in fitting his offspring for public exhibition. He does not employ sufficient *thought* in the composition of his narrative,—but suffers his imagination (rich and vivid enough,) to run riot without restraint or limit. The conduct of Bacon, after the interruption of the marriage ceremony, as described in the first chapter of the second volume—is the conduct of a bedlamite, rather than of a rational being; and the whole scene of his mounting his fiery courser,—plunging into the river and swimming to the opposite shore,—his head bared to the "pitiless storm"—"the monsters of the deep his playmates, and the ill-omened birds of night his fellows;" is such a tissue of exaggeration and sublime fustian,—that what was evidently intended for great effect, is in reality extremely ludicrous. The hero indeed, acts so little like a man of sense, in this nocturnal aquatic excursion, that the reader feels much more sympathy for "the white silk breeches and graceful blue cloak," (which were likely to be spoiled by the half saline element,) than for the poor unfortunate wight of a bridegroom himself.

The author has moreover been guilty of a very strange mistake in his geography. He makes his hero swim, "Leander-like," over the majestic James,—which according to our reckoning, and agreeably to the map of the country—would have landed him on the *south side*, in the very respectable county of Surry;—but, to our utter amazement, the next glimpse we have of him, he is rushing on his fleet courser into the wilderness on the margin of the Chickahomony,—which our best informed geographers have placed on the *north side* of the ancient *Powhatan*,—now called *James river*. Such mistakes are altogether inexcusable,—and the more so as the author is a native of the "Old Dominion," and ought to have been more circumspect in his topography. Equally unfortunate is his arrangement of historical events,—for if he had looked a little into our early writers, he would have found that Bacon was never carried prisoner to the Eastern Shore; and that the treachery of Larimore, did not betray the insurgent squadron into the power of Berkeley, until *after* the destruction of Jamestown. These errors in chronology however, might have been forgiven, if the author had otherwise redeemed himself from equally formidable objections. The whole story of the Recluse,—and the miraculous preservation of Bacon when an infant, as related by the old nurse,—strike us as evincing poverty of invention, and as altogether too absurd for an ordinary writer at least to use as materials for romance. Scott, perhaps, might have turned them to some advantage;—at all events, the matchless vigor and beauty of his style, would have thrown a veil over

other imperfections. The author might have made something of Wyanokee, but unfortunately failed to do it,—and we cannot say that we even felt interested in the sorrows of Virginia Fairfax. The girl is well enough—very pretty—amiable—and all that, but she wants force and individuality of character. The whole scene in which the dying Mrs. Fairfax is exhibited in the bloody conflict with the Indians in the neighborhood of Richmond, is particularly horrible, and in wretchedly bad taste.

In taking our leave of the author, we would also advise him, when he writes another romance, to “sink the shop,”—or rather the *profession*; and not to describe the wounds and bruises of his *dramatis personæ* with that technical precision which only surgeons and anatomists can fully comprehend. We would also recommend to him, as a medical man, that when any unlucky hero of his is hereafter tied to an Indian stake, by all means to have him rescued before the pine splinters have actually pierced the flesh,—especially when that hero is made so soon thereafter to perform a series of active exploits requiring sound bodily health and great muscular exertion.

We have taken no pleasure in this free commentary upon the work before us, and have only been induced to make it by a sense of duty. Its author is evidently afflicted with a kind of rabid propensity to write works of fiction; and, if he is resolved to gratify it, we do most earnestly entreat him for his own sake and for the sake of his native state, to invoke hereafter a little more reflection, a purer taste, and a more enlightened judgment in aid of his labors.

VATHEK.

THE publisher having sent a copy of the above work to a correspondent in whose literary attainments, taste and discrimination we place great confidence, received the following criticism from his pen:

I thank you for Vathek, which I have read *purely* because you sent it to me; otherwise it would have remained unread by me forever. I see nothing “*sublime*” in the work; on the contrary, I was disgusted at its impurity. A more revolting *jumble of nonsense, ridiculous conceptions, debasing exhibitions, and corrupt imaginings*, I never met with in my life. This may perhaps be somewhat redeemed by the oriental descriptions, which were pronounced by Lord Byron, I think, to be excellent. Of this I cannot judge; but if the book were intended, as it seems to be, to inculcate the lesson of the impiety of looking into matters which are too high for us, the moral loses all its force, from the very great corruption of the characters of Vathek and Carrathis, who certainly were most justly lodged in Hell, as the fittest place for such useless and abominable wretches. We feel no sympathy for them, when we find them with their hearts on fire; and as for the contrast of the happiness of Gulchenrouz, we care as little about him, for his happiness was certainly undeserved by any thing he had done, so far as we are made acquainted with him. There is such a singular mixture of comic and serious, that one is at a loss to know what the author would be at. What think you, for instance, of the game at football? of Aboufakir the camel, having a taste for solitude and snorting at the sight of a dwelling, and Cafour’s predilection for pestilence? &c. &c. I am quoting now from memory, and have not the patience to look at the book to see if I am right.

A learned English reviewer is not less severe upon this lauded production of juvenile years. After quoting Lord Byron’s eulogy upon the work, he says—

Vathek is, indeed, without reference to the time of life when the author penned it, a very remarkable performance; but, like most of the works of the great poet who has thus eloquently praised it, it is stained with some poison-spots—its inspiration is

too often such as might have been inhaled in the “Hall of Eblis.” We do not allude so much to its audacious licentiousness, as to the diabolical levity of its contempt for mankind. The boy-author appears already to have rubbed all the bloom off his heart; and, in the midst of his dazzling genius, one trembles to think that a stripling of years so tender, should have attained the cool cynicism of a *Candide*. How different is the effect of that Eastern tale of our own days, which Lord Byron ought not to have forgotten when he was criticising his favorite romance. How perfectly does *Thalaba* realize the idea demanded in the Welsh Triad of “fulness of erudition, simplicity of language, and purity of manners.” But the critic was repelled by the purity of that delicious creation, more than attracted by the erudition which he must have respected, and the diction which he could not but admire:—

“The low sweet voice so musical,
That with such deep and undefined delight
Fills the surrender’d soul.”

It would argue a great decline in the moral feeling of our country, and a most adulterated literary taste, if such works as “Vathek” could be generally admired.

SCRAPS, by John Collins McCabe. Richmond: J. C. Walker. 1835.

THIS little volume from the Richmond press, consists of various poems and half a dozen tales and legends in prose. The pieces, though of unequal merit, are upon the whole decidedly creditable to the author; who is not only a young man, but as we are informed, has been denied the advantages of a liberal education. His productions are vastly superior to those of many a college dunce, upon whose vacant cranium the heritage of wealth has been expended; and their author holds a much higher grade in the scale of intellect than many of that snarling tribe, who can discern neither talent nor genius, unless allied with some ideal advantage or accidental distinction. We nevertheless hope that Mr. McCabe will continue to look ahead, and contemplate the highest standards of excellence in composition. The most acute observation of men and things, or the most delicate perception of poetical imagery, will avail but little without profound mental labor, and the assiduous cultivation of taste. We select the following as a favorable specimen of his poetry.

LINES

On hearing the song “Sweet Home,” and reflections during the same.

O breathe again, that touching strain
Which comes like winds o’er waters stealing;
Its fall, its swell, like vesper bell,
Its full rich notes in rapture pealing,
Bids the lone heart, rejoice again
In music’s all subduing strain.

O Music! rapture’s in thy chords!
Now gushing soft like moon-beams streaming
On quiet spot, on rural grot,
On mossy couch, on infant dreaming,—
Or rising into raptures wild,
It fills with wonder nature’s child.

The Exile lone, no land to own,
Lists to thy soft and touching numbers,
And *dreams* he sees the cot, the trees,
The scenes of youth, (how sweet his slumbers!)
Nor dreams when thy bright spell is o’er
His happy “Home” he’ll see no more.

The sailor boy, bereft of joy,
Looks on the stars above him glowing;
The big tear steals, his bosom feels
As troubled as the waters flowing,
And while the billows round him foam,
He faintly murmurs, “Home! sweet Home!”

The warrior stern, whose feelings burn
To meet the foe, his rights defending,
When war is o'er, sweet home once more
Its rainbow colors round him blending,
Invites him from the bloody plain
Back to its quiet hearth again.

The christian warm, round whom the storm
Of opposition wildly rages,
Beholds the prize beyond the skies,
Reflected on the glowing pages
Of God's own book, and with a tear
Of joy, he "reads his title clear."

O! onward press, life's wilderness
Will soon be past; where spirits linger
Round flowing streams in rapt'rous dreams
And golden lyres, softly finger,
We all shall meet, no more to roam,
And dwell in an eternal home.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

WE continue the interesting "*Sketches of Tripoli and the Barbary States*." We believe that when completed, they will constitute the most authentic record extant, of the military and diplomatic transactions of the period referred to. Besides the author's access to correct sources of information, he has the taste and talent to impart peculiar grace and interest to his narrative.

"*Berenice*," a tale, by Mr. Edgar A. Poe, will be read with interest, especially by the patrons of the Messenger in this city, of which Mr. P. is a native, and where he resided until he reached manhood. Whilst we confess that we think there is too much German horror in his subject, there can be but one opinion as to the force and elegance of his style. He discovers a superior capacity and a highly cultivated taste in composition.

The "*Extract from the Reminiscences of a Western Traveller*," proceeding as it does from the pen of a practised and polished writer, has the additional advantage, as we are assured, of being founded in strict truth.

We are sorry that we are not permitted to announce the source from which we derive the original story or apologue of "*Jonathan Bull and Mary Bull*." Its own merit however, and its obvious application to events of the time at which it was written, will attract a due share of attention.

We especially recommend to our female readers, particularly the young and lovely who are just entering into the flowery but deceitful paths of worldly pleasure, to read the original narrative which is headed "*Marrying Well*."

The "*Letters from a Sister*" will amply repay the reader; so also will the article on the "*Fine Arts*"—and the "*Persian Story*," translated from the French of Florian.

The "*Scene in Paris, by a Virginian*," we have no hesitation in particularly recommending. It is an admirable and graphic description of what the writer saw with his own eyes,—and the excellent delineation of the French character, comprising its extremes of energy and weakness, will forcibly strike the reader. With us the whole narrative possesses powerful interest.

It is but sheer justice to insert the letter from "*Larry Lyle*," (printed by mistake in our last "*Zarry Zyle*,") in answer to the criticisms of our Shepherdstown correspondent. Mr. Lyle defends his muse with spirit and ability.

We also insert from a sense of duty, a letter from the author of a "*Note to Blackstone's Commentaries*," accompanied by the expression of our regret that he should have considered himself somewhat unkindly treated by the gentleman who furnished a reply to that article. We think we can vouch for it that the gentleman referred to, fully intended to restrict himself within the bounds of fair and honorable discussion, and if we had thought differently, his article would have been excluded.

We must be excused for saying a word or two in respect to the poetical department. Unless the reader is

very fastidious, he must, we think, be pleased. We read "*Young Rosalie Lee*" more than once, before we could fully perceive the exquisite beauty and delicacy of the mind which produced it,—and we venture the prediction, that unless the author is divorced from the society of the sacred *nine* by paramount duties, he is destined to no ordinary celebrity. We dare say that for the expression of this opinion, we ourselves shall not be spared, for we confess there is a quaintness in the style which will be repulsive to most readers.

In the "*Stray Leaves*," there is something which reminds us of Waller's beautiful lines beginning, "Go lovely rose," &c. and we almost regretted that the author should have so suddenly glided into the genuine Anacreontic.

Our readers will agree with us that the remaining pieces, particularly the "*Extract from an Unfinished Poem*"—the lines "*To Hope*"—"To the Bible"—"*Moonlight*"—and "*Hopes and Sorrows*," have each more than ordinary claims to admiration.

The "*Lines on Barlow's Monument*," by the celebrated Helen Maria Williams, and now published for the first time, need no praise from our pen; neither do the two original productions of Mrs. Sigourney, which we take great pleasure in inserting.

It would be doing us much injustice to suppose that the pieces which we do not particularly notice, are for that reason lightly esteemed. Whilst there are, it is true, degrees in the pleasure with which we regard the favors of contributors, their insertion ought to forbid the idea that any are unwelcome.

To Contributors, Correspondents, &c.

We thank our correspondent C. W. L. for pointing out the resemblance between the little epigram entitled "*The Mistake Corrected*," in our last, and the "*Surprise*," in Little's poems, which he quotes. The resemblance is certainly strong, and it is quite probable that the former if not borrowed was at least suggested by the latter. We cannot agree however, that it is a "plagiarism," in the proper sense of that term; for we know too well the personal and literary character of the gentleman who presented us with the trifle referred to, to suspect him for a moment of so paltry a proceeding. We rather conclude therefore, that its resemblance to Moore's bagatelle, is either the result of casual coincidence,—or more probably, perhaps, of an accidental mistake of the product of memory for that of fancy; a kind of mistake which those who have read much are very liable to make.

We assure our correspondent B. R. B. that we have carefully compared the lines published in our last with his manuscript, and find them to correspond *verbatim*. He wrongs us much if he thinks we would do him wilful injustice; and if one word has been substituted for another in the lines referred to, so as to change their sense, he must ascribe it to himself. We hope with this explanation he will excuse us from inserting his letter at full length.

There is a great deal of feeling in many of the communications sent to the publisher by T. H. C., M. D.; but to our poor taste, there is not much poetry. We question whether the Doctor will not find the lancet and pill box of more profit in that warm region to which he has emigrated, than the offerings of his prolific muse. The poetical manufacture depends more upon the *quality* than the *quantity* of its fabrics, for success.

We have received the following communication since the publication of our last number, from "*Fra Diavolo*," (*Horresco referens*!) which, as it is brief, we spread before our readers. His sneers at our "literary morality" and "critical acumen," we receive with great composure. Perhaps indeed, our vanity might be wounded if we had a tithe only of what seems to belong to the writer himself; but as our pretensions are very humble, we care not a farthing whether they are disputed or not. His request not to publish his poetry, (except on his own terms) shall be complied with; and should we consign his impure effusions to the flames, as he also desires, the world will have little or no cause to regret it. So long as we can secure the rich contributions received from other quarters, we shall console ourselves with the loss of "*Fra's*" favors, and even endeavor to survive his unprovoked resentment. To "give the devil his

due," however, we shall continue to lament the downward flight of our correspondent's muse; and uninitiated as we profess to be in the sublime mysteries of the school to which he belongs, we shall even be so perverse as to prefer the "modest mien and plain attire" of mediocrity, to the more flashy but less useful adornments of brilliant but misguided genius. One word in justification of ourselves. We did not admit the "Doom" into our columns without reluctance; a reluctance which nothing would have overcome but the conviction that a useful moral might be deduced from the fate of the "*Lover Fiend*," who figures as the hero of the story. As to the "Passage of the Beresina," whether it be "balderdash" or not, is matter of taste and opinion. One thing is certain; it is from the pen of a highly accomplished scholar.

Mr. White,—I have just seen your sixth number of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and shall decline having my contribution published on condition of any improvement of the poetry by your most chaste and wise editor. The admission of such balderdash as the "Doom" and "The Passage of the Beresina," is quite enough evidence of his literary morality and good taste. I require no further token of it; least of all in my own case, where I am to be martyred at the shrine of such critical acumen—God save the mark! Put the manuscript into the fire, and oblige yours,
FRA DIAVOLO.

March 25, 1835.

From the author of the "*Note to Blackstone's Commentaries*."

You judge rightly that I have no call to answer my censor. I have no pride of authorship in the affair. I wished to awaken the public mind, and he has aided me, for which he has my thanks. I have no controversy with him. He argues against opinions I have not advanced, and, in his last paragraph, comes in aid of that I had endeavored to maintain. By his own showing a *quasi* war exists among ourselves, under circumstances which render any nearer approach to peace impossible. We have the alternative of "a war-like peace, or a peace-like war," and he wisely prefers the former. He predicates this decision on the only principle for which I contended, viz: the effect of a continuing necessity. I only suggested the possibility of such a case. He finds it existing in fact. It doubtless might exist in various ways. Destruction is the precise object of savage warfare. With us, it is the means to an end. With savages, it is the end itself. Had he seen, as I have, a few individuals of once powerful tribes, escaped from massacre, and saved from utter extinction only by finding shelter among the whites, he would not have to learn that *bellum ad internecionem* is not unknown among savages.

The style and matter of his essay both show an education which should have taught him that a supercilious tone should find no place in a controversy between an anonymous and an avowed author. He wears defensive armor. I am naked. Is it chivalrous; is it manly; is it fair, in a contest which should be conducted "as if a brother should a brother dare to gentle exercise and proof of arms," to thrust with "unbated point?" His point indeed is not envenomed, nor does he stab malignantly, but he should have touched my scutcheon with the reverse of his lance. To strike with the point, however gently, is a challenge to combat of *outrance*. I decline it.

Extract of a Letter from the Reviewer of Messrs. Adams' and Everett's Orations.

You say, "The most sublime events and the most heroic actions have generally found some poet or historian of sufficient qualifications to record them with dignity and effect." Granted, but what is *dignity*? Does it consist in that sort of declamation which is meant to "split the ears of the groundlings?" What is *effect*? Is it *stage effect*? Is it made up of "gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss and thunder," and images placed by the speaker's side to be apostrophized? The example that you give illustrates the maxim that "the language of eulogy is misapplied to transcendent greatness. It weakens and dictates the truth of history."

You say "even the most exalted truths which have ever dawned upon mankind,—the facts and doctrines of revelation,—have lost none of their grandeur in the simple narratives of

plain and unlettered men." Most true. The *simplicity* of the narrative is its excellence. But what should we say to a Gospel after the manner of Mr. Adams, or even of Mr. Everett?

Mr. White:—The legitimate aim of criticism is, as you yourself have more than once remarked, to point out the proper path towards excellence. A true critic effects this by gently and courteously exposing error, and lauding beauties where beauties are to be found. So far as I can judge, neither gentleness nor courtesy can be said to characterize the critique of your "Shepherdstown friend." The want of these qualities would certainly have induced me to pass over the letter in question, had it not received honorable notice from yourself. In the pamphlet war between Matthew Carey and the redoubtable Cobbett, the first apologizes for his own rudeness, by quoting the old proverb, "fight the devil with fire," or something to that amount. But this is bad philosophy; and in my brief answer, I will endeavor as much as possible to observe that courtesy which your correspondent has forgotten.

In the "Song of the Seasons" quaintness was aimed at, and aimed at only because I thought the subject called for it. One part of my object was to depict the minute relations existing between the human heart and earth itself. Minuteness was necessary, and to be minute without quaintness, would render any piece dull and pointless analysis. With regard to obscurity, and the use of terms, I would ask your critic, if when he had "*studied the song*," obscurity did not disappear, and if the terms are not in keeping with the quaintness aimed at. Indeed, I would ask him, if the terms used are not just such as should have been used in any case. Beams are "amethystine." We will find an admirable application of the word in Keates' "Eve of St. Agnes;" and Mrs. Hemans sings very prettily of the drowsy "Bugle-Bee." By the way, let me in this last phrase, adopt the change recommended. The stanzas quoted is the second of the "Song."

"A white roe wandered where sweet herbs and tender grass were peeping;
His snowy head was poised in pride, his chainless heart was leaping:
The 'bumble-bee' had called the herd from icy solitude,—
And he had come at 'bumble' call—fleet centaur of the wood!"

A vast improvement in faith. The term "*gauze wing*," is as common as the rhymes *love* and *dove*. "*Soughing blasts*" are frequent in *Wyatt*, and more frequent in *Shakspeare*. An amethystine beam thrown on a red body produces a glittering gold, and thus the red breast of "poor robin" was metamorphosed into one of gold. So much for the criticism. As for the critic, he has most unequivocally proved himself, by these syllabic censures, to be one of the *anceps syllabarum* tribe. As such I wonder that you, who have so often expressed your contempt for the whole race, should have opened your columns to his communication. Is not his letter a specimen of "the carplings of illiberal and puerile criticism?" Is not the writer one of the "little great men in the world, who have the vanity to conceive that their taste and judgment, (if they have any) is the standard for all mankind, and who snap and bark like the curs which infest our streets and annoy the by-ways?" I have used your own words, and ask if they are not applicable.

The Song of the Seasons (though never so little deserving,) has received praise from a higher quarter than Shepherdstown. My home is not very far from that village—near enough to know the character of its people; and in truth, gentlemen of talent and distinction are there with whom I have ever held it an honor to be acquainted. But it is plain that the critique could not have been written by any one of them. If I had no other reason for thinking so, I would say, "because it is not in keeping with the good sense, accurate taste, and elevated candor which I know these to possess." As for their townsmen, I have never heard of any Longinus among them, whose praise would not be disgrace. If your "friend" thinks an answer to this necessary, let me hope that his name will accompany the communication; or if he is unwilling to annoy, with private concerns, the public "upon whom Larry Lyle has [already] inflicted the *study* of his song," his communication may be directed, not to yourself, but to his very humble servant,

LARRY LYLE.

Winchester, Va.